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A  
COLLECTION of POEMS;  
CONSISTING OF  
VALUABLE PIECES,  
NOT INSERTED IN  
Mr. DODSLEY's COLLECTION,  
OR PUBLISHED SINCE.  
WITH SEVERAL ORIGINALS,  
By EMINENT WRITERS.  
VOL. III.





A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS,  
IN FOUR VOLUMES,  
BY  
SEVERAL HANDS.



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COLLECTION

OF

THE





*J. Smith del. et sculp.*

# MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS:

## AN ELEGY.

By WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

*Quod tibi vitæ sors detraxit,  
Fama adjiciet posthuma laudi;  
Nostris longum tu dolor et honor.*

Buch.

THE balmy Zephyrs o'er the woodland stray,  
And gently stir the bosom of the lake:  
The fawns that panting in the covert lay,  
Now thro' the gloomy park their revels take.

Pale rise the rugged hills that skirt the North,  
The wood glows yellow'd by the evening rays,  
Silent and beauteous flows the silver Forth,  
And Aman murmuring thro' the willows strays.

Vol. III.

B

But



But ah ! what means this silence in the grove,  
 Where oft the wild-notes sooth'd the love-sick boy ?  
 Why cease in Mary's bower the songs of Love,  
 The songs of Love, of Innocence, and Joy ?

When bright the lake reflects the setting ray,  
 The sportive virgins tread the flowery green ;  
 Here by the moon, full oft in chearful May,  
 The merry bride-maids at the dance are seen.

But who these Nymphs that thro' the copse appear  
 In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue ?  
 Fondly with purple flowers they deck yon bier,  
 And wave in solemn pomp the boughs of yew.

Supreme in grief, her eye confus'd with woe,  
 Appears the Lady of th' aërial train,  
 Tall as the sylvan Goddesses of the bow,  
 And fair as she who wept Adonis slain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin band,  
 Wandering by Judah's flowery mountains, wept,  
 And with fair Iphis by the hallowed strand  
 Of Siloe's brook a mournful sabbath kept.

By the resplendent crosses with thistles twin'd,  
 'Tis Mary's Guardian Genius lost in woe :  
 " Ah say, what deepest wrongs have thus combin'd  
 " To heave with restless sighs thy breast of snow !

" Oh



" Oh stay, ye Dryads, nor unfinish'd fly  
 " Your solemn rites; here comes no foot profane;  
 " The Muses' son, and hallowed is his eye,  
 " Implores your stay, implores to join the strain.

" See, from her cheek the glowing life-blush flies;  
 " Alas, what faltering sounds of woe be these!  
 " Ye Nymphs, who fondly watch her languid eyes,  
 " Oh say, what music will her soul appease!"

" Resound the solemn dirge, the Nymphs reply,  
 " And let the turtles moan in Mary's bower,  
 " Let Grief indulge her grand sublimity,  
 " And Melancholy wake her melting power:

" For Art has triumph'd; Art, that never stood  
 " On Honour's side, or generous transport knew,  
 " Has dy'd its haggard hands in Mary's blood,  
 " And o'er her fame has breath'd its blighting dew,

" But come, ye Nymphs, ye woodland Spirits, come,  
 " And with funereal flowers your tresses braid,  
 " While in this hallow'd grove we raise the tomb,  
 " And consecrate the song to Mary's shade.

" O sing what smiles her youthful morning wore,  
 " Her's every charm, and every loveliest grace;  
 " When Nature's happiest touch could add no more.  
 " Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her face.

" O! whether by the moss-grown bushy dell,  
 " Where from the oak depends the mistletoe,  
 " Where creeping ivy shades the Druid's cell,  
 " Where from the rock the gurgling waters flow ;

" Or whether sportive o'er the cowslip beds,  
 " You thro' the fairy dales of Teviot glide,  
 " Or brush the primrose banks while Cynthia sheds  
 " Her silvery light o'er Esk's translucent tide ;

" Hither, ye gentle Guardians of the Fair,  
 " By Virtue's tears, by weeping Beauty, come ;  
 " Unbind the festive robes, unbind the hair,  
 " And wave the cypress bough at Mary's tomb.

" And come, ye fleet Magicians of the air,  
 " The mournful Lady of the chorus cry'd,  
 " Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare,  
 " And thro' this grove bid Mary's fortune's glide :

" And let the song with solemn harping join'd,  
 " And wailing notes unfold the tale of woe."  
 She spoke, and waking thro' the breathing wind  
 From lyres unseen the solemn harpings flow.

The song began, " How bright her early morn !  
 " What lasting joys her smiling fate portends !  
 " To wield the awful British scepters born,  
 " And Gaul's young heir her bridal-bed ascends.

" See,

“ See, round her bed, light-floating on the air,

“ The little Loves their purple wings display ;

“ When sudden, shrieking at the dismal glare

“ Of funeral torches, far they speed away.

“ Far with the Loves each blissful omen speeds,

“ Her eighteenth April hears her widow'd moan ;

“ The bridal bed the fable hearse succeeds,

“ And struggling Factions shake her native throne.

“ No more a Goddess in the swimming dance

“ May'st thou, O Queen, thy lovely form display ;

“ No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,

“ Nor in Versailles proud bowers outshine the day.

“ For the cold North the trembling fails are spread ;

“ Ah, what drear horrors gliding through thy breast,

“ While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled,

“ Thy future woes in boding sighs confess !<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> The unhappy Mary in her infancy was sent to France, to the care of her mother's family, the House of Guise. The French Court was at that time the gayest and most gallant of Europe. Here the Princess of Scotland was educated, with all the distinctions due to her high rank ; and, as soon as years would allow, she was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II. On the death of this monarch, which closed a short reign, the politics of the House of Guise required the return of the young Queen to Scotland. She left France with tears and the utmost reluctance ; and on her landing in her native kingdom, the different appearance of the country awakened all her regret, and affected her with a melancholy, which seemed to forebode her future misfortunes.



" A nation stern and stubborn to command,  
 " And now convuls'd with Faction's fiercest rage,  
 " Commits its scepter to thy gentle hand,  
 " And asks a bridle from thy tender age."

As weeping thus they sung, the omens rose,  
 Her native shore receives the mournful Queen ;  
 November wind o'er the bare landscape blows,  
 In hazy gloom the sea-wave skirts the scene :

The House of Holy Rood in sullen state,  
 Bleak in the shade of rude pil'd rocks appears ;  
 Cold on the mountain's side, the type of fate,  
 Its shatter'd walls a Romish chapel rears :

No nodding grove here waves the sheltering bough ;  
 O'er the dank vale, prophetic of her reign,  
 Beneath the curving mountain's craggy brow  
 The dreary echoes to the gales complain :

Beneath the gloomy clouds of rolling smoke  
 The high pil'd city rears her Gothic towers ;  
 The stern-brow'd castle, from his lofty rock  
 Looks scornful down, and fixt defiance lowers. <sup>b</sup>

<sup>b</sup> These circumstances, descriptive of the environs of Holy Rood House, are local. Yet, however dreary the unimproved November view may appear, the connoisseur in gardening will perceive, that plantation, and the other efforts of art, could easily convert the prospect into an agreeable and most romantic summer landscape.

Domestic bliss, that dear, that sovereign joy,  
 Far from her hearth was seen to speed away;  
 Strait dark-brow'd Factions entering in destroy  
 The seeds of peace, and mark her for their prey.

No more by moon-shine to the nuptial bower  
 Her Francis comes, by Love's soft fetters led;  
 Far other spouse now wakes her midnight hour<sup>c</sup>,  
 Enrag'd, and reeking from the harlot's bed.

" Ah ! draw the veil," shrill trembles thro' the air:  
 The veil was drawn, but darker scenes arose,  
<sup>d</sup> Another nuptial couch the Fates prepare,  
 The baleful teeming source of deeper woes.

The bridal torch her Evil angel wav'd,  
 Far from the couch offended Prudence fled;  
 Of deepest crimes deceitful Faction rav'd,  
 And rous'd her trembling from the fatal bed.

The hinds are seen in arms, and glittering spears  
 Instead of crooks the Grampian shepherds wield;  
 Fanatic rage the plowman's visage wears,  
 And red with slaughter lies the harvest field.

<sup>c</sup> Lord Daraly; the handsomest man of his age, but a worthless debauchee of no abilities.

<sup>d</sup> Her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell; an unprincipled politician of great address.

From Borthwick field, deserted and forlorn,  
 The beauteous Queen all tears is seen to fly ;  
 \* Now thro' the streets a weeping captive borne,  
 Her woes the triumph of the vulgar eye.

Again the vision shifts the woeful scene ;  
 Again forlorn from rebel arms she flies,  
 And unsuspecting on a sister Queen,  
 The lovely injur'd Fugitive relies.

When Wisdom baffled owns th' attempt in vain,  
 Heaven oft delights to set the virtuous free :  
 Some friend appears, and breaks Affliction's chain,  
 But ah, no generous friend appears for thee !

A prison's ghastly walls and grated cells  
 Deform'd the airy scenery as it past ;  
 The haunt where listless Melancholy dwells,  
 Where every genial feeling shrinks aghast.

No female eye her sickly bed to tend † !  
 “ Ah cease to tell it in the female ear !  
 “ A woman's stern command ! a proffer'd friend !  
 “ Oh generous passion, peace, forbear, forbear !

\* When she was brought prisoner through the streets of Edinburgh, she suffered almost every indignity which an enraged mob could offer. Her person was bedaubed with mire, and her ear insulted with every term of vulgar abuse. Even Buchanan when he relates these circumstances seems to drop a tear over them.

† A fact.

“ And

- “ And could, oh Tudor, could thy breast retain  
 “ No softening thought of what thy woes had been,  
 “ When thou, the heir of England’s crown, in vain  
 “ Didst sue the mercy of a tyrant Queen ?
- “ And could no pang from tender memory wake,  
 “ And feel those woes that once had been thine own ;  
 “ No pleading tear to drop for Mary’s sake,  
 “ For Mary’s sake, the heir of England’s throne ?
- “ Alas ! no pleading touch thy memory knew,  
 “ Dry’d were the tears which for thyself had flow’d ;  
 “ Dark politics alone engag’d thy view ;  
 “ With female jealousy thy bosom glow’d.
- “ And say, did Wisdom own thy stern command ?  
 “ Did Honour wave his banner o’er the deed ?  
 “ Ah !—Mary’s fate thy name shall ever brand,  
 “ And ever o’er her woes shall Pity bleed.
- “ The babe that prattled on his nurse’s knee,  
 “ When first thy woeful captive hours began,  
 “ Ere heaven, oh hapless Mary, set thee free,  
 “ That babe to battle march’d in arms a man.”

An awful pause ensues—With speaking eyes,  
 And hands half rais’d, the guardian Wood Nymphs wait,  
 While slow and sad the airy scenes arise,  
 Stain’d with the last deep woes of Mary’s fate.

With



With dreary black hung round the hall appears,  
 The thirsty saw-dust strews the marble floor,  
 Blue gleams the ax, the block its shoulders rears,  
 And pikes and halberts guard the iron door.

The clouded moon her dreary glimpses shed,  
 And Mary's maids, a mournful train, pass by;  
 Languid they walk, and listless hang the head,  
 And silent tears pace down from every eye.

Serene and nobly mild appears the Queen,  
 She smiles on heaven, and bows the injur'd head;  
 The ax is lifted—from the deathful scene  
 The Guardians turn'd, and all the picture fled:

It fled: the Wood Nymphs o'er the distant lawn,  
 As 'rapt in vision, dart their earnest eyes;  
 So when the huntsman hears the rustling fawn,  
 He stands impatient of the starting prize.

The sovereign Dame her awful eye-balls roll'd,  
 As Cuma's maid when by the God inspir'd;  
 "The depths of ages to my sight unfold,"  
 She cries, "and Mary's meed my breast has fir'd,

"On Tudor's throne her Sons shall ever reign,  
 "Age after age shall see their flag unfurl'd,  
 "With sovereign pride, where-ever roars the main,  
 "Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling world.

"Nor

" Nor Britain's sceptre shall they wield alone,  
 " Age after age through lengthening time shall see  
 " Her branching race on Europe's every throne,  
 " And either India bend to them the knee.

" But Tudor as a fruitless gourd shall die ;  
 " I see her death-scene—On the lowly floor  
 " Dreary she sits, cold Grief has glass'd her eye,  
 " And Anguish gnaws her till she breathes no more."

But hark—loud howling thro' the midnight gloom,  
 Faction is rous'd, and sends the baleful yell !  
 Oh save, ye generous few, your Mary's tomb,  
 Oh save her ashes from the blasting spell ;

" And lo, where Time with brighten'd face serene,  
 " Points to yon far, but glorious opening sky ;  
 " See Truth walk forth, majestic awful Queen,  
 " And Party's blackening mists before her fly.

" Falshood unmask'd withdraws her ugly train,  
 " And Mary's virtues all illustrious shine—  
 " Yes, thou hast friends, the godlike and humane  
 " Of latest ages, injur'd Queen, are thine."

The milky splendors of the dawning ray  
 Now thro' the grove a trembling radiance shed,  
 With sprightly note the wood-lark hail'd the day,  
 And with the moonshine all the vision fled §.

§ The author of this little Poem to the memory of an unhappy Princess is unwilling to enter into the controversy respecting her guilt or her innocence. Suffice it only to observe, that the following facts may be proved to demonstration: The Letters, which have always been esteemed as the principal proof of Queen Mary's guilt, are forged. Buchanan, on whose authority Thuanus and other historians have condemned her, has falsified several circumstances of her history, and has cited against her public records which never existed, as has been lately proved to demonstration. And, to add no more, the treatment she received from her illustrious Cousin was dictated by a policy truly Machiavelian, a policy which trampled on the obligations of Honour, of Humanity, and Morality. From whence it may be inferred, that to express the indignation at the cruel treatment of Mary which history must ever inspire, and to drop a tear over her sufferings, is not unworthy of a Writer who would appear in the cause of Virtue.

HENGIST



HENGIST AND MEY: A BALLAD.

BY THE SAME.

*Hæc novimus esse nihil.*

**I**N antient days, when Arthur reign'd,  
Sir Elmer had no peer!  
And no young knight in all the land  
The ladies lov'd so dear.

His sifter Mey, the fairest maid  
Of all the virgin train,  
Won every heart at Arthur's court,  
But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,  
Her heart they could not move:  
Yet at the evening hour of prayer  
Her mind was lost in love.

The Abbesss saw, the Abbesss knew,  
And urg'd her to explain;  
"O name the gentle youth to me,  
"And his consent I'll gain."

Long



Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey reply'd,

“ His name how can I say?

“ An angel from the fields above

“ Has rapt my heart away.

“ But once, alas, and never more,

“ His lovely form I spied,

“ One evening by the sounding shore,

“ All by the greenwood fide :

“ His eyes to mine the love confest,

“ That glow'd with mildest grace :

“ His courtly mein and purple vest

“ Bespoke his princely race.

“ But when he heard my brother's horn

“ Fast to his ships he fled :

“ Yet while I sleep his graceful form

“ Still hovers round my bed.

“ Sometimes all clad in armour bright,

“ He shakes a warlike lance ;

“ And now in courtly garments dight,

“ He leads the sprightly dance.

“ His hair is black as raven's wing,

“ His skin as Christmas snow,

“ His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,

“ His lips like rose-buds glow.

“ His

“ His limbs, his arms, his stature, shap’d  
“ By Nature’s finest hand ;  
“ His sparkling eyes declare him born  
“ To love and to command.”

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan’d  
Her hopeless pining love :  
But when the balmy Spring return’d,  
And Summer cloath’d the grove ;

All round by pleasant Humber side  
The Saxon banners flew,  
And to Sir Elmer’s castle gates  
The spear-men came in view.

Fair blush’d the morn when Mey look’d o’er  
The castle-wall so sheen ;  
And, lo, the warlike Saxon youth  
Were sporting on the green.

There Hengist, Offa’s eldest son,  
Lean’d on his burnish’d lance,  
And all the armed youth around  
Obey’d his manly glance.

His locks as black as raven’s wing  
Adown his shoulders flow’d,  
His cheeks outvied the blush of morn,  
His lips like rose buds glow’d.

And

And soon the lovely form of Mey  
Has caught his piercing eyes :  
He gives the sign, the bands retire,  
While big with love he sighs,

“ Oh thou, for whom I dar’d the seas,  
“ And come with peace or war ;  
“ Oh, by that cross that veils thy breast,  
“ Relieve thy Lover’s care !

“ For thee I’ll quit my father’s throne,  
“ With thee the wilds explore ;  
“ Or with thee share the British crown,  
“ With thee the Cross adore.”

Beneath the timorous virgin blush,  
With love’s soft warmth she glows :  
So blushing thro’ the dews of morn  
Appears the opening rose.

’Twas now the hour of morning prayer,  
When men their sins bewail,  
And Elmer heard king Arthur’s horn  
Shrill founding thro’ the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey’s bright eyes  
Like April dew-drops fell,  
When with a parting dear embrace  
Her brother bade farewell.

The

The cross with sparkling diamonds bright  
That veil'd her snowy breast,  
With prayers to heaven, her lily hands  
Have fixt on Elmer's vest.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,  
He's march'd across the plain,  
Till with his gallant yeomandrie  
He join'd king Arthur's train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears  
Came glittering down the hill,  
And with their shouts and clang of arms  
The distant valleys fill.

Old Offa, drest in Odin's garb,  
Assum'd the hoary god ;  
And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,  
Before the horsemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,  
The captains shout amain ;  
And Elmer's tall victorious spear  
Far glances o'er the plain.

To stop its course young Hengist flew  
Like lightning o'er the field ;  
And soon his eyes the well-known cross  
On Elmer's vest beheld.



The slighted lover swell'd his breast,  
His eyes shot living fire,  
And all his martial heat before  
To this was mild desire.

On his imagin'd rival's front  
With whirlwind speed he prest,  
And glancing to the sun, his sword  
Resounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave way, the princely youth  
With heedless rage pursu'd,  
Till trembling in his cloven helm  
Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bow'd his head, slow dropt his spear,  
The reins slipt through his hand,  
And, stain'd with blood, his stately corse  
Lay breathless on the strand,

" O bear me off," Sir Elmer cried,  
" Before my painful fight  
" The combat swims—Yet Hengist's vest  
" I claim as victor's-right."

Brave Hengist's fall the Saxons saw,  
And all in terror fled.  
The bowmen to his castle gates  
The bold Sir Elmer led.

" Oh



KNOWLEDGE. AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

S. ANN. ÆT. AUCT. 18.

*Ducit in errorem variarum ambage viarum.* OVID.

**H**IGH on a hill's green bosom laid,  
At ease my careless Fancy stray'd,  
And o'er the landscape ran;  
Review'd what scenes the seasons show,  
And weigh'd what share of joy and woe  
Is doom'd to toiling Man.

The nibbling flocks around me bleat,  
The oxen low beneath my feet  
Along the clover'd dale;  
The golden sheaves the reapers bind,  
The ploughman whistles near behind,  
And breaks the new-mown vale.

“ Hail, Knowledge! gift of heaven! I cried,  
“ E'en all the gifts of heaven beside,  
“ Compar'd to thee, how low!  
“ The blessings of the earth and air  
“ The beasts of fold and forest share,  
“ But godlike Beings know:

C 3

“ How

“ How mean the short-liv'd joys of Sense !  
“ But how sublime the excellence  
“ Of Wisdom's sacred lore !  
“ In Death's deep shades what nations lie !  
“ Yet still can Wisdom's piercing eye  
“ Their mighty deeds explore.

“ She sees the little Spartan band,  
“ With great Leonidas, withstand  
“ The Asian world in arms ;  
“ She hears the heavenly sounds that hung  
“ On Homer's and on Plato's tongue,  
“ And glows at Tully's charms.

“ The wonders of the spacious sky  
“ She penetrates with Newton's eye,  
“ And marks the planets roll ;  
“ The human mind with Locke she scans !  
“ With Cambray Virtue's flame she fans,  
“ And lifts to heaven the soul.

“ How matter takes ten thousand forms  
“ Of metals, plants, of men and worms,  
“ She joys to trace with Boyle :  
“ This life she deems an infant state,  
“ A gleam that bodes a light complete  
“ Beyond the mortal toil.

“ What

- “ What numerous ills in life befall !  
“ Yet Wisdom learns to scorn them all,  
“ And arms the breast with steel :  
“ E’en Death’s pale face no horror wears ;  
“ But, ah, what horrid pangs and fears  
“ Unknowing wretches feel !
- “ That breast excels proud Ophir’s mines,  
“ And fairer than the morning shines,  
“ Where Wisdom’s treasures glow ;  
“ But, ah, how void yon peasant’s mind !  
“ His thoughts how darken’d, and confin’d !  
“ Nor cares he more to know.
- “ The last two tenants of the ground,  
“ Of antient times his hist’ry bound :  
“ Alas, it scarce goes higher.  
“ In vain to him is Maro’s strain,  
“ And Shakespeare’s magic powers in vain,  
“ In vain is Milton’s fire.
- “ Nor sun by day, nor stars by night,  
“ Can give his soul the grand delight  
“ To trace almighty power :  
“ His team think just as much as he  
“ Of Nature’s vast variety  
“ In animal and flower.”



As thus I sung, a solemn sound  
 Accosts mine ear ; I look'd round,  
 And lo, an ancient Sage,  
 Hard by an ivied oak, stood near,  
 That fenc'd the cave, where many a year  
 Had been his hermitage.

His mantle grey flow'd loose behind,  
 His snowy beard wav'd to the wind,  
 And added solemn grace ;  
 His broad bald front gave dignity,  
 Attention mark'd his lively eye,  
 And peace smil'd in his face.

He beckon'd with his wrinkled hand,  
 My ear was all at his command ;  
 And thus the Sage began :  
 " Godlike it is to know, I own,  
 " But, oh, how little can be known  
 " By poor, short-sighted man !

" Go, mark the Schools, where letter'd pride,  
 " And star-crown'd Science, boastful guide,  
 " Display their fairest light :  
 " There led by some pale meteor's ray,  
 " That leaves them oft, the Sages stray,  
 " And grope in endless night.

" Of

“ Of Wisdom proud yon Sage exclaims,  
“ Virtue and Vice are merely names,  
“ And changing every hour;  
“ Ashley, how loud in Virtue's praise!  
“ Yet Ashley with a kiss betrays  
“ And strips her of her dower.

“ Hark, Bolingbroke his God arraigns;  
“ Hobbes smiles on Vice, Descartes maintains  
“ A godless passive cause;  
“ See, Bayle, oft flily shifting round,  
“ Would fondly fix on sceptic ground,  
“ And change, O Truth, thy laws.

“ And what the joy this lore bestows?  
“ Alas, no joy, no hope it knows  
“ Above what bestials claim:  
“ To quench our noblest native fire,  
“ That bids to nobler worlds aspire,  
“ Is all its hopes, its aim.

“ Not Afric's wilds, nor Babel's waste,  
“ Where Ignorance her tents hath plac'd,  
“ More dismal scene display:  
“ A scene, where Virtue sickening dies,  
“ Where Vice to dark extinction flies,  
“ And spurns the future day.

“ Wisdom

“ Wisdom you boast to you is given :

“ At night then mark the fires of heaven,

“ And let thy mind explore ;

“ Swift as the lightning let it fly

“ From star to star, from sky to sky,

“ Still, still are millions more.

“ Th’ immense ideas strike the soul

“ With pleasing horror, and controul

“ Thy Wisdom’s empty boast.

“ What are they ?—Thou can’st never say :

“ Then silent adoration pay,

“ And be in wonder lost.

“ Say, how the self-same roots produce

“ The wholesome food, and poisonous juice,

“ And adders balsams yield :

“ How fierce the lurking tyger glares,

“ How mild the heifer with thee shares

“ The labours of the field ?

“ Why growling to his den retires

“ The sullen ’pard, while joy inspires

“ Yon happy sportive lambs ?

“ Now scatter’d o’er the hill they stray,

“ Now, weary of their gambling play,

“ All single out their dams.

“ Instinct

“ Instinct directs—But what is That?  
“ Fond man, thou never canst say What:  
“ Oh, short thy searches fall.  
“ By stumbling chance, and slow degrees,  
“ The useful arts of men increase,  
“ But this at once is all,

“ A trunk first floats along the deep,  
“ Long ages still improve the ship,  
“ Till she commands the shore:  
“ But never bird improv'd her nest,  
“ Each all at once of powers possess,  
“ Which ne'er can rise to more.

“ That down the steep the waters flow,  
“ That weight descends we see, we know;  
“ But why, can ne'er explain.  
“ Then humbly weighing Nature's laws,  
“ To God's high will ascribe the cause,  
“ And own thy wisdom vain,

“ For still the more thou knowest, the more  
“ Shalt thou the vanity deplore  
“ Of all thy soul can find:  
“ This life a sickly woeful dream,  
“ A burial of the soul will seem,  
“ A palsy of the mind.

“ Tho'



“ Tho’ Knowledge scorns the peasant’s fear,  
“ Alas, it points the secret spear  
“ Of many a nameless woe:  
“ Thy delicacy dips the dart  
“ In rankling gall, and gives a smart  
“ Beyond what he can know.

“ How happy then the simple mind  
“ Of yon unknowing labouring hind,  
“ Where all is smiling peace!  
“ No thoughts of more exalted joy  
“ His present bliss one hour destroy,  
“ Nor rob one moment’s ease.

“ The stings neglected Merit feels,  
“ The pangs the virtuous soul conceals,  
“ When crush’d by wayward fate;  
“ These are not found beneath his roof,  
“ Against them all securely proof,  
“ Heaven guards his humble state.

“ Knowledge or wealth to few are given;  
“ But, mark how just the ways of heaven!  
“ True joy to all is free:  
“ Nor Wealth nor Knowledge grant the boon,  
“ ’Tis thine, O Conscience, thine alone,  
“ It all belongs to thee.

“ Bleft

“ Blest in thy smiles the Shepherd lives,  
“ Gay is his morn, his evening gives  
“ Content and sweet repose.  
“ Without them—ever, ever cloy’d,  
“ To sage, or chief, one weary void  
“ Is all that life bestows.

“ Then would’st thou, Mortal, rise divine?  
“ Let innocence of soul be thine,  
“ With active goodness join’d:  
“ Thy heart shall then confess thee blest,  
“ And, ever lively, joyful taste  
“ The pleasures of the mind.”

So spake the Sage; my heart reply’d,  
“ How poor, how blind is human pride!  
“ All joy how false and vain,  
“ But that from Conscious Worth which flows,  
“ Which gives the death-bed sweet repose,  
“ And hopes an after reign.”

POLLIO:

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

POLLIO<sup>h</sup>: AN ELEGIAC ODE.

WRITTEN IN THE WOOD NEAR R—<sup>c</sup> CASTLE, 1762.

BY THE SAME.

*Hæc Jovem sentire, Deosque cunctos:*

*Spern bonam certamque domum reporto.*

HOR.

THE peaceful Evening breathes her balmy store.  
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green;  
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door,  
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,  
With solemn meditation let me stray;  
This is the hour, when, to the wise and good,  
The heavenly Maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale  
Whispers the gently waving boughs among,  
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,  
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

<sup>h</sup> It has been often said, that Fiction is the most proper field for poetry. If it is always so, the writer of this little piece acknowledges it is a circumstance against him. The following Ode was first suggested, and the ideas contained in it raised, on revisiting the ruins and woods that had been the scene of his early amusements, with a deserving brother, who died in his twenty-first year.

How

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,  
 The silver empress of the night appears !  
 Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,  
 And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,  
 Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound ;  
 The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade ;  
 The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,  
 The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd towers ;  
 Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale ;  
 Dark Solitude among the pillars lowers.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,  
 And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,  
 Where yon scath'd poplar through the window waves,  
 And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains ;

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,  
 Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,  
 Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,  
 Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.

High o'er the pines, that with their darkening shade  
 Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears  
 Its crumbling turrets : still its towery head  
 A warlike mien, a fullen grandeur wears.

So,



So, midst the snow of Age, a boastful air  
 Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends ;  
 Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,  
 Tho' trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flowers creep,  
 Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led ;  
 Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,  
 Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our fires exulting from the fight,  
 Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,  
 Eying their rescu'd fields with proud delight !  
 Now lost to them ! and, ah ! how chang'd to me !

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,  
 The dear idea of my POLLIO bring ;  
 So shone the moon through these soft nodding trees,  
 When here we wander'd in the eves of Spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,  
 And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side,  
 When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn  
 \* Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours dy'd :

So fair a blossom gentle POLLIO wore,  
 These were the emblems of his healthful mind :  
 To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,  
 To him bright Fancy all her wealth resign'd ;

Him,

Him, with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,  
 Flames never to th' illiberal thought ally'd;  
 The sacred sisters led where Virtue glow'd  
 In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and dy'd.

Oh partner of my infant griefs and joys!  
 Big with the scenes now past my heart o'erflows,  
 Bids each endearment, fair as once to rise,  
 And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,  
 Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;  
 Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,  
 When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The fainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,  
 Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;  
 But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,  
 And fainted well have lost their cheering powers.

For thou art gone—My guide, my friend, oh where,  
 Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind!  
 My tenderest wish, my heart to thee was bare,  
 Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulph, how dark, how void,  
 The trackless shores that never were repast!  
 Dread separation! on the depth untry'd  
 Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast.

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes ;  
 And shall these stars glow with immortal fire,  
 Still shine the *lifeless* glories of the skies,  
 And could thy bright, thy *living* soul expire ?

Far be the thought——The pleasures most sublime,  
 The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,  
 The towering wish that scorns the bounds of time,  
 Chill'd in this vale of Death, but languish here,

So plant the vine on Norway's wintry land,  
 The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies :  
 Yet there's a clime where Virtue shall expand  
 With godlike strength beneath her native skies.

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,  
 With patience waits the rosy opening day ;  
 The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,  
 With chearful hope expects the morning ray.

Thus I, on Life's storm beaten ocean tost,  
 In mental vision view the happy shore,  
 Where POLLIO beckons to the peaceful coast,  
 Where Fate and Death divide the friends no more.

Oh that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,  
 Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,  
 Would tell the awful secrets of the Dead,  
 And from my eyes the mortal film remove !

Vain

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain  
 Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,  
 Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,  
 And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,  
 Still, oh my soul! still be thy dear employ;  
 Still thus to wander thro' the shades be thine,  
 And swell thy breast with visionary joy.

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,  
 In antient days, the holy Seers retir'd,  
 And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,  
 While rising extasies their bosoms fir'd;

Restor'd Creation bright before them rose,  
 The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's plains,  
 One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose;  
 The flowery mountain sung, "Messiah reigns!"

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,  
 Yet, let me oft frequent this solemn scene,  
 Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,  
 What time the moonshine dimly gleams between.

There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,  
 And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones,  
 While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,  
 And sooths me wandering o'er my kindred bones,



Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn,  
 When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,  
 All Nature smiling, and by angels borne,  
 Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies.



# AN EPISTLE TO CURIO.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.

**T**HREE has the Spring beheld thy faded fame,  
 And the fourth Winter rises on thy shame,  
 Since I exulting grasp'd the votive shell,  
 In sounds of triumph all thy praise to tell ;  
 Blest could my skill through ages make thee shine,  
 And proud to mix my memory with thine.  
 But now the cause that wak'd my song before,  
 With praise, with triumph crowns the toil no more.  
 If to the glorious man, whose faithful cares,  
 Nor quell'd by malice, nor relax'd by years,  
 Had aw'd Ambition's wild audacious hate,  
 And dragg'd at length Corruption to her fate ;  
 If every tongue its large applauses ow'd,  
 And well-earn'd laurels every Muse bestow'd ;  
 If public justice urg'd the high reward,  
 And Freedom smil'd on the devoted bard :

Say

Say then, to him whose levity or lust  
 Laid all a people's gen'rous hopes in dust ;  
 Who taught Ambition firmer heights of pow'r,  
 And fav'd Corruption at her hopeless hour ;  
 Does not each tongue its execrations owe ?  
 Shall not each Muse a wreath of shame bestow ?  
 And public justice sanctify th' award ?  
 And Freedom's hand protect th' impartial bard ?

Yet long reluctant I forbore thy name,  
 Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame,  
 Hung o'er each glimm'ring spark with anxious eyes,  
 And wish'd and hop'd the light again would rise.  
 But since thy guilt still more intire appears,  
 Since no art hides, no supposition clears ;  
 Since vengeful Slander now too sinks her blast,  
 And the first rage of party-hate is past ;  
 Calm as the Judge of Truth, at length I come  
 To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom :  
 So may my trust from all reproach be free,  
 And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree.

There are who say they view'd without amaze  
 Thy sad reverse of all thy former praise ;  
 That thro' the pageants of a patriot's name,  
 They pierc'd the foulness of thy secret aim ;  
 Or deem'd thy arm exalted but to throw  
 The public thunder on a private foe.  
 But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,  
 Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,

Who saw the spirits of each glorious age  
 Move in thy bosom and direct thy rage ;  
 I scorn'd th' ungen'rous gloss of slavish minds,  
 The owl-ey'd race, whom Virtue's lustre blinds.  
 Spite of the learned in the ways of Vice,  
 And all who prove that each man has his price,  
 I still believ'd thy end was just and free ;  
 And yet, ev'n yet believe it ——— spite of thee.  
 Ev'n tho' thy mouth impure has dar'd disclaim,  
 Urg'd by the wretched impotence of shame,  
 Whatever filial cares, thy zeal had paid  
 To laws infirm and liberty decay'd ;  
 Has begg'd Ambition to forgive the show ;  
 Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe ;  
 Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,  
 Her gross delusion when she held thee dear ;  
 How tame she follow'd thy tempestuous call,  
 And heard thy pompous tales and trusted all—  
 Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old  
 For laws subverted and for cities sold !  
 Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,  
 The oaths you perjur'd and the blood you spilt ;  
 Yet must you one untempted vileness own,  
 One dreadful palm reserv'd for him alone :  
 With studied arts his country's praise to spurn,  
 To beg the infamy he did not earn,  
 To challenge hate when honour was his due,  
 And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.

Do robes of state the guarded heart inclose  
 From each fair feeling human nature knows ?  
 Can pompous titles stun th' enchanted ear  
 To all that reason, all that sense would hear ?

Else could'st thou e'er desert thy sacred post,  
 In such unthankful baseness to be lost ?  
 Else could'st thou wed the emptiness of vice,  
 And yield thy glories at an idiot's price ?

When they who loud for liberty and laws,  
 In doubtful times had fought their country's cause,  
 When now of conquest and dominion sure,  
 They fought alone to hold their fruits secure ;  
 When taught by these, Oppression hid the face  
 To leave Corruption stronger in her place,  
 By silent spells to work the public fate,  
 And taint the vitals of the passive state,  
 Till healing wisdom should avail no more,  
 And Freedom lothe to tread the poison'd shore ;  
 Then, like some guardian god that flies to save  
 The weary pilgrim from an instant grave,  
 Whom sleeping and secure, the guileful snake  
 Steals near and nearer thro' the peaceful brake ;  
 Then CURIO rose to ward the public woe,  
 To wake the heedless and incite the slow,  
 Against corruption liberty to arm,  
 And quell th' enchantress by a mightier charm.

Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,  
 And with thy country's hopes thy honours grew.





Thee, Patriot, the patrician roof confess'd :  
 Thy pow'rful voice the rescu'd merchant bless'd ;  
 Of thee with awe the rural hearth resounds ;  
 The bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns ;  
 Touch'd in the fighting shade with manlier fires,  
 To trace thy steps the love-sick youth aspires ;  
 The learn'd recluse, who oft amaz'd had read  
 Of Græcian heroes, Roman Patriots dead,  
 With new amazement hears a living name  
 Pretend to share in such forgotten fame ;  
 And he who, scorning courts and courtly ways,  
 Left the tame track of these dejected days,  
 The life of nobler ages to renew  
 In virtues sacred from a monarch's view,  
 Rouz'd by thy labours from the blest retreat,  
 Where social ease and public passions meet,  
 Again ascending treads the civil scene,  
 To act and be a man, as thou had'st been.

Thus by degrees thy cause superior grew,  
 And the great end appear'd at last in view :  
 We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice ;  
 We saw the senate bending to thy voice ;  
 The friends of freedom hail'd th' approaching reign  
 Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain ;  
 While venal Faction, struck with new dismay,  
 Shrunk at their frown, and self-abandon'd lay.  
 Wak'd in the shock, the PUBLIC GENIUS rose,  
 Abash'd and keener from his long repose ;

Sublime

Sublime in ancient pride, he rais'd the spear  
Which slaves and tyrants long were wont to fear :  
The city felt his call : from man to man,  
From street to street the glorious horror ran ;  
Each crouded haunt was stirr'd beneath his pow'r,  
And murmuring, challeng'd the deciding hour.

Lo ! the deciding hour at last appears ;  
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears !  
Thou, Genius ! guardian of the Roman name,  
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame !  
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,  
And guide each movement steady to the goal.  
Ye spirits, by whose providential art .  
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,  
Keep, keep the best in view to CURIO's mind,  
And watch his fancy, and his passions bind !  
Ye shades immortal, who, by Freedom led,  
Or in the field, or on the scaffold bled,  
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,  
And view the crown of all your labours nigh.  
See Freedom mounting her eternal throne !  
The sword submitted, and the laws her own :  
See ! public Pow'r chastis'd beneath her stands,  
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands !  
See private life by wisest arts reclaim'd !  
See ardent youth to noblest manners fram'd !  
See us acquire whate'er was fought by you,  
If CURIO, only CURIO will be true.

'Twas

'Twas then—O Shame! O Trust, how ill repaid!  
O Latium, oft by faithless sons betray'd!—

'Twas then — What frenzy on thy reason stole?  
What spells unfinew'd thy determin'd soul?

—Is this the man in Freedom's cause approv'd?

The man so great, so honour'd, so belov'd?

This patient slave by tinsel chains allur'd?

This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd?

This CURIO, hated and despis'd by all?

Who sell himself, to work his country'd fall?

O, lost alike to action and repose!

Unknown, unpitied in the worst of woes!

With all that conscious, undissembled pride,

Sold to the insults of a foe defy'd!

With all that habit of familiar fame,

Doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in shame!

The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art,

To act a statesman's dull, exploded part,

Renounce the praise no longer in thy pow'r,

Display thy virtue, though without a dow'r,

Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,

And shut thy eyes that others may be blind.

—Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to smile

When shameless mouths your majesty defile,

Paint you a thoughtless, frantic, headlong crew,

And cast their own impieties on you.

For witness, Freedom, to whose sacred pow'r

My soul was vow'd from reason's earliest hour,

How

How have I stood exulting to survey  
 My country's virtues opening in thy ray!  
 How, with the sons of every foreign shore  
 The more I match'd them, honour'd her's the more!  
 O race erect! whose native strength of soul,  
 Which kings, nor priests, nor fordid laws controul,  
 Bursts the tame round of animal affairs,  
 And seeks a nobler center for its cares;  
 Intent the laws of life to comprehend,  
 And fix dominion's limits by its end.  
 Who bold and equal in their love or hate,  
 By conscious reason judging every state,  
 The Man forget not, tho' in rags he lies,  
 And know the mortal thro' a crown's disguise:  
 Thence prompt alike with witty scorn to view  
 Fastidious graudeur lift his solemn brow,  
 Or all awake at Pity's soft command,  
 Bend the mild ear, and stretch the gracious hand:  
 Thence large of heart, from envy far remov'd,  
 When public toils to virtue stand approv'd,  
 Not the young lover fonder to admire,  
 Nor more indulgent the delighted fire;  
 Yet high and jealous of their freeborn name,  
 Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,  
 Where'er oppression works her wanton sway,  
 Proud to confront and dreadful to repay.  
 But if to purchase CURIO's sage applause,  
 My country must with him renounce her cause,

Quit



Quit with a slave the path a patriot trod,  
 Bow the meek knee, and kiss the regal rod ;  
 Then still, ye pow'rs, instruct his tongue to rail,  
 Nor let his zeal, nor let his subject fail :  
 Else, ere he change the style, bear me away  
 To where the Gracchi<sup>i</sup>, where the Bruti stay !

O long rever'd, and late resign'd to shame !  
 If this uncourtly page thy notice claim  
 When the loud cares of bus'ness are withdrawn,  
 Nor well-drest beggars round thy footsteps fawn ;  
 In that still, thoughtful, solitary hour,  
 When Truth exerts her unresisted pow'r,  
 Breaks the false optics ting'd with fortune's glare,  
 Unlocks the breast, and lays the passions bare :  
 Then turn thy eyes on that important scene,  
 And ask thyself—if all be well within.  
 Where is the heart-felt worth and weight of soul,  
 Which labour cou'd not stop, nor fear controul ?  
 Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,  
 Which, half abash'd, the proud and venal saw ?  
 Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause ?  
 Where the delightful taste of just applause ?  
 Where the strong reason, the commanding tongue,  
 On which the senate fir'd or trembling hung ?

<sup>i</sup> The two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus lost their lives in attempting to introduce the only regulation that could give stability and good order to the Roman Republic. L. Jun. Brutus founded the commonwealth, and died in its defence.

All vanish'd, all are fold—And in their room,  
 Couch'd in thy bosom's deep, distracted gloom,  
 See the pale form of barb'rous grandeur dwell,  
 Like some grim idol in a forc'rer's cell!  
 To her in chains thy dignity was led;  
 At her polluted shrine thy honour bled;  
 With blasted weeds thy awful brow she crown'd,  
 Thy pow'rful tongue with poison'd philters bound,  
 That baffled reason straight indignant flew,  
 And fair persuasion from her seat withdrew:  
 For now no longer truth supports thy cause;  
 No longer glory prompts thee to applause;  
 No longer virtue breathing in thy breast,  
 With all her conscious majesty confest,  
 Still bright and brighter wakes th' almighty flame,  
 To rouse the feeble, and the wilful tame,  
 And where she sees the catching glimpses roll,  
 Spreads the strong blaze, and all involves the soul;  
 But cold restraints thy conscious fancy chill,  
 And formal passions mock thy struggling will;  
 Or if thy Genius e'er forget his chain,  
 And reach impatient at a nobler strain,  
 Soon the sad bodings of contemptuous mirth  
 Shoot thro' thy breast, and stab the generous birth,  
 Till blind with smart, from truth to frenzy tost,  
 And all the tenor of thy reason lost,  
 Perhaps thy anguish drains a real tear;  
 While some with pity, some with laughter hear.

—Can

—Can art, alas! or genius guide the head;  
 Where truth and freedom from the heart are fled?  
 Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke,  
 When the prime function of the soul is broke?

But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;  
 Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou hast a friend;  
 Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine;  
 Renounce thy titles, and thy robes resign;  
 For see the hand of destiny display'd  
 To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd!  
 See the dire fane of Infamy arise!

Dark as the grave, and spacious as the skies;  
 Where from the first of time, thy kindred train;  
 The chiefs and princes of th' unjust remain.  
 Eternal barriers guard the pathless road  
 To warn the wand'rer of the curst abode;  
 But prone as whirlwinds scour the passive sky,  
 The heights surmounted, down the steep they fly:  
 There, black with frowns, relentless Time awaits;  
 And goads their footsteps to the guilty gates;  
 And still he asks them of their unknown aims,  
 Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims;  
 And still his hands despoil them on the road  
 Of each vain wreath, by lying bards bestow'd,  
 Break their proud marbles, crush their festal cars,  
 And rend the lawless trophies of their wars.  
 At last the gates his potent voice obey;  
 Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey,

Where

Where ever arm'd with adamantine chains,  
 The watchful dæmon o'er her vassals reigns,  
 O'er mighty names and giant-pow'rs of lust,  
 The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and August<sup>k</sup>.  
 No gleam of hope their baleful mansion cheers,  
 No sound of honour hails their unblest ears ;  
 But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,  
 The childless fire and violated maid ;  
 But vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,  
 From towns enslav'd and continents laid waste ;  
 But long Posterity's united groan,  
 And the sad charge of horrors not their own,  
 For ever thro' the trembling space resound,  
 And sink each impious forehead to the ground.

Ye mighty foes of liberty and rest,  
 Give way, do homage to a mightier guest !  
 Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,  
 See CURIO's toil your proudest claims efface !  
 —Aw'd at the name, fierce ! Appius rising bends,  
 And hardy Cinna from his throne attends :  
 “ He comes, they cry, to whom the fates assign'd  
 “ With surer arts to work what we design'd,

<sup>k</sup> Titles which have been generally ascribed to the most pernicious of men.

<sup>l</sup> Appius Claudius the Decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna both attempted to establish a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both perish'd by the treason.

“ From

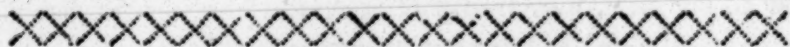


" From year to year the stubborn herd to sway;  
 " Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;  
 " Till own'd their guide and trusted with their pow'r,  
 " He mock'd their hopes in one decisive hour:  
 " Then tir'd and yielding, led them to the chain,  
 " And quench'd the spirit we provok'd in vain."

But thou, supreme, by whose eternal hands  
 Fair Liberty's heroic empire stands;  
 Whose thunders the rebellious deep controul,  
 And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,  
 O turn this dreadful omen far away!  
 On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay;  
 Relume her sacred fire so near suppress'd,  
 And fix her shrine in every Roman breast.  
 Tho' bold Corruption boast around the land,  
 " Let Virtue, if she can, my baits withstand!"  
 Tho' bolder now she urge th' accursed claim,  
 Gay with her trophies rais'd on CURIO's shame;  
 Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,  
 Who know what conscience and a heart are worth.  
 —O friend and father of the human mind,  
 Whose art for noblest ends our frame design'd!  
 If I, tho' fated to the studious shade  
 Which party-strife nor anxious pow'r invade,  
 If I aspire in public virtue's cause,  
 To guide the Muses by sublimer laws,  
 Do thou her own authority impart,  
 And give my numbers entrance to the heart.

Perhaps

Perhaps the verse might rouse her smother'd flame,  
 And snatch the fainting patriot back to fame ;  
 Perhaps by worthy thoughts of human kind,  
 To worthy deeds exalt the conscious mind ;  
 Or dash Corruption in her proud career,  
 And teach her slaves that Vice was born to fear.



L O V E. A N E L E G Y.

BY THE SAME.

**T**OO much my heart of beauty's power hath known,  
 Too long to love hath reason left her throne ;  
 Too long my genius mourn'd his myrtle chain,  
 And three rich years of youth consum'd in vain.  
 My wishes, lull'd with soft inglorious dreams,  
 Forgot the patriot's and the sage's themes :  
 Thro' each elysian vale and fairy grove,  
 Thro' all th' enchanted paradise of love.  
 Misled by sickly hope's deceitful flame,  
 Averse to action and renouncing fame.

At last the visionary scenes decay,  
 My eyes exulting, bless the new born day,  
 Whose faithful beams detect the dangerous road  
 In which my heedless feet securely trod,  
 And strip the phantoms of their lying charms  
 That lur'd my soul from wisdom's peaceful arms.

For silver streams and banks bespread with flow'rs,  
 For mossy couches and harmonious bowers

Lo ! barren heaths appear, and pathless woods,  
 And rocks hung dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods :  
 For openness of heart, for tender smiles,  
 Looks fraught with love, and wrath disarming wiles,  
 Lo ! sullen spight, and perjur'd lust of gain,  
 And cruel pride and crueller disdain.  
 Lo ! cordial faith to ideot airs refin'd,  
 Now coolly civil, now transporting kind.  
 For graceful ease, lo ! affectation walks,  
 And dull half sense, for wit and wisdom talks.  
 New to each hour what low delight succeeds,  
 What precious furniture of hearts and heads !  
 By nought their prudence, but by getting, known ;  
 And all their courage in deceiving shown.

See next what plagues attend the lover's state,  
 What frightful forms of terror, scorn and hate !  
 See burning fury heaven and earth defy !  
 See dumb despair in icy fetters lie !  
 See black suspicion bend his gloomy brow,  
 The hideous image of himself to view !  
 And fond belief with all a lover's flame  
 Sinks in those arms that points his head with shame !  
 There woe dejection, fault'ring as he goes,  
 In shades and silence vainly seeks repose ;  
 Musing thro' pathless wilds, consumes the day,  
 Then lost in darkness weeps the hours away.  
 Here the gay crowd of luxury advance,  
 Some touch the lyre, and others urge the dance ;  
 On every head the rosy garland glows,  
 In every hand the golden goblet flows.

The

The fyren' views them with exulting eyes,  
 And laughs at bashful virtue as she flies.  
 But see behind, where scorn and want appear,  
 The grave remonstrance and the witty sneer.  
 See fell remorse in action, prompt to dart  
 Her snaky poison thro' the conscious heart.  
 And sloth to cancel, with oblivious shame,  
 The fair memorial of recording fame.

Are these delights that one would wish to gain ;  
 Is this th' elysium of a sober brain ;  
 To wait for happiness in female smiles,  
 Bear all her scorn, be caught with all her wiles,  
 With prayers, with bribes, with lies her pity crave,  
 Bles her hard bonds, and boast to be her slave ;  
 To feel, for trifles, a distracting train  
 Of hopes and terrors equally in vain ;  
 This hour to tremble, and the next to glow,  
 Can pride, can sense, can reason stoop so low ?  
 When virtue, at an easier price, displays  
 The sacred wreaths of honourable praise ;  
 When wisdom utters her divine decree,  
 To laugh at pompous folly and be free.

I bid adieu, then, to these woeful scenes ;  
 I bid adieu to all the sex of queens ;  
 'Adieu to every suffering, simple soul  
 That let's a woman's will his ease controul.  
 There laugh, ye witty, and rebuke, ye grave !  
 For me, I scorn to boast that I'm a slave.  
 I bid the whining brotherhood be gone.  
 Joy to my heart ! my wishes are my own !



Farewel the female heaven, the female hell;  
 To the great god of love a glad farewell.  
 Is this the triumph of thy awful name?  
 Are these the splendid hopes that urg'd thy aim,  
 When first my bosom own'd thy haughty sway?  
 When thus Minerva heard thee, boasting, say,  
 " Go, martial maid, elsewhere thy arts employ,  
 " Nor hope to shelter that devoted boy.  
 " Go teach the solemn sons of care and age,  
 " The pensive statesman, and the midnight sage;  
 " The young with me must other lessons prove,  
 " Youth calls for pleasure, pleasure calls for love.  
 " Behold his heart thy grave advice disdains,  
 " Behold I bind him in eternal chains."

Alas! great love, how idle was the boast!  
 Thy chains are broken, and thy lessons lost.  
 Thy wilful rage has tir'd my suffering heart,  
 And passion, reason, forc'd thee to depart.

But wherefore dost thou linger on thy way?  
 Why vainly search for some pretence to stay,  
 When crowds of vassals court thy pleasing yoke,  
 And countless victims bow them to the stroke?  
 Lo! round thy shrine a thousand youths advance,  
 Warm with the gentle ardors of romance;  
 Each longs t' assert thy cause with feats of arms,  
 And make the world confess Dulcinea's charms.  
 Ten thousand girls, with flow'ry chaplets crown'd,  
 To groves and streams thy tender triumph sound;

Each

Each bids the stream in murmurs speak her flame,  
 Each calls the grove to sigh her shepherd's name.  
 But if thy pride such easy honour scorn,  
 If nobler trophies must thy toil adorn,  
 Behold yon flow'ry antiquated maid  
 Bright in the bloom of threescore years display'd;  
 Her shalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,  
 And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins,  
 Her frosty cheek with crimson blushes dye,  
 With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.

Turn then thy labours to the servile crowd,  
 Entice the wary, and controul the proud;  
 Make the sad miser his best gains forego,  
 The solemn statesman sigh to be a beau.  
 The bold coquette with fondest passion burn,  
 The bacchanalian o'er his bottle mourn:  
 And that chief glory of thy pow'r maintain,  
 "To poise ambition in a female brain."  
 Be these thy triumphs, but no more presume  
 That my rebellious heart will yield thee room.  
 I know thy puny force, thy simple wiles;  
 I break triumphant thro' thy flimsy toils:  
 I see thy dying lamp's last languid glow,  
 Thy arrows blunted, and unbrac'd thy bow.  
 I feel diviner fires my breast inflame,  
 To active science, and ingenuous fame:  
 Resume the paths my earliest choice began,  
 And lose, with pride, the lover in the man.



## O D E T O S L E E P.

B Y T H E S A M E.

**T**HOU silent power, whose welcome sway  
 Charms every anxious thought away ;  
 In whose divine oblivion drown'd,  
 Sore pain and weary toil grew mild,  
 Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,  
 And grief forgets her fondly-cherish'd wound :  
 O ! whither hast thou flown, indulgent god ?  
 God of kind shadows and of healing dew,  
 O'er whom dost thou extend thy magic rod ?  
 Around what peaceful couch thy opiate airs diffuse ?

Lo, midnight from her starry reign  
 Looks awful down on earth and main.  
 The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,  
 With all that crop the verdant food,  
 With all that skim the crystal flood,  
 Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep.  
 No rushing winds disturb the tufted bowers ;  
 No wakeful sound the moon-light valleys knows,  
 Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,  
 And lulls the waving scene to more profound repose,

O ! let

O! let me not alone complain,  
 Alone invoke thy power in vain!  
 Descend, propitious, on my eyes;  
 Not from the couch that bears a crown,  
 Not from the courtly statesman's down,  
 Nor where the miser and his treasure lies:  
 Bring not the shapes that break the murderer's rest,  
 Nor those the hireling soldier loves to see,  
 Nor those which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast:  
 Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me!

Nor yet those awful forms present,  
 For chiefs and heroes only meant;  
 The figur'd brass, the choral song,  
 The rescu'd people's glad applause,  
 The list'ning senate, and the laws  
 Fix'd by the counsels of <sup>m</sup> Timoleon's tongue,  
 Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways;  
 And though they shine in youth's ingenuous view,  
 The sober gainful arts of modern days  
 To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

<sup>m</sup> After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, asked his advice, and voted according to it.

Plutarch.



I ask not, god of dreams thy care,  
 To banish love's presentments fair :  
 Nor rosy cheek nor radiant eye  
 Can arm him with such influence bland  
 That the young forcerer's fatal hand  
 Should round my soul his pleasing fetters tie.  
 Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile  
 (A lighter phantom and a baser chain)  
 Did e'er in slumber my proud lyre beguile  
 To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according strain.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing  
 Such honourable visions bring,  
 As sooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,  
 When in prophetic dreams he saw  
 The race unborn with pious awe  
 Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page :  
 Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows,  
 When health's deep treasures, by his art explor'd,  
 Have sav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,  
 Or to the treubling fire his age's hope restor'd.



A BRITISH PHILIPPIC:

OCCASIONED BY THE INSULTS OF THE SPANIARDS, AND  
THE PRESENT PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXVIII.

BY THE SAME.

WHENCE this unwonted transport in my breast?  
Why glow my thoughts, and whither would the muse  
Aspire with rapid wing; Her country's cause  
Demands her efforts; at that sacred call  
She summons all her ardor, throws aside  
The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump  
She means to thunder in each British ear;  
And if one spark of honour or of fame,  
Disdain of insult, dread of infamy,  
One thought of public virtue yet survive,  
She means to wake it, rouse the gen'rous flame,  
With patriot zeal inspirit ev'ry breast,  
And fire each British heart with British wrongs.  
Alas, the vain attempt! what influence now

Can

Can the muse boast? Or what attention now  
 Is paid to fame or virtue? Where is now  
 The British spirit, generous, warm and brave,  
 So frequent wont from tyranny and woe  
 To free the suppliant nations? Where, indeed!  
 If that protection, once to strangers giv'n,  
 Be now with-held from sons? Each nobler thought  
 That warm'd our fires, is lost and buried now  
 In luxury and av'rice. Baneful vice!  
 How it unmans a nation! Yet I'll try,  
 I'll aim to shake this vile degen'rate sloth;  
 I'll dare to rouse Britannia's dreaming sons  
 To fame, to virtue, and impart around  
 A generous feeling of compatriot woes.

Come then the various powers of forceful speech!  
 All that can move, awaken, fire, transport;  
 Come the bold ardor of the Theban bard!  
 Th' arousing thunder of the patriot Greek!  
 The soft persuasion of the Roman sage!  
 Come all! and raise me to an equal height,  
 A rapture worthy of my glorious cause!  
 Lest my best efforts failing should debase  
 The sacred theme; for with no common wing  
 The Muse attempts to soar. Yet what need these?  
 My country's fame, my free-born British heart  
 Shall be my best inspirers, raise my flight  
 High as the Theban's pinion, and with more  
 Than Greek or Roman flame exalt my soul.

Oh!

Oh! could I give the vast ideas birth  
 Expressive of the thoughts that flame within,  
 No more should lazy luxury detain  
 Our ardent youth ; no more should Britain's sons  
 Sit tamely passive by, and careless hear  
 The prayers, sighs, groans, (immortal infamy !)  
 Of fellow Britons, with oppression sunk,  
 In bitterness of soul demanding aid,  
 Calling on Britain, their dear native land,  
 The land of Liberty ; so greatly fam'd  
 For just redress ; the land so often dy'd  
 With her best blood, for that arousing cause,  
 The freedom of her sons ; those sons that now,  
 Far from the manly blessings of her sway,  
 Drag the vile fetters of a Spanish lord.  
 And dare they, dare the vanquish'd sons of Spain  
 Enslave a Briton ? Have they then forgot,  
 So soon forgot the great, th' immortal day,  
 When rescu'd Sicily with joy beheld  
 The swift-wing'd thunder of the British arm  
 Disperse their navies ? When their coward bands  
 Fled, like the raven from the bird of Jove,  
 From swift impending vengeance fled in vain :  
 Are these our lords ? And can Britannia see  
 Her foes oft vanquish'd, thus defy her pow'r,  
 Insult her standard, and enslave her sons,  
 And not arise to justice ? Did our fires,  
 Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death,

Preserve

Oh!



Preserve inviolate her guardian rights,  
 To Britons ever sacred ! that their sons  
 Might give them up to Spaniards ?—Turn your eyes,  
 Turn ye degen'rate, who with haughty boast  
 Call yourselves Britons, to that dismal gloom,  
 That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought  
 Of joy or peace can enter ; see the gates  
 Harsh-creaking open ; what an hideous void,  
 Dark as the yawning grave ! while still as death  
 A frightful silence reigns : There on the ground  
 Behold your brethren chain'd like beasts of prey :  
 There mark your num'rous glories, there behold  
 The look that speaks unutterable woe ;  
 The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye  
 With famine sunk, the deep heart-bursting groan  
 Suppress'd in silence ; view the loathsome food,  
 Refus'd by dogs, and oh ! the stinging thought !  
 View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs,  
 The deadly priest triumphant in their woes,  
 And thundering worse damnation on their souls :  
 While that pale form, in all the pangs of death,  
 Too faint to speak, yet eloquent of all  
 His native British spirit yet untam'd,  
 Raises his head, and with indignant frowns  
 Of great defiance, and superior scorn,  
 Looks up and dies—Oh ! I am all on fire !  
 But let me spare the theme, lest future times  
 Should blush to hear that either conquer'd Spain

Durst

Durst offer Britain such outrageous wrong,  
Or Britain tamely bore it —

Descend ye guardian heroes of the land !  
Scourges of Spain, descend ! Behold your sons,  
See ! how they run the same heroic race,  
How prompt, how ardent in their country's cause,  
How greatly proud t' assert their British blood,  
And in their deeds reflect their fathers fame !  
Ah ! would to heaven ! ye did not rather see  
How dead to virtue in the public cause !  
How cold, how careless, how to glory deaf,  
They shame your laurels, and belye their birth !

Come, ye great spirits, Ca'endish, Rawleigh, Blake !  
And ye of later name your country's pride,  
Oh ! come, disperse these lazy fumes of sloth,  
Teach British hearts with British fires to glow !  
In wakening whispers rouse our ardent youth,  
Blazon the triumphs of your better days,  
Paint all the glorious scenes of rightful war,  
In all its splendors ; to their swelling souls  
Say how ye bow'd the insulting Spaniards pride,  
Say how ye thunder'd o'er their prostrate heads,  
Say how ye broke their lines and fir'd their ports,  
Say how not death, in all its frightful shapes,  
Could damp your souls, or shake the great resolve  
For Right and Britain : Then display the joys  
The patriot's soul exalting, while he views  
Transported millions hail with loud acclaim

The

The guardian of their civil, sacred rights :  
 How greatly welcome to the virtuous man  
 Is death for others good ; the radiant thoughts  
 That beam celestial on his passing soul,  
 Th' unfading crowns awaiting him above,  
 Th' exalting plaudit of the great Supreme,  
 Who in his actions with complacence views  
 His own reflected splendor ; then descend,  
 Tho' to a lower, yet a nobler scene ;  
 Paint the just honours to his reliques paid,  
 Shew grateful millions weeping o'er his grave ;  
 While his fair fame in each progressive age  
 For ever brightens ; and the wise and good  
 Of every land in universal choir  
 With richest incense of undying praise  
 His urn encircle, to the wondering world  
 His num'rous triumphs blazon ; while with awe,  
 With filial rev'rence in his steps they tread,  
 And copying every virtue, every fame,  
 Transplant his glories into second life,  
 And, with unsparing hand, make nations blest  
 By his example. Vast immense rewards !  
 For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind  
 Encounters here. Yet, Britons, are ye cold ?  
 Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call  
 Of your poor injur'd countrymen ? Ah ! no.  
 I see ye are not ; ev'ry bosom glows  
 With native greatness, and in all its state

The

The British spirit rises: Glorious change!  
 Fame, Virtue, Freedom welcome! Oh! forgive  
 The Muse, that ardent in her sacred cause  
 Your glory question'd: She beholds with joy  
 She owns, she triumphs in her wish'd mistake.

See! from her sea-beat throne in awful march  
 Britannia tow'rs: upon her laurel crest  
 The plumes majestic nod; behold she heaves  
 Her guardian shields, and terrible in arms  
 For battle shakes her adamantine spear:  
 Loud at her foot the British lion roars,  
 Frighting the nations; haughty Spain full soon  
 Shall hear and tremble. Go then, Britons, forth,  
 Your country's daring champions: tell your foes,  
 Tell them in thunders o'er their prostrate land  
 You were not born for slaves: Let all your deeds  
 Shew that the sons of those immortal men,  
 The stars of shining story, are not slow  
 In virtue's path to emulate their fires,  
 T' assert their country's rights, avenge her sons,  
 And hurl the bolts of justice on her foes,





H Y M N T O S C I E N C E.

B Y T H E S A M E.

*O Vitæ Philosophia Dux! O Virtutis indagatrix, expultrix;  
Vitiorum.—Tu Urbes peperisti; tu inventrix Legum, tu  
magistra Morum & Disciplinæ fuisti: Ad te confugimus, a  
te Opem petimus. CIC. Tusc. Qu.*

SCIENCE! thou fair effusive ray  
From the great source of mental Day,  
Free, generous, and refin'd!  
Descend with all thy treasures fraught,  
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,  
And bless my lab'ring mind.

But first with thy resistless light,  
Disperse those phantoms from my sight,  
Those mimic shades of thee:  
The scholiast's learning, sophist's cant,  
The visionary bigot's rant,  
The monk's philosophy.

O! let

O! let thy powerful charms impart  
 The patient head, the candid heart,  
 Devoted to thy sway;  
 Which no weak passions e'er mislead,  
 Which still with dauntless steps proceed  
 Where Reason points the way.

Give me to learn each secret cause;  
 Let Number's, Figure's, Motion's laws  
 Reveal'd before me stand;  
 These to great Nature's scenes apply,  
 And round the globe, and thro' the sky,  
 Disclose her working hand.

Next, to thy nobler search resign'd,  
 The busy, restless, human mind  
 Thro' ev'ry maze pursue;  
 Detect Perception where it lies,  
 Catch the ideas as they rise,  
 And all their changes view.

Say from what simple springs began  
 The vast, ambitious thoughts of man  
 Which range beyond controul;  
 Which seek Eternity to trace,  
 Dive thro' th' infinity of space,  
 And strain to grasp THE WHOLE.

Her secret stores let Memory tell,  
 Bid Fancy quit her fairy cell,  
 In all her colours drest ;  
 While prompt her fallies to controul,  
 Reason, the judge, recalls the soul  
 To Truth's severest test.

Then launch thro' Being's wide extent ;  
 Let the fair scale, with just ascent,  
 And cautious steps, be trod ;  
 And from the dead, corporeal mass,  
 Thro' each progressive order pass  
 To Instinct, Reason, God.

There, SCIENCE ! veil thy daring eye ;  
 Nor dive too deep, nor soar to high,  
 In that divine abyss ;  
 To Faith content thy beams to lend,  
 Her hopes t' assure, her steps befriend,  
 And light her way to bliss.

Then downwards take thy flight agen,  
 Mix with the policies of men,  
 And social Nature's ties :  
 The plan, the genius of each state,  
 Its interest, and its pow'rs relate,  
 Its fortunes and its rise.

Thro' private life pursue thy course,  
 Trace every action to its source,  
 And means and motives weigh :  
 Put tempers, passions in the scale,  
 Mark what degrees in each prevail,  
 And fix the doubtful sway.

That last, best effort of thy skill,  
 To form the life, and rule the will,  
 Propitious pow'r ! impart ;  
 Teach me to cool my passions fires,  
 Make me the judge of my desires,  
 The master of my heart.

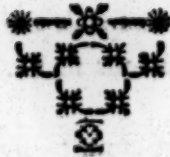
Raise me above the vulgar's breath,  
 Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,  
 And all in life that's mean.  
 Still true to reason be my plan,  
 Still let my actions speak the man,  
 Thro' every various scene.

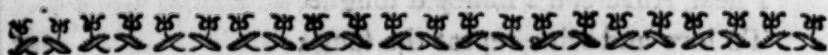
Hail ! queen of manners, light of truth ;  
 Hail ! charm of age, and guide of youth ;  
 Sweet refuge of distress :  
 In business, thou ! exact, polite ;  
 Thou giv'st Retirement its delight,  
 Prosperity its grace.



Of wealth, pow'r, freedom, thou! the cause;  
 Foundress of order, cities, laws,  
 Of arts inventress, thou!  
 Without thee, what were human kind?  
 How vast their wants, their thoughts how blind!  
 Their joys how mean! how few!

Sun of the soul? thy beams unveil!  
 Let others spread the daring sail,  
 On Fortune's faithless sea:  
 While undeluded, happier I  
 From the vain tumult timely fly,  
 And sit in peace with Thee.





ODE TO THE MUSE.

BY JAMES SCOTT, M. A.

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE.

I. 1.

**Y**ET once more, sweetest Queen of Song  
Thy humble suppliant lead along,  
Thro' Fancy's flow'ry plains :  
Oh bear me to th' ideal grove,  
Where hand in hand the Graces rove,  
And sooth me with seraphic strains !  
'Tis thine, harmonious maid, to cull  
Delicious balm to heal our cares ;  
'Tis thine to take the prison'd soul,  
And lap it in Elysian airs ;  
While quick as thought at thy divine command  
The realms of grace, and harmony expand.

I. 2.

And lo before my ravisht eyes  
The visionary scenes arise !  
I hear the tender lute complain,  
While Sappho breathes her am'rous pain ;  
(O guard me from such fierce desires,  
Thou God of Raptures, God of Fires !)

F 3

I hear

I hear Anacreon's honey'd tongue  
 To love and wine repeat the song;  
 His flight sublime the Theban swan prepares,  
 And louder music wakes the wond'ring spheres.

## I. 3.

But hark how sweet the numbers swell,  
 While Homer waves his soul-enchancing wand!  
 Entranc'd the list'ning Passions stand,  
 Charm'd with the magic of his shell.  
 Whether to arms his trump resounds,  
 The heart with martial ardour bounds;  
 Or sprightly themes his hand employ,  
 Instant we catch the spreading joy;  
 Or when in notes majestic, deep, and slow,  
 He bids the solemn streams of sorrow flow,  
 Amaz'd we hear the sadly-pleasing strain,  
 While tender anguish steals thro' ev'ry vein,

## II. 1,

Father of verse, whose eagle-flight  
 Fatigues the gazer's aching sight,  
 And strains th' aspiring mind;  
 Teach me thy wond'rous heights to view,  
 With trembling wing thy steps pursue,  
 And leave the less'ning world behind.  
 Fond, foolish wish!—Can human eyes  
 The rapid arrow's track descry?  
 Can gross Mortality arise,  
 And spring beyond the vaulted sky?

Loft is the momentary path, and bound  
By cum'brous chains we creep along the ground!

## II. 2.

Yet some there are with pow'r endow'd  
To soar above the groveling crowd;  
By thee, fair Fancy, rapt'rous maid,  
By thee, O sweet Enthusiast, led,  
Sublime beyond the milky way  
With strong seraphic plumes they stray;  
Or pierce within the sacred shade,  
Where Nature's plastic forms are laid;  
Then strike with daring hands the magic strings,  
And warm to life a new creation springs.

## II. 3.

Hail chosen few, whose happier birth  
The Muse beheld, and bad your due feet climb  
Fame's slipp'ry hill, and paths sublime,  
Untrod by vulgar sons of earth!  
When virtue droops all sick and pale,  
In bleak Misfortune's desert vale,  
'Tis your's to steal away her care,  
And softly sooth the pensive fair:  
'Tis your's to cull, from fancy's fairy stores,  
The brightest gems, and sweetest-breathing flow'rs,  
Then bind with Dædal art such wreaths divine,  
As bloom secure on truth's immortal shrine.



## III. 1.

Haste then!—for soft Etesian gales  
 Supply the <sup>n</sup> Pilot's welcome sails,  
 And waft him o'er the main;  
 And gentle show'rs, the daughters fair  
 Of pregnant clouds, and balmy air,  
 Rejoice the faint, and thirsty plain:  
 Oh haste, your sweetest numbers shed,  
 Fraught with the genial dew of praise,  
 On Glory's fav'rite sons, who tread  
 Unweary'd danger's thorny maze;  
 Who tear fresh laurels from War's ghastly brow,  
 Or steer the stedfast bark, tho' tides of faction flow.

## III. 2.

But, O ye delegates of Jove,  
 Sent from the starry realms above  
 To guard the clime, with dragon-eyes,  
 Where all the Muses' treasures rise,  
 Should Gothic ignorance invade  
 With lawless foot the virgin shade,  
 And too incontinent presume  
 Rashly to pluck the golden bloom;  
 Wide wave the flaming sword, and send, O send  
 Your brightest shafts to quell the Stygian fiend!

<sup>n</sup> Pind. Ολυμ. Ια.

## III. 3.

With holy dread, ye guardians of her store,  
 Fulfil your charge, nor too profuse of praise  
 Embalm, with her immortal lays,  
 The carion-corps of pride, or pow'r!  
 Let dulness her vain favours shed  
 On smiling Folly's kindred head;  
 Or Vice, in tinsel trappings drest,  
 Promote the wretch who flatters best;  
 Disdain the crew!—And in some distant grove,  
 To worth afflicted, friendless raise your voice;  
 So shall the Muse your honest songs approve,  
 And deathless Fame reward your uncorrupted choice!



## O D E T O F R I E N D S H I P.

BY THE SAME.

## I.

COME, gentle pow'r, from whom arose  
 Whate'er life's chequer'd scenes adorns;  
 From whom the living current flows  
 Whence Science fills her various urns:  
 Sacred to thee, yon marble dome,  
 O Goddess, rears it's awful head,  
 Fraught with the stores of Greece and Rome,  
 With gold, and glowing gems inlaid;

Where

Where Art by thy command hath fix'd her seat,  
And ev'ry Muse, and ev'ry Grace retreat.

## II.

For erst mankind, a savage race,  
As lawless robbers rang'd the woods,  
And chose, when weary'd with the chace,  
'Midst rocks, and caves, their dark abodes;  
'Till Friendship, thy persuasive strains,  
Pow'rful as Orpheus' magic song,  
Re-echo'd thro' the squalid plains  
And drew the brutish herd along:  
Lost in surprise thy pleasing voice they own'd,  
Chose softer arts, and polish'd at the sound.

## III.

Then Pity first her sacred flame  
Within their frozen bosoms rais'd;  
Tho' faint the spark, when Friendship came,  
When Friendship wav'd her wing it blaz'd,  
'Twas then first heav'd the social sigh,  
The social tear began to flow;  
They felt a sympathetic joy,  
And learnt to melt at others' woe:  
By just degrees Humanity refin'd,  
And Virtue fix'd her empire in the mind.

## IV.

O Goddess, when thy form appears,  
Revenge and Rage, and Faction cease,  
The soul no fury-passion tears,  
But all is harmony, and peace.

Aghast

Aghast the purple ° tyrant stood,  
 With awe beheld thy glowing charms,  
 Forgot the-cursed thirst of blood,  
 And long'd to grasp thee in his arms ;  
 Felt in his breast unusual softness rise,  
 And, deaf before, heard Pity's moving cries.

## V.

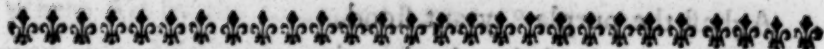
Is there a wretch in Sorrow's shade,  
 Who wastes in tears life's ling'ring hours ?  
 Is there, on whose devoted head  
 Her vengeful curses Atë pours ?  
 See to their aid fair Friendship flies,  
 Their sorrows sympathetic feels,  
 With lenient hand her balm applies,  
 And ev'ry grief indulgent heals :  
 The woe-fraught fiends before her stalk away,  
 As spectres shun the flaming eye of day.

## VI.

Oh for a faithful, honest friend,  
 To whom I ev'ry care could trust,  
 Each weakness of my soul commend,  
 Nor fear him treach'rous, or unjust !  
 Drive Flatt'ry's summer-train away.  
 Those busy, curious, flutt'ring things,  
 That insect-like, in Fortune's ray,  
 Bask, and expand their gaudy wings :  
 But ah when once the transient gleam is o'er,  
 Behold the change !—They die, and are no more.

• Alluding to the story of Damon and Pythias.





O D E.

SENT TO MISS B — WITH A SET OF COLOURS.

BY THE SAME.

I.

GO, blessed tints, to Delia go,  
Her magic hand employ!  
By her arrang'd in beauteous shew,  
Your pow'rs, that now unnotic'd lie,  
Shall spring to light, and charm the eye.

II.

Before creation's infant day,  
How rude was Nature's face!  
In heaps the jarring atoms lay,  
Earth, water, fire one common place  
Mantain'd—an undistinguish'd mass:

III.

'Till at the voice of god-like Love,  
“ Arise ye more than dead.”  
'Th' enliven'd heap began to move,  
'The sun uprear'd his golden head,  
And darkness, and confusion fled.

IV.

Then first the high-aspiring air  
The pow'rful word obey'd;  
The valleys sunk, and fresh, and fair  
'The streams in winding channels stray'd,  
And mountains stretch'd their sylvan shade.

V. Thus,

## V.

Thus, Delia, sprang this beauteous All,

The wonder of the eyes :

And thus, at thy creative call,

Shall mimic scenes of nature rise,

From these confus'd disorder'd dyes.

## VI.

Ev'n now the shadowy forms appear !

The waving groves aspire,

The lawns their vivid garments wear,

And now approach, and now retire,

As blended light, and shade conspire.

## VII.

What lively groups of herds, and flocks,

The various landscape fill ?

Here shagged trees, and pendent rocks,

There swells the justly-sloping hill,

And murmurs many a limpid rill.

## VIII.

But lo her imitative hand

Fair Flora's realm invades !

The roses blush, the vi'lets stand

Array'd in blue, that never fades,

And lovelier lilies lift their heads.

## IX.

In vain the Winter's killing glooms

Despoil th' enamel'd ground ;

For still the little harebel blooms,

For still the pancies all around,

Spring's gentle progeny, abound.

X. Pro-

## X.

Proceed, O all-accomplisht Fair,  
 Bid nobler scenes arise !  
 O trace the blessed Virgin's air,  
 Her folded hands, projected eyes,  
 " And looks commercing with the skies."

## XI.

'Tis done !—What unexpressive zeal  
 The holy portrait shews !  
 Such as enraptur'd Seraphs feel,  
 Or such as TERRICK's bosom knows,  
 When heav'n-inspir'd the preacher glows.

## XII.

Delia, the Graces' darling care,  
 Whate'er thy soul design'd,  
 Whate'er is beauteous, great, and fair,  
 Transplanted to thy draughts we find,  
 The lovely image of thy lovelier mind !





O D E O N S L E E P.

BY THE SAME.

I.

WHY, gentle God, this long delay,  
Since Night, and careless Quiet reigns?  
Oh hither take thy silent way,  
And sooth, ah sooth my wakeful pains!  
So shall my hands for thee the wreath entwine,  
And strew fresh poppies at thy votive shrine.

II.

When from the North all wan, and pale,  
The sun withdraws his chearful light,  
And arm'd with whirlwind, frost, and hail,  
The big clouds bring the half year's night,  
Quick to their caves the shiv'ring natives tend,  
And hear without the ratt'ling storms descend.

III.

Then stretcht along the shaggy bed  
To thee, indulgent Pow'r, they cry;  
Borne on thy wings, with happier speed,  
The leaden-footed moments fly;  
While Fancy paints Spring's visionary stores,  
And calls the distant sun to wake the slumb'ring flow'rs.

IV. Nor



## IV.

Nor yet is Sleep's supreme command  
 Confin'd to these cold dreary plains,  
 O'er sultry Lybia's boiling sand  
 This universal monarch reigns ;  
 And where with heat the fable Indians glow,  
 While streams of light thro' purest Æther flow.

## V.

Weary and faint the dusky slaves  
 From cold Potosi's mines retire,  
 From rugged rocks, and darkling caves,  
 When scarce the panting lungs respire :  
 To Citron shades they take their pensive way,  
 Where bath'd in od'rous winds their listless limbs they lay.

## VI.

The tyrant's voice, the galling chain,  
 Th' uplifted scourge no more they fear,  
 Deep slumbers drown the sense of pain ;  
 And floating thro' the peopled air  
 Ideal forms in pleasing order rise,  
 And bright illusions swim before their eyes,

## VII.

Now Orellana's foaming tide  
 With pliant arms they seem to cleave ;  
 And now the light canoe to guide  
 Across Muenca's glassy wave ;  
 Or chase in jocund troops the savage prey,  
 Thro' woods impervious to the solar ray.

## VIII. Some

## VIII.

Some gentle youth, by love betray'd,  
 Recalls the joys he felt of old,  
 When wand'ring with his fable maid  
 Thro' groves of vegetable gold,  
 He clasp'd her yielding to his raptur'd breast,  
 And free from guile his honest soul exprest.

## IX.

Sleep on, much-injur'd hapless swain,  
 Nor wake thy cruel fate to moan,  
 To curse th' insatiate thirst of gain,  
 And proud Iberia's P bloody son !  
 Old India's genius wept o'er millions slain,  
 And streams of gore ran foaming to the main.

## X.

But why to tragic scenes like these,  
 Wilt thou, my restless fancy, rove ?  
 Bear me to climes of downy ease,  
 To climes that sleep, and silence love :  
 Whether the shades of Lemnos most invite,  
 Or dark Cimmerian caves the still abode of night,

## XI.

Fond fables all !—The partial God  
 Is flown to Belgia's drowzy plains,  
 There waves his Lethe-sprinkled rod,  
 And link'd with kindred Dulness reigns :  
 Midst stagnant pools, the Bittern's safe retreat,  
 Beset with osiers dank behold his gloomy seat !

P Hernando Cortez. See the History of the Conquest of Mexico and  
 Peru by the Spaniards.

Vol. III,

G

XII. His

XII.

His dwelling is a straw-built shed,  
Safe from the sun's too curious eye,  
A yew-tree rears its blighted head,  
And frogs and rooks are croaking nigh :  
Thro' many a chink the hollow murm'ring breeze  
Sounds like the distant hum of swarming bees.

XIII.

And more to feed his slumbers soft,  
And lull him in his senseless swoon,  
The hard rain beats upon the loft,  
And swiftly-trickling tumbles down :  
All livelier, ruder sounds are banish'd far,  
The lute's shrill voice, and brazen throat of war.

XIV.

Hence let me woo thee, God of ease,  
Ah leave thy fav'rite haunt awhile,  
And bid the midnight hours to please,  
And bid the midnight gloom to smile !  
Oh come, and o'er my weary limbs diffuse  
The slumb'rous weight of sweet oblivious dews !

XV.

Bring too thy soft enchanting dreams,  
Such as enamour'd Petrarch knew,  
When stretch'd by Sorgia's gentle streams  
Fair Laura's form his fancy drew :  
Oh see he woos the soul-dissolving maid,  
And grasps with eager arms the visionary shade.

XVI. At

## XVI.

At morn he sung the tender tale,  
 He sung his Laura's matchless charms,  
 And ev'ry tree, in Clausa's vale,  
 Attentive breath'd Love's soft alarms;  
 Ev'n hoary monks full many a careless bead  
 Have dropt, and left their Aves half unsaid.



## O D E O N P L E A S U R E.

B Y T H E S A M E.

## I. 1.

**H**ENCE from my fight, unfeeling sage,  
 Hence, to thy lonely hermitage!—  
 There far removed from joy, and pain,  
 Supinely slumber life away;  
 Act o'er dull yesterday again,  
 And be thy morrow like to day.  
 ¶ Rest to thy bones!—While to the gale  
 Happier I spread my festive wing,  
 And like the wand'ring bee exhale  
 Fresh odours from life's honey'd spring;  
 From bloom to bloom in pleasing rapture stray,  
 Where Mirth invites, and Pleasure points the way.

9 ——— ε τι ημ' εγω  
 Ζην τωτον αλλ' εμψυχον πνευμα νεκρον.  
 G 2

SOPH.  
 I. 2. Hail



## I. 2.

Hail heav'n-born virgin fair, and free,  
 Of language mild, of aspect gay,  
 Whose voice the sullen family  
 Of Care, and Discontent obey !  
 By thee inspir'd the simplest scenes,  
 The russet cots, the lowly glens,  
     Mountains, on whose craggy brow  
     Nature's lawless tenants feed,  
     Bushy dells, and streams, that flow  
     Thro' the vi'let-purpled mead,  
 Delight ! thy breath exalts the rich perfumes,  
 That brooding o'er embalm the bean-flow'r field,  
 Beyond Sabea sweets, and all the gum  
 The spicy desarts of Arabia yield.

## I. 3.

When the Attic bird complains  
 From the still, attentive grove,  
 Or the linnet breathes his strains,  
 Taught by nature, and by love ;  
 Do thou approve the dulcet airs,  
 And Harmony's soft, filken chain,  
 In willing bondage leads our cares,  
 And binds the giant-sense of pain :  
 Untun'd by thee, how coarse the long-drawn note,  
 Spun from the lab'ring eunuch's tortur'd throat !

Harsh are the sounds, tho' FARINELLI sings,  
 Harsh are the sounds, tho' HANDEL wakes the strings :  
 Untouch'd by thee, see senseless FLORIO sits,  
 And stares, and gapes, and nods, and yawns by fits.

## II. 1.

Oh Pleasure come !—and far, far hence  
 Expel that nun, Indifference !—  
 Where'er she waves her ebon wand,  
 Drench'd in the dull Lethæan deep,  
 Behold the marble passions stand  
 Absorb'd in everlasting sleep !  
 Then from the waste, and barren mind  
 The Muse's fairy-phantoms fly,  
 They fly, nor leave a wreck behind  
 Of heav'n-descended poesy :  
 Love's thrilling tumults then are felt no more,  
 Quench'd is the gen'rous heat, the rapt'rous throbs are o'er !

## II. 2.

'Twas thou, O nymph, that led'st along  
 The fair Dione's wanton choir,  
 While to thy blishest, softest song,  
 Ten thousand Cupids strung the lyre :  
 Aloft in air the Cherubs play'd  
 What time, in Cypria's myrtle-shade,  
 Young Adonis slumb'ring lay  
 On a bed of blushing flow'rs,  
 Call'd to life by early May,  
 And the rosy-bosom'd hours :

The queen of love beheld her darling boy,  
 In am'rous mood she nestled to his side,  
 And thus, to melt his frozen breast to joy,  
 Her wanton art she gayly-smiling try'd.

## II. 3.

From the musk-rose, wet with dew,  
 And the lily's op'ning bell,  
 From fresh eglantine she drew  
 Sweets of aromatic smell :  
 Part of that honey next she took,  
 Which † Cupid too advent'rous stole,  
 When stung his throbbing hand he shook,  
 And felt the anguish to his soul :  
 His mother laugh'd to hear the elf complain,  
 Yet still she pity'd, and reliev'd his pain ;  
 She dress'd the wound with balm of sov'reign might,  
 And bath'd him in the well of dear delight :  
 Ah who would fear, to be so bath'd in bliss,  
 More agonizing smart, and deeper wounds than this?—

## III. 1.

Her magic zone she next unbound,  
 And wav'd it in the air around :  
 Then cull'd from ever-frolic smiles,  
 That live in Beauty's dimpled cheek,  
 Such sweetness as the heart beguiles,  
 And turns the mighty strong to weak :

To these ambrosial dews she join'd,  
 And o'er the flame of warm desire,  
 Fann'd by soft sighs, love's gentlest wind,  
 Dissolv'd, and made the charm entire ;  
 O'er her moist lips, that blush'd with heav'nly red,  
 The Graces' friendly hand the blest ingredients spread.

## III. 2.

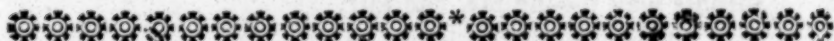
Adonis wak'd—he saw the fair,  
 And felt unusual tumults rise ;  
 His bosom heav'd with am'rous care,  
 And humid languor veil'd his eyes !  
 Driv'n by some strong impulsive pow'r  
 He sought the most sequester'd bow'r,  
 Where diffus'd on Venus' breast,  
 First he felt extatic blifs,  
 First her balmy lips he prest,  
 And devour'd the new-made Kiss :  
 But, O my Muse, thy tatt'ling tongue restrain,  
 Her sacred rites what mortal dares to tell ?  
 She crowns the silent, leads the blabbing swain  
 To doubts, desires, and fears, the sev'rish lover's hell.

## III. 3.

Change then, sweetest nymph of Nine,  
 Change the song, and fraught with pleasures  
 String anew thy silver twine,  
 To the softest, Lydian measures !  
 My Cynthia calls, whose natal hour  
 Th' assistant Graces saw, and smil'd ;  
 Then deign'd this Cyprian charm to pour  
 With lavish bounty o'er the child :



Sithence where'er the Siren moves along,  
 In pleasing wonder chain'd is ev'ry tongue,  
 Love's soft suffusion dims the aching eyes,  
 Love's subtlest flame thro' ev'ry art'ry flies :  
 Our trembling limbs th' unequal pulse betray,  
 We gaze in transport lost—then faint, and die away.



# ODE ON DESPAIR.

BY THE SAME.

SAVE me!—what means yon grisly shade,  
 Her stony eye-balls staring wide ;  
 In foul, and tatter'd patches clad,  
 With dirt, and gore, and venom dy'd ?  
 A burning brand she whirls around,  
 And stamps, and raves, and tears the ground,  
 And madly rends her clotted hair ;  
 While thro' her cank'red breast are seen  
 Myriads of serpents bred within,  
 The cursed spawn of self-consuming Care !—

'Twas thus, † O poor enamour'd maid,  
The Stygian fiend approach'd the sea-girt tow'r,  
What time, in sad misfortune's evil hour,  
The faithless lamp, Love's Cynosure decay'd.  
“ And why,” the ghastly phantom cries,  
“ Wilt thou, deluded hero, wait  
“ Leander's wish'd return, forbid by fate ?  
“ See floating on his wat'ry bier he lies ;  
“ Pale are his cheeks, where Love was wont to play,  
“ And clos'd those radiant eyes that late out-shone the day.”

The woe-foreboding voice she heard,  
And wishing, trembling, pray'd for morn—  
When lo the bleeding corse appear'd  
By savage rocks all rudely torn !  
Where were ye, nymphs, O tell me where,  
Daughters of Nereus fresh, and fair ?  
And why, sweet silver-footed Queen,  
Would'st thou not leave thy coral cave,  
And sooth the rough remorseless wave,  
Ere Death had seiz'd thy best, thy boldest swain ?—

With haggard eyes, all-streaming blood,  
Distracted Hero saw her lover slain,  
And thrice indignant view the guilty main,  
And thrice accus'd each merc'less watry God.

† Vide Musæum xxiij' 'Ηρω και Λεανδρον.

Aye me in vain !—For “ see, she cry’d,  
 “ My dear Leander’s beck’ning shade !  
 “ And can’st thou live, O lost, O wretched maid ?  
 “ Shall envious Fate so fond a pair divide ?  
 “ Forbid it Love !”—Then head-long from the tow’r  
 Deep in the ruthless flood she plung’d to rise no more !

With scenes of woe, O cursed Pow’r,  
 How are thy greedy eyes regal’d ?  
 How did thy heart exult of yore,  
 When Heav’n’s vindictive rod assail’d  
 \* The Queen of arts ?—With giant-stride  
 Contagion stalks, and lo the bride,  
 The virgin-bride unpity’d dies !  
 Clasp’d to his daughter’s throbbing breast,  
 The father breathes his soul to rest,  
 And forrowing fons compose the widow’d mother’s eyes !

Scar’d by the Dæmon’s spotted hand,  
 The eagle scream’d, the famish’d vulture fled,  
 The hungry wolf forsook th’ unburied dead,  
 And pale diseases shiv’ring left the land !

\* See the account, which is given by Thucydides, of the plague at Athens. Amongst many other extraordinary circumstances are the following,  
 το μὲν γὰρ ἔτος ἐκ πάντων μάλιστα δι’ ἐκεῖνο ἀνόςον ἐς τὰς ἀλλὰς ἀσθενείας  
 εὐτυχάνειν οὐκ εἰ δὲ τις καὶ προσκαμνε τί, ἐς τὸτο πάντα ἀπεκρίθη. —  
 Τα γὰρ ὄρεα, καὶ τετραπόδα, ὅσα ἀνθρώπων ἀπτεται, πολλὰν ἀταφῶν  
 γιγνομένων, ἢ ἔ προσήει, ἢ γευσάμενα διεφθείρετο.

What

What cries, and piercing shrieks resound  
 Thro' ev'ry street, at ev'ry fane ?  
 Yet ah ! they weep, they weary heav'n in vain !  
 Death and Distraction stare on all around !  
 The wretched few, whom pois'nous Pest'ience spares,  
 Of moody madness die, and heart-distracting fears.

These are thy deeds, O fell Despair,  
 Thou tyrant of the tortur'd soul,  
 † Sister of pale-ey'd Grief and Care,  
 At whose command impetuous roll  
 Passion's rough tides, and swelling high  
 Burst thro' each dear, and sacred tie,  
 And ev'ry pleasing thought o'erwhelm ;  
 Anon the crazy bark is born,  
 Of winds, and waves, and rocks the scorn,  
 For Reason shrinks appall'd, and trembling quits the helm !

O fly, thou first-born child of Hell,  
 To some far distant, dreary, doleful plain,  
 Where starting Fear, and agonizing Pain,  
 And black Remorse, and fullen Sorrows dwell :  
 Where arm'd with poison, racks, and death,  
 Stern Horror rears his gorgon head :  
 And writhing dreadful on their iron-bed  
 The purple Furies grind their cank'ered teeth ;  
 While perch'd on stubs of trees the shriek-owl sings,  
 And screaming deadly hoarse night-ravens flap their wings !

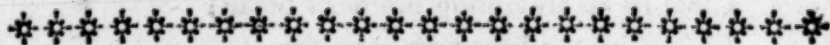
† According to the Table of Cebes, *Αθυσια* is the sister of *Οδυμνος*.

Thither



Thither embost with vary'd woe,  
 Misfortune's palid slave retires—  
 Hark, hark he raves!—Thy tablet shew,  
 Charg'd with damn'd ghost, and sulph'rous fires.  
 Oh Mercy Heav'n!—Upstaring stands  
 His grisly hair; his nerveless hands  
 Shake; o'er his face the curdled blood,  
 From his swoln heart, with tidings flies,  
 "Give me another horse," he cries,  
 "Oh bring the poison'd bowl, let loose life's crimson flood!"

Sad, sacred wretch!—Thou pow'r divine,  
 Whose god-like word from Chaos dark and dread,  
 Bad Discord fly, and Light sweet-smiling spread  
 Her orient wing, controul this breast of mine!  
 And still when gloomy thoughts prevail,  
 Oh short, and partial be their sway!  
 And beam'd from thee, let pleasure's gladsome ray  
 The mournful progeny of grief dispel.  
 So shall the chequer'd scenes of life delight,  
 As morning brighter peers preceded still by night.



O D E T O W I S D O M.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE vain, deluding joys,  
And inspirations lighter than the wind !  
How little can we find  
Solid content in fleeting, fancy'd toys ?  
Hence ev'ry idle dream  
Of laureat Phœbus, and th' Aonian Maids,  
And Thespia's breathing shades,  
And virgin Helicon for ever green,  
At whose fair foot is seen  
Soft-trickling Aganippe's limpid stream !

But come, thou Goddess sage and mild,  
Jove's first begotten darling child !  
O Wisdom come, and bring with thee  
Rich volumes of antiquity,  
In whose ample page appears  
The learning of two thousand years,  
The truths which old Ascræus sung,  
And eloquence of Plato's tongue.

Him

Him Wisdom claim'd (the child was prest,  
 Close to his trembling mother's breast)  
 First when the bees prophetic flew,  
 And on his lips dropt honey'd dew :  
 Sithence in hoar Lycæum's shade,  
 Where oft her musing son was laid,  
 She deign'd to visit, and impart  
 Heav'nly raptures to his heart.  
 With her, to mortal sight reveal'd  
 The holy Sage high converse held,  
 And found the dark, mysterious road,  
 Thro' Nature's path, to Nature's God.

Hence then be Folly's idle train,  
 Loud, impertinent, and vain ;  
 Mirth that Thought, and Care derides,  
 And " Laughter holding both his sides ;"  
 And jeering Wit, the time beguiling,  
 And Ignorance forever smiling ;  
 And Affectation, spruce and trim,  
 Settling each feature and each limb ;  
 With Vanity perfum'd, and gay,  
 Prancing lightly on her way ;  
 Hence to the base ignoble croud,  
 The mad, the wealthy, and the proud !  
 And thou, my Cynthia, fair and young,  
 Whom oft the willing Muse hath sung,  
 Expect no more my breast to warm  
 With beauty's brightest, fiercest charm,

Nor

Nor ye, my thoughts, too wanton rove,  
 Adieu to Poesy, and Love !  
 Adieu the gay, the flow'ry plains,  
 Where Harmony, sweet minstrel, reigns ;  
 Adieu the visionary feat,  
 Where Fancy's fairy-train retreat ;  
 The Druids' cells, the Naiads' caves,  
 Which ivy binds, or ocean laves ;  
 The pleasing vein, the pensive folly,  
 And thou, divinest Melancholy !

Come Truth's fair guide, and Virtue's friend,  
 Oh come, my studious walks attend !  
 With thee, when o'er yon mountain gray  
 Jocund springs the early day ;  
 With thee, when hot meridian beams  
 Thro' Æther flow in sultry streams ;  
 And when the Moon-light sleeps around,  
 While silence chains each ruder sound ;  
 Permit me, heav'nly maid, to rove,  
 The dewy lawn, or pathless grove,  
 Where oaks and poplars join their aid,  
 To form an hospitable shade.  
 There rapt in holy thought be mine  
 To meditate on works divine ;  
 Whether thy easy flowing page,  
 O TILLOTSON, my thoughts engage,  
 Where Elegance with Learning join'd  
 Convince, and captivate the mind ;

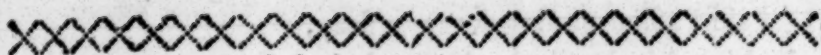
Or,



Or, SHERLOCK, charm'd I find in thee  
 Death swallow'd up in Victory!  
 Then, O sweet Virgin, to my heart  
 The sacred heav'n-fraught truths impart;  
 While in my self-collected soul  
 Enthusiastic raptures roll!  
 Teach me to pierce, with reason's eye,  
 That vast profound, Eternity,  
 And grasp, in comprehensive thought,  
 The mighty chain from God to Nought.

Come too, thou pure immortal spirit,  
 That didst unbounded space inherit,  
 Ere God beheld the shapeless Void,  
 His golden compasses employ'd,  
 And mark'd the new-created earth,  
 While infant Nature sprung to birth.  
 The work eternal Wisdom saw,  
 And gave the trembling ocean law;  
 Unfurl'd the bright ætherial sky,  
 Heav'n's star-besprinkled canopy,  
 The azure vault, the blest abode  
 Of Saints, of Angels, and of God.  
 Come, Essence uncreate, inspire  
 My glowing breast with holy fire,  
 Such as enraptur'd Seraphs own,  
 When near the blazing, sapphire throne,  
 In living Glory clad, they sing  
 Their Hymns to Heav'n's eternal King.

A SPOU-



A SPOUSAL HYMN.

ADDRESSED TO HIS MAJESTY ON HIS MARRIAGE.

BY THE SAME.

AS, when diffus'd in solemn trance  
Her dear delight the Latmian shepherd lay,  
Fond Cynthia came with lightning-glance,  
And o'er his bosom stream'd her virgin ray :  
So come, O gentle Muse, if e'er aright  
I paid my vows, if e'er implor'd  
One scanty beam of thy celestial light ;  
Proof to the muckworm miser's golden hoard,  
Nor envious of the statesman's fair renown,  
The warrior's death-bought wreath, and monarch's thorny  
crown.

Come, Guardian of my natal hour,  
That bad'st me chuse the still sequester'd grove,  
The pathless mead, and woodbine bower,  
Where placid Cares, and pensive Pleasures rove ;

Vol. III.

H

Where

Where oft by moon-light's silent, solemn glade,  
 Pale Passion musing loves to stray,  
 And hand in hand, by Melancholy led,  
 In thoughtful loneness wears herself away;  
 O come, in all thy radiant charms confest,  
 And fire with glowing zeal my fond, devoted breast!

I ask not flowrets fresh and gay,  
 From Pindus cull'd to please the vainly great;  
 No filken strain, no tinsel lay,  
 To cloke some public Knave from public hate:  
 No, Virgin, no—Fair Freedom's vestal flame  
 Pervades my soul; for her I twine  
 The votive wreath, for her thy hallow'd name  
 Invoke, O make thy choicest treasures mine;  
 Breathe inspiration thro' each glowing line,  
 Thy genuine form impress, and stamp the work divine!

Then shalt thou, George, the song approve,  
 O British-born! O Freedom's sacred heir!  
 O thou, whom all the Graces love,  
 Religion's boast, and Virtue's darling care!  
 Fain would the Muse attempt thy various praise,  
 But ah, in vain!—thro' <sup>w</sup> Ida's bowers  
 With dubious foot th' astonish'd woodman strays;  
 Where shall his work begin?—Ye sylvan Powers  
 Direct the blow; here oaks aspiring rise,  
 There, Monarchs of the grove, tall cedars prop the skies.

<sup>w</sup> Theocr. Εγκωμ. Πτολ.

Say,

Say, shall the Muse, thy patriot Sire  
 Recall to view? Tell how with conscious state  
 She saw the god-like Prince retire  
 To glorious exile, like Timoleon great?  
 Glad heard the voice, "Avaunt, ye wretched train,  
 "Shall I my Country's cause betray?  
 "Betray my soul, my God, for sordid gain?  
 "Perish the thought!—Ye slaves of gold away!—  
 "In venal courts tho' base corruption reigns,  
 "Know Liberty shall breathe thro' Kew's indignant plains."

He spoke, and lo! the reptile crew  
 Struck dumb with wonder fled!—Hail, sacred source,  
 Whence George his patriot morals drew:  
 Prosper, ye heavenly Powers, their genial course!  
 O bid them branch into a thousand rills,  
 A thousand streams!—Where'er they flow,  
 Whether all glist'ring down the loftier hills,  
 Or thro' the still, and humbler vales below,  
 Let Health pursue, no noxious weeds be found,  
 But flowers immortal rise fresh-breathing sweets around!

Prophetic wish?—See Discord flies,  
 With all her rebel rout, her hell-born train!  
 See Faction falls, and Party dies,  
 They die fell serpents, in his dawning reign:  
 Thus sure presage of many a glorious deed,  
 Blest omen of immortal fame,  
 The Son of Jove, when near his infant head  
 Devouring snakes in poisonous volumes came,



Grasp'd in his brawny arms the scaly foes,  
Smil'd on the danger past, and sunk to soft repose.

And now again, with careful hand,  
Her goodly plants fair Science joys to rear;  
And now again all blooming stand  
The beauteous Progeny of Art; they fear  
No killing frosts, no thick unkindly dews,  
Such as from Belgian plains arise;  
The genial clouds their pearly drops diffuse,  
And shower increase of sweetness from the skies;  
The youthful Sun, in his meridian throne,  
Beams with indulgent ray his fostering influence down.

Hail, favour'd Isle! blest seat of Fame!  
For conquering arms, and peerless arts renown'd!  
Hail, mighty George! thy darling name  
Oft shall the Muse with honest joy resound:  
Not that abstemious, prudent, just, and wise,  
Thy every deed fair Virtue guides;  
Nor that thy thoughts with holy ardor rise  
From Earth's low base, where Vice and Passion bides,  
To Heaven's bright mansions, there their sweets dispense,  
Grateful as hallow'd fumes from breathing frankincense.

Ay me so great, so bold a flight  
Beseems not shepherd-swain, in lowly Mead  
Far from Preferment's giddy height  
Condemn'd, alas, an hireling flock to feed!

Yet

Yet will I sing how thy discerning eye  
 The boisterous sea of life surveys,  
 Where toiling fore the Sons of Merit lie,  
 Till call'd by thee their weary heads they raise :  
 What minute Drop, but cherish'd by thy care  
 A costly Pearl becomes of matchless Beauty rare ?

Charm then your pipes, ye shepherd swains,  
 And bid the hills, and dales the Song repeat,  
 Your Patron, your Augustus reigns !—  
 But hark, with undulation soft, and sweet,  
 What melting music steals upon the ear !  
 Am I deceiv'd, or doth a Choir  
 Of winged Cupids fan the buxom air  
 Till silence smiles ; while from their silver lyre  
 Harmonious numbers flow, whose dulcet breath  
 Would recreate a soul beneath the pangs of death ?

I did not err, a Choir of Loves  
 Sublime in air attune th' enchanting lay ;  
 They leave Idalia's blooming groves,  
 And Cypria's myrtle shades, where jocund stray  
 The Graces, Smiles, and Hours, where Nature's care  
 Profusely kind allures the sight,  
 And wraps the sense in bliss : ye Virgins fair  
 Of Britain's Isle, sweet daughters of delight,  
 Receive the cherub throng, to you they fly  
 With welcome tidings fraught, blest harbingers of Joy.

Lo ! lo she comes from th' Albine shore,  
 Your maiden Queen, adorn'd with peerless charms :  
 Like Phœbe, when by Taurus hoar  
 Enamour'd Alpheus strove with eager arms  
 To grasp the Fair : ah, fond and hapless boy !  
 Ah, cruel wayward Dame !—in vain  
 He breath'd his amorous soul, for all too coy  
 Swift as the Roe she fought the distant plain ;  
 Left him to pour in tears his plaintive theme,  
 Till chang'd by love and grief he melted to a stream.

See where from Ocean's pearly bed,  
 Whose huddling waters pass unwilling by,  
 She comes with easy modest tread,  
 'Midst echoing crowds, and rapturous shouts of joy :  
 'Twas thus, the life-resembling \* tablet shews,  
 In youth and beauty fresh and gay  
 The Paphian Goddess from the waves arose,  
 While dolphins gambol'd thro' the wat'ry way,  
 Old Neptune smil'd, the sea-green sisters sung,  
 And all the rocks around with Iö Triumph rung.

But ah, what Dædal hand can trace  
 The glowing beauties of her air and mein ;  
 The lively sweetness of her face,  
 And eyes where wisdom's azure beams are seen ?  
 Her bosom fraught with honour's maiden treasure,  
 Unblemish'd faith, mild modesty,

\* The famous Picture of Venus by Apelles.

Eternal love, unsoil'd by baser pleasure,  
 And constant truth, and spotless chastity,  
 Where thoughts, that angels might admire are bred,  
 And flames of holy zeal, by pure Religion fed?

Hail, Virgin, hail, divinely blest,  
 By Heaven endow'd with all that's good and great!  
 O Flower of Virtue, in whose breast,  
 Imperial Reason dwells in royal state!  
 There, there she sits as Queen on ivory throne,  
 The vassal Passions round her stand,  
 In suppliant guise her rightful power they own,  
 And hear her still small voice, her soft command:  
 Far from the pure and unpolluted shrine  
 Each base affection flies, each haggard nurse of sin.

Leave then, ye Sisters, leave the <sup>y</sup> Spring  
 Whose hallow'd waters flow thro' Minyas' land:  
 Conduct to Britain's blooming King  
 This all-accomplish'd work of Nature's hand:  
 'Tis yours, imperial Nymphs, whate'er is sweet,  
 And fair and splendid to bestow;  
 On you attend Wealth, Wisdom, Beauty, Wit;  
 Nor seated on Olympus' laughing brow  
 While choirs celestial move till you advance,  
 Nor share th' ambrosial feast, nor lead the sprightly dance.

<sup>y</sup> The river Cephissus in Bæotia, on whose banks the Graces were  
 thought to reside, Pind. Olym. 14th.

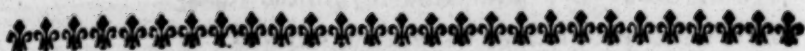


And thou, O Queen of soft desires,  
 Whose radiant smiles dispel the gloom of care,  
 And kindling friendship's purest fires,  
 Chase from the soul Suspicion, Doubt, and Fear,  
 Those griesly forms: O come, bewitching Power,  
 Come gently, o'er the bridal bed  
 In genial dews thy choicest pleasures shower;  
 Such as in Arcady's voluptuous shade  
<sup>z</sup> Lycaeus felt, when stretch'd on Maia's breast  
 An image of himself th' enraptur'd God imprest,

Nor thou, Lucina chaste and fair,  
 Nor thou, sweet Genius of the nuptial bower,  
 Be absent; on the royal Pair  
 Profuse of joy your kindly blessings pour!  
 O haste, ye Guardians of the sacred rites,  
 Whose aid prolific power supplies,  
 So shall Britannia bless their pure delights,  
 When future Georges, future Charlottes rise?  
 By whom reflected distant times shall find  
 The Mother's matchless Grace, the Father's virtuous Mi

<sup>z</sup> Jupiter.

THE



THE VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

A M O N O D Y.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE MOST HON. FRANCIS  
RUSSEL, MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK.

BY THE SAME.

*O nostra Vita, ch'è sì bella in vista,  
Com' perde agevolmente in un matino  
Quel, che 'n molt' anni a gran pena s'acquista!*

PETRARCH.

**B**E gone, delusions vain!—  
Leave me, ye smiling meretricious joys,  
That false as Delilah the soul enchain,  
While hostile cares, and rancorous passions rise,  
And quench the mental fight!  
Be gone!—and while the still, funereal Night  
Her awful pall, compact of thickest clouds,  
Spreads o'er the world, and all its glories shrouds,  
Give me to muse on sublunary blifs,  
How frail, how transient! like a vernal flow'r,  
That the rude breath of Boreas means to kiss,  
And kills: or like an air-blown bubble, born  
To dance and glitter for a short short hour  
While all is calm, but soon the sport and scorn  
Of envious winds, it bursts, and is no more!

Ah

Ah me how gay, how beautiful, how sweet  
 Is Life's fair prospect to th' enchanted eye  
 Of unexperienc'd youth!—Not Arno's Vale,  
 Where all the mingled charms of Nature meet,  
 Is more profuse of joy;  
 There wing'd with fragrance ev'ry whisp'ring gale  
 Delights the soul; flowers of a thousand dyes,  
 The Muskrose, Hyacinth, and Asphodel,  
 Purple the ground; fresh-breathing Myrtles rise;  
 And in the frequent grove, the feather'd choir  
 Trill their soft notes of amorous desire.  
 With ling'ring feet the raptur'd stranger strays,  
 And, O sweet vale, dear region of delight,  
 He cries, where Eden's beauties charm the sight,  
 Here let me live, here end my blissful days!  
 Fond wretch, revoke the pray'r!—  
 For swift as lightning thro' the desert air  
 A noontide, pestilential vapour flies,  
 And blasts the fairy scene:  
 Each herb, plant, flow'r, shrinks up its leaves, and dies!  
 Ye sons of Fortune, ye who madly doat  
 On this vile world, and hug her to your arms;  
 Who now luxuriate in her golden charms,  
 And ever vacant fondly hope she'll prove,  
 Amiable ever;—learn, O timely learn  
 To wean your hearts from such destructive love,  
 And fly to Wisdom's school!  
 Not to that Wisdom, crabbed, harsh, and dull,

That

That Stoics preach'd along the murm'ring stream  
 Of fam'd ILISSUS ; nor to that less stern,  
 Which Plato taught in studious ACADEME :  
 Such Wisdom is rank Folly in disguise !  
 Go, fly to that sepulchral gloom,  
 Where the pale corps of gentle RUSSEL lies ;  
 There Wisdom, bending o'er her fav'rite's tomb,  
 Unwearied vigils keeps ;  
 And ever and anon the Goddess weeps,  
 While thus she mocks all human vanities :

“ Wealth, Grandeur, Pow'r, and Fame,—ye idol-train,  
 “ At whose throng'd altars prostrate millions bow,  
 “ Where is your boasting now ?  
 “ Where your pre-eminence so proud, and vain ?  
 “ Go, great Magicians, on the hollow base  
 “ Of empty Hope, bid dazzling fabrics rise  
 “ Of sublunary joys :  
 “ But ah ! how soon shall Death the structures rase,  
 “ Burst your vain spells, and disenchant the scene !  
 “ Thou breathless corse, that there in manhood green  
 “ Art sepulcher'd, to crawling worms a prey,  
 “ Oh what a change was wrought in one short day !  
 “ At morn with riches crown'd, in virtues great ;  
 “ Dear to his friends, and to his country dear ;  
 “ The blooming hope, and “ rose of the fair state ;”  
 “ Whose opening leaves with pride Britannia saw,  
 “ And thought, how vainly, rich perfumes to draw  
 “ From flow'r so sweet and fair !  
 “ At night—ah me, I fondly err,—

“ Or



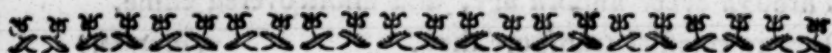
“ Or ere the sun with hot meridian ray  
 “ Had pierc’d the earth—he fainted, sicken’d, dy’d!—  
 “ No more his friends’ delight, his country’s pride,  
 “ But oh, a poor pale piece of lifeless clay!—  
 “ Ye hapless few, whom nearer converse gave  
 “ His various worth to know, and hourly trace  
 “ Each nicer, softer, more domestic grate,  
 “ That, like the touches exquisitely fine  
 “ Of Titian’s hand, are at a distance lost,  
 “ Weep, weep no more—no more, fond souls, repine  
 “ That all your wishes, all your hopes are crost.  
 “ Tho’ there with livid cheeks, and ghastly eyes,  
 “ Your dear departed friend, your RUSSEL lies,  
 “ ’Tis but his semblance, but his shade;  
 “ A frail and perishable casket, made  
 “ To hold a jewel of stupendous price;  
 “ A jewel, that is now exalted high,  
 “ And flames and sparkles in Heav’n’s treasury!”  
 Thus Wisdom speaks—Yet, O thou matchless youth,  
 That dost immortal, boundless joys inherit,  
 Still will we weep, and melt with Ruth,  
 Though not for thee, thou happy, happy spirit,  
 Yet for ourselves!—Oh that remorseless Death  
 Had spar’d thee, RUSSEL, and with ranc’rous tooth  
 Devour’d the scum of Britain’s bastard brood,  
 Who, lost to all that’s noble, all that’s good,  
 Enlist in Faction’s cause;  
 And when Ambition calls, or Av’rice draws,  
 Grow fat, and wanton in their country’s blood!

Vile paricides!—Why leave the righteous Gods  
 Such wretches to consume the fruits of earth,  
 And snatch thee, RUSSEL, to their blest abodes?  
 Thou flow'r of true nobility, whose worth  
 Promis'd so fair, and might in future age  
 Have prov'd a burning, shining light, to guide  
 Our young patricians from the fatal rage  
 Of lurking rocks, that in Life's boist'rous tide  
 Have shipwreck'd many a great and noble name,  
 And spread the ruins of an honest fame!

Yes, we will weep—weep for our country's loss,  
 That, in these dregs of Britain, ill could spare  
 Thy virtues great, and rare;  
 Thy public spirit, that condemn'd as dross  
 The golden baits, which Mammon throws to lure  
 Our wand'ring feet from Virtue's distant goal;  
 Thy moderation, that the stream impure  
 Of party never could controul;  
 Thy mildness, greatness, gentleness of soul;  
 Thy bounty, ne'er implor'd in vain,  
 That on the meagre sons of Want and Toil  
 In show'rs spontaneous flow'd,  
 And like the morning dew, or gracious rain,  
 Distilling gently from a vernal cloud,  
 Bad the bleak desert smile! —  
 Excellent youth, whose bosom was the soil  
 Where ev'ry grace, and ev'ry virtue throve;  
 But chiefly those, the gentlest, sweetest, best,  
 That humanise and dignify the breast,  
 The filial, conjugal, paternal Love!

Yes,

Yes, we will weep—and why, thou widow'd Muse,  
 That wander'st, all disconsolate and pale,  
 Thro' GRANTA's fav'rite vale,  
 Ah why the tributary tear refuse?  
 Hence with ungrateful Silence, partial maid;  
 And bid thy choicest streams of music flow,  
 In all the artless negligence of Woe,  
 To grace the tomb where TAVISTOCK is laid!  
 Canst thou forget, how in thy learned shade  
 'The dear ingenuous youth  
 Model'd his soul to honour, virtue, truth?  
 Oh, if thy torpid spirits still require  
 Some nearer force to strike the latent fire,  
 Think, how in future time  
 He would have smooth'd Preferment's arduous way,  
 And taught thy best-deserving sons to climb  
 Those heights, where wealth and honours bloom, which now  
 Like fruits, that on rough precipices grow,  
 Are only to be pluck'd by birds of prey.  
 Think,—but ah! whither do I fondly stray,  
 And why recount his matchless virtues o'er?  
 O — you who wear, “in your heart's core,”  
 His image deep engrav'd, accept this lay,  
 That rich in zeal, in wit and learning poor,  
 A rural Muse presents at RUSSEL's shrine:  
 Worthless I own the gift,—yet shepherds bring  
 The frail and short-liv'd beauties of the Spring,  
 To deck the altars of their pow'rs divine.



O D E

AT THE INSTALLATION OF HIS GRACE AUGUSTUS  
HENRY FITZROY, DUKE OF GRAFTON,  
CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE,  
JULY 1, MDCCLXIX.

BY MR. GRAY.

A I R.

" HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)  
" Comus, and his midnight crew,  
" And Ignorance with looks profound,  
" And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,  
" Mad Sedition's cry profane,  
" Servitude that hugs her chain,  
" Nor in these consecrated bowers  
" Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in flowers.

C H O R U S.

" Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain  
" Dare the Muse's walk to stain,  
" While bright-ey'd Science watches round :  
" Hence, away, 'tis holy ground !"

R E C I T A T I V E.

From yonder realms of empyrean day  
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay :  
There sit the fainted Sage, the Bard divine,  
The Few, whom Genius gave to shine

Through



Through every unborn age, and undiscovered clime,  
 Rapt in celestial transport they, *(accomp.)*  
 Yet hither oft a glance from high  
 They send of tender sympathy  
 To bless the place, where on their opening soul  
 First the genuine ardor stole.  
 'Twas Milton struck the deep-toned shell,  
 And, as the choral warblings round him swell,  
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,  
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

## A I R

" Ye brown o'er-arching groves,  
 " That Contemplation loves,  
 " Where willow Camus lingers with delight !  
 " Oft at the blush of dawn  
 " I trod your level lawn,  
 " Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright  
 " In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,  
 " With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melancholy.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth  
 With solemn steps and slow,  
 High Potentates and Dames of royal birth  
 And mitred Fathers in long order go :  
 Great Edward <sup>a</sup> with the lilies on his brow  
 From haughty Gallia torn,  
 And sad Chatillon, <sup>b</sup> on her bridal morn

<sup>a</sup> Edward III. gave the old Foundation of Trinity College.

That

That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare<sup>c</sup>,  
 And Anjou's Heroine, <sup>d</sup> and the paler Rose<sup>e</sup>,  
 The rival of her crown, and of her woes,  
 And either Henry there,  
 The murther'd Saint<sup>f</sup>, and the majestic Lord<sup>g</sup>  
 That broke the bonds of Rome.

(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er, *(accomp.)*  
 Their human passions now no more,  
 Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)  
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain  
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,  
 And bad these awful fanes and turrets rise,  
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;  
 And thus they speak in soft accord  
 The liquid language of the skies.

#### QUARTETTO.

" What is Grandeur, what is Power?  
 " Heavier toil, superior pain.  
 " What the bright reward we gain?  
 " The grateful memory of the Good.

<sup>b</sup> Founded Pembroke Hall. She married an earl of Pembroke, who was killed on a tournament on his wedding day.

<sup>c</sup> Founded Clare Hall. Her father the earl of Gloucester married a daughter of Edward I.

<sup>d</sup> Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. foundress of Queen's College.

<sup>e</sup> Elizabeth Wodeville, wife of Edward IV. augmented and improved the last mentioned college.

<sup>f</sup> Henry VI. founder of King's College.

<sup>g</sup> Henry VIII. enriched and enlarged Trinity College.

“ Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,  
“ The bee’s collected treasures sweet,  
“ Sweet music’s melting fall, but sweeter yet  
“ The still small voice of Gratitude.

RECITATIVE.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud  
The venerable Margaret see!

“ Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud)  
“ To this, thy kindred train, and me :  
“ Pleas’d in thy lineaments we trace  
“ A Tudor’s fire <sup>h</sup>, a Beaufort’s <sup>i</sup> grace.

AIR.

“ Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,  
“ The flower unheeded shall descry,  
“ And bid it round heaven’s altars shed  
“ The fragrance of its blushing head :  
“ Shall raise from earth the latent gem  
“ To glitter on the diadem.

RECITATIVE.

“ Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,  
“ Not obvious, not obtrusive, she  
“ No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;  
“ Nor dares with courtly tongue refin’d  
“ Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :

<sup>h</sup> The bloods of the Stuarts and of the Tudors were united by the marriage of a King of Scotland to a daughter of Henry VII.

<sup>i</sup> The father of the last named king, married the daughter of Beaufort Duke of Somerset.

“ She

- " She reveres herself and thee.  
" With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow  
" The laureate wreath that Cecil wore she brings  
" And to thy just, thy gentle hand  
" Submits the fasces of her sway,  
" While spirits blest above and men below  
" Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

GRAND CHORUS.

- " Thro' the wild waves as they roar,  
" With watchful eye and dauntless mien  
" Thy steady course of honour keep,  
" Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :  
" The star of Brunswick smiles serene,  
" And gilds the horrors of the deep.







## A L O N G S T O R Y.

B Y T H E S A M E.

**I**N Britain's isle, no matter where,  
 An ancient pile of building stands :  
 The Huntingdons and Hattons there  
 Employ'd the power of fairy hands

To raise the cieling's fretted height,  
 Each pannel in achievements cloathing,  
 Rich windows that exclude the light,  
 And passages that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,  
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,  
 My grave lord keeper <sup>k</sup> led the brawls :  
 The seal, and maces, danc'd before him.

His bushy-beard, and shoe-strings green,  
 His high crown hat, and sattin doublet,  
 Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,  
 Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning !  
 Shame of the verififying tribe !  
 Your hist'ry whither are you spinning ?  
 Can you do nothing but describe ?

<sup>k</sup> Hatton, preferred by Queen Elizabeth, for his graceful person and fine dancing.

A house there is (and that's enough)  
 From whence one fatal morning issues,  
 A brace of warriors, not in buff,  
 But rustling in their silks and tiffues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France  
 Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,  
 Whom meaner beauties eye askance,  
 And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind heaven  
 Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire :  
 But Cobham had the polish given,  
 And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes her air—  
 Coarse panegyricks would but teize her ;  
 Melissa is her nom de guerre,  
 Alas, who would not wish to please her !

With bonnet blue and capuchine,  
 And aprons long they hide their armour,  
 And veil'd their weapons bright and keen  
 In pity to the country-farmer.

Fame in the shape of Mr. P—t  
 (By this time all the parish know it)  
 Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd  
 A wicked imp they call a poet,

Who prowl'd the country far and near,  
 Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,  
 Dry'd up the cows, and lam'd the deer,  
 And suck'd the eggs and kill'd the pheafants,

My lady heard their joint petition,  
 Swore by her coronet and ermine,  
 She'd issue out her high commissiion  
 To rid the manor of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task,  
 Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,  
 Rap'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,  
 But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,  
 They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,  
 Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,  
 And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,  
 Each creek and cranny of his chamber,  
 Run hurry-skurry round the floor,  
 And o'er the bed and tester clamber :

Into the drawers and china pry,  
 Papers and books, a huge imbroglio !  
 Under a tea-cup he might lie,  
 Or creas'd, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,  
The muses, hopelefs of his pardon,  
Convey'd him underneath their hoops  
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumor says. (Who will, believe.)  
But that they left the door ajar,  
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,  
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew,  
The power of Magic was no fable.  
Out of the window, whisk, they flew,  
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle  
The poet felt a strange disorder:  
Transparent birdlime form'd the middle,  
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,  
The powerful pothooks did so move him,  
That, will he, nill he, to the great-house  
He went, as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,  
For folks in fear are apt to pray)  
To Phœbus he prefer'd his case,  
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.



The godhead would have back'd his quarrel,  
 But with a blush on recollection  
 Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel  
 'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was fate, the culprit there,  
 Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping  
 The lady Janes and Joans repair;  
 And from the gallery stand peeping :

Such as in silence of the night  
 Come (sweep) along some winding entry  
 ('<sup>1</sup> Styack has often seen the fight)  
 Or at the chappel-door stand sentry ;

In peaked hoods and mantlets tarnish'd,  
 Sour visages, enough to scare ye,  
 High dames of honour once, that garnish'd  
 The drawing-room, of fierce queen Mary !

The peers come. The audience stare,  
 And doff their hats with due submission ;  
 She curtsies, as she takes her chair,  
 To all the people of condition,

The bard with many an artful fib,  
 Had in imagination fenc'd him,  
 Disprov'd the arguments of '<sup>1</sup> Squib,  
 And all that <sup>m</sup> Groom could urge against him.

<sup>1</sup> The House-keeper.

<sup>m</sup> Groom of the Chambers.

But soon his rhetorick forsook him,  
When he the solemn hall had seen ;  
A sudden fit of ague shook him,  
He stood as mute as poor <sup>n</sup> Maclean<sup>e</sup>.

Yet something he was heard to mutter,  
“ How in the park beneath an old-tree  
“ (Without design to hurt the butter,  
“ Or any malice to the poultry,)

“ He once or twice, had pen’d a sonnet ;  
“ Yet hop’d, that he might save his bacon :  
“ Numbers would give their oaths upon it,  
“ He ne’er was for a conj’ror taken.”

The ghostly prudes, with hagg’d face,  
Already had condemn’d the finner.  
My lady rose, and with a grace——  
She smil’d, and bid him come to dinner.

“ Jesu-Maria! madam Bridget,  
“ Why, what can the vicountess mean ?  
(Cried the square hoods in woeful fidget)  
“ The times are alter’d quite and clean !

\* The Steward.

\* A famous highwayman, hanged the week before.

Decorum's turn'd to mere civility ;  
“ Her air and all her manners shew it.  
“ Commend me to her affability !  
“ Speak to a commoner and poet !

[*Here 500 stanzas are lost.*]

And so God save our noble king,  
And guard us from long winded lubbers,  
That to eternity would sing,  
And keep my lady from her rubbers.



THE FATAL SISTERS:° AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

NOW the storm begins to lower :  
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)

¶ Iron fleet of arrowy shower  
¶ Hurtles in the darken'd air.

° The Valkyriur were female Divinities, Servants of Odin or Woden in the Gothic mythology : Their name signifies *Chasers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands ; and in the throng of battle, selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, (the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave) where they attended the banquet, and served the departed Heroes with horns of mead and ale.

¶ How quick they wheel'd ; and flying behind them shot  
Sharp fleet of arrowy shower—— Milton's Paradise Regain'd.  
¶ The noise of battle hurtled in the air, Shakespear's Jul. Cæsar.

Glittering

Glittering lances are the loom,  
Where the dusky warp we strain,  
Weaving many a soldier's doom,  
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grieved texture grow !  
'Tis of human entrails made,  
And the weights, that play below,  
Each a gasping Warrior's head,

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,  
Shoot the trembling cords along !  
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,  
Keep the tissue close and strong !

Mist black, terrific Maid,  
Sangrida, and Hilda fee !  
Join the wayward work to aid :  
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,  
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,  
Blade with clattering buckler meet,  
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)  
Let us go, and let us fly,  
Where our Friends the conflict share,  
Where they triumph, where they die.

As



As the paths of Fate we tread,  
Wading thro' th' enfanguin'd field,  
Gondula and Geira, spread  
O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,  
Ours to kill, and ours to spare :  
Spite of danger he shall live.  
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach  
Pent within its bleak domain,  
Soon their ample sway shall stretch  
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,  
Gor'd with many a gaping wound.  
Fate demands a nobler head ;  
Soon a King shall bite the ground,

Long his loss shall † Eirin weep,  
Ne'er again his likeness see ;  
Long her strains in sorrow steep,  
Strains of Immortality !

Horror covers all the heath,  
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.  
Sisters, weave the web of death ;  
Sisters, cease, the work is done.

† Ireland.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!  
Songs of joy and triumph sing;  
Joy to the victorious bands,  
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,  
Learn the tenour of our song.  
Scotland, thro' each winding vale  
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:  
Each her thundering faulchion wield;  
Each bestride her fable steed.  
Hurry, hurry to the field.





THE DESENT OF ODIN: AN ODE.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE,

BY THE SAME.

U PROSE the King of Men with speed,  
And saddled straight his coal-black steed.  
Down the yawning steep he rode,  
That leads to \* Hela's drear abode.  
Him the Dog of Darkness spied ;  
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,  
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,  
Foam and human gore distill'd :  
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,  
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;  
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,  
The Father of the powerful spell.  
Onward still his way he takes,  
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)

\* Niflheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were consigned all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle : Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.

Till full before his fearless eyes  
The portals nine of Hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,  
By the moss-grown pile he sate,  
Where long of yore to sleep was laid  
The dust of the prophetic Maid.  
Facing to the northern clime,  
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;  
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,  
The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead:  
Till from out the hollow ground  
Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

PR. What call unknown, what charms presume  
To break the quiet of the tomb?  
Who thus afflicts my troubled spright,  
And drags me from the realms of night?  
Long on these mouldering bones have beat  
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,  
The drenching dews, and driving rain?  
Let me, let me sleep again.  
Who is he, with voice unblest,  
That calls me from the bed of rest?

O. A Traveller, to thee unknown,  
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.  
Thou the deeds of light shall know;  
Tell me what is done below,

For



For whom yon glittering board is spread,  
Drest for whom yon golden bed.

PR. Mantling in the goblet see  
The pure beverage of the bee,  
O'er it hangs the shield of gold :  
'Tis the drink of Balder bold :  
Balder's head to death is given.  
Pain can reach the Sons of Heaven !  
Unwilling I my lips uncloze :  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey.  
Prophetess, arise, and say,  
What dangers Odin's Child await,  
Who the Author of his fate.

PR. In Hoder's hand the Heroe's doom,  
His brother sends him to the tomb.  
Now my weary lips I close :  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Prophetess, my spell obey,  
Once again arise and say,  
Who th' Avenger of his guilt,  
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

PR. In the caverns of the west,  
 By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,  
 A wonderous Boy shall Rinda bear,  
 Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,  
 Nor wash his visage in the stream,  
 Nor see the sun's departing beam;  
 Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile  
 Flaming on the funeral pile.  
 Now my weary lips I close:  
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

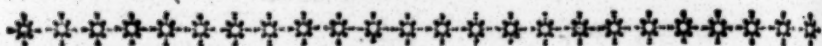
O. Yet a while my call obey.  
 Prophets, awake, and say,  
 What Virgins these, in speechless woe,  
 That bend to earth their solemn brow,  
 That their flaxen tresses tear,  
 And snowy veils, that float in air.  
 Tell me whence their sorrows rose.  
 Then I leave thee to repose.

PR. Ha! no Traveller art thou,  
 King of Men, I know thee now;  
 Mightiest of a mighty line——

O. No boding Maid of skill divine  
 Art thou, nor prophets of good,  
 But mother of the giant-brood.

PR. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,  
 That never shall Enquirer come

To break my iron-sleep again ;  
Till † Lok has burst his tenfold chain.  
Never, till substantial Night  
Has reassum'd her ancient right ;  
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,  
Sinks the fabric of the world.



THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN:  
A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE WELCH.

BY THE SAME.

OWEN's praise demands my song,  
Owen swift and Owen strong,  
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,  
w Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.

† Lok is the evil Being, who continues in chains till the Twilight of the God approaches, when he shall break his confinement ; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear ; the earth sink in the seas, and and fire consume the skies even Odin himself and his kindred Gods shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.

u Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North-Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

w North-Wales.

He

He nor heaps his brooded stores,  
 Nor on all profusely pours;  
 Lord of every legal art,  
 Liberal hand and open heart.

Big with hofts of mighty name,  
 Squadrons three against him came:  
 This the force of \* Eirin hiding:  
 Side by side as proudly riding,  
 On her shadow long and gay,  
 † Lochlin plows the wat'ry way;  
 There the Norman sails afar  
 Catch the winds, and join the war.  
 Black and huge along they sweep,  
 Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands  
 ‡ The dragon Son of Mona stands;  
 In glittering arms and glory drest,  
 High he rears his ruby crest.  
 There the thundering strokes begin,  
 There the press, and there the din;  
 Talymalfra's rocky shore  
 Echoing to the battle's roar.  
 Where his glowing eye-balls turn,  
 Thousand Banners round him burn.

\* Ireland.

† Denmark.

‡ The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.



Where he points his purple spear,  
Hasty, hasty Rout is there ;  
Marking with indignant eye  
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.  
There Confusion, Terror's child,  
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,  
Agony, that pants for breath,  
Despair and honourable Death. \*\*\*\*



A N E P I T A P H

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD IN KENT.

BY THE SAME.

**L**O! where this silent marble weeps,  
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps,  
A heart, within whose sacred cell  
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell :  
Affection warm and faith sincere,  
And soft humanity were there.  
In agony, in death, resign'd,  
She felt the wound she left behind :  
Her infant image, here below,  
Sits smiling on a father's woe :

Whom

Whom what awaits, while thus he strays  
Along the lonely vale of days?  
A pang to secret sorrow dear,  
A sigh, an unavailing tear,  
Till Time shall every grief remove,  
With life, with memory, and with love.



AN INVITATION TO THE FEATHERED RACE,  
MDCCLXIII.

WRITTEN AT CLAVERTON, NEAR BATH.

BY THE REV. MR. GRAVES.

**A** GAIN the balmy Zephyr blows,  
Fresh verdure decks the grove,  
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,  
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers hither fly,  
And shun the noon-tide heat;  
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,  
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,  
 Or weave the mossy nest;  
 Here rove and sing the live-long day,  
 At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,  
 That trickles down the glade,  
 Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,  
 And revel in the shade.

No schoolboy rude, to mischief prone,  
 E'er shews his ruddy face,  
 Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone  
 In this sequestered place.

Hither the vocal Thrush repairs,  
 Secure the Linnet sings,  
 The Goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,  
 To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah quit thy haunt,  
 Yon distant woods<sup>a</sup> among,  
 And round my friendly grotto chaunt  
 Thy sweetly-plaintive song.

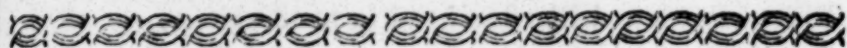
Let not the harmless Red-breast fear,  
 Domestic bird, to come  
 And seek a sure asylum here,  
 With one that loves his home.

<sup>a</sup> Warley woods.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,  
 Shall store of fruit preserve;  
 O let me thus your friendship bribe!  
 Come feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,  
 To you these plums belong;  
 Sweet is the fruit that you have pick'd,  
 But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made,  
 Our mutual interests guard,  
 Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,  
 Your songs be my reward.



# UNDER AN HOUR-GLASS,

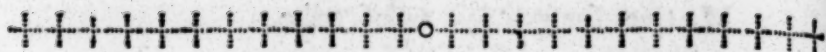
IN A GROTTO NEAR THE WATER AT CLAVERTON,

BY THE SAME.

**T**HIS bubbling stream not uninstruative flows,  
 Nor idly loiters to its destin'd main,  
 Each flower it feeds that on its margin grows,  
 And bids thee blush, whose days are spent in vain.

Nor void of moral, tho' unheeded, glides  
 Time's current stealing on with silent haste;  
 For lo! each falling sand his folly chides,  
 Who lets one precious moment run to waste.





## ON THE ANCIENT CITY OF BATH.

WRITTEN ON THE FINISHING THE CIRCUS.

BY THE SAME.

**M**IDST flowery meads and Avon's winding floods,  
 Romantic hills, wild rocks, and pendent woods,  
 Behold fair Bath her stately front advance,  
 In all the pomp of Latian elegance !  
 The hills that rise in rich profusion round,  
 With gardens deck'd, or splendid villas crown'd !  
 There Health and Pleasure hand in hand appear,  
 And smiling weave their roseate arbours there.  
 Deep in their mossy cells beneath these hills,  
 The bounteous Naiads form the gushing rills.  
 There various springs their mineral virtues blend,  
 And warm in salutary streams descend ;  
 These streams to mortals balmy health restore,  
 The Gout grows mild, and Cholics are no more.  
 Here languid nymphs regain the bloom of May,  
 Here cripples dance and hurl the crutch away.

Hither, with lavish hand, fresh peasants bring  
 The fruits of Autumn and the flowers of Spring ;  
 Whilst lowing herds from richest pastures, pour  
 The draught salubrious in their milky store ;

Each

Each bird of various plume that haunts the wood,  
 Or wings the heath, or dives the liquid flood,  
 The spreading sea fish and the scaly fry  
 Contiguous coasts or neighbouring streams supply.  
 Thus Art and Nature join in friendly strife,  
 To shower on Bath the blandishments of life.

Oh Bath! thrice happy if to man 'twere given  
 To enjoy with temperate use the gifts of heaven!  
 Didst thou thy partial fate but truly prize,  
 Didst thou increase in virtue as in size;  
 Were Luxury banish'd with each baneful Vice,  
 Th' infernal arts of Scandal, Cards, and Dice;  
 The vagrant herds that every street infest,  
 And Insolence, with vigorous care suppress'd;  
 Did no base miscreants, to themselves unjust,  
 By mean exactions liberal minds disgust;  
 From distant counties Thanes in crowds should fly,  
 Proud in thy domes to shun the wint'ry sky.  
 Augusta's self should have deserted stand,  
 And Bath possess the riches of the land.





THE GREAT SHEPHERD.

A SACRED PASTORAL.

BY MR. BARFORD.

PART I.

FROM the fair gardens of the blooming East  
The rosy hours lead forth the purple Spring,  
And the North brightens with a warmer blush.  
From heav'n descending, thro' the soft'ring deeps  
The vegetative Spirit breathes her pow'rs,  
And Earth prepares her fragrance. Now, ye swains,  
Now seize the happy season : urge your toils ;  
And pour the future harvest o'er the fields.

And ye, blest youths, and virgins of the lawn,  
Who watch the pastures, and make flocks your care ;  
And taste the joys a golden world might boast,  
By murm'ring rivers, and by warbling groves ;  
Hear, while the Shepherd tunes his rural reed  
With strains he learn'd from venerable Seers,  
Whom the great Shepherd lov'd, and taught to sing.  
With love the song begins, with love it ends.

O come,

O come, ye chaste and fair; come old and young,  
 Whose ears are ready, and whose hearts are pure;  
 Drink deep of Happiness, drink Health and Peace,  
 From the sweet fountains of eternal Love.

See the bright blessings streaming from the skies!  
 Hear the glad waters murmur'ring as they flow!  
 Ye deserts, sing! ye groves, fresh garlands wear!  
 Ye hills remurmur, and ye vales resound!

Ere the Almighty in his balance weigh'd  
 The pond'rous heav'ns and earth; before the stars  
 Flam'd thro' the glowing concave, and the mass  
 Of recent matter own'd th' IMPERIAL WORD,  
 In all its virgin forms, WISDOM DIVINE  
 Presented gracious to the SOVEREIGN SIRE  
 The great Idea. He, pure source of love,  
 For ever gracious, righteous, and the same;  
 Delighting always in the beauteous works  
 Of Wisdom, his blest offspring, pleas'd, confess'd  
 The filial Godhead; everlasting glory  
 And pow'r ordaining for the lamb, and peace  
 For man's destin'd race: Heav'n's awful thrones  
 Confirm'd th' eternal covenant, and Grace  
 Celestial smil'd. The all-creating Word  
 Then issu'd forth; he gave the high command,  
 And the bright image of the voice appear'd  
 Completely fair and good, reflecting full  
 The strong Ideas in th' eternal mind.

The Word was Love; Love was the sacred law,  
 Which form'd, and held the whole in sweet accord;

And



And still had held: But Hate, infernal Hate,  
 Dire opposite! elate with dragon Pride,  
 Arming Confusion, evil against good,  
 Obscur'd the fair Creation, and defac'd  
 Heav'n's beauteous image; till the arm of God  
 Drove Darknes to her place, the sacred Light,  
 Gracious, restoring: often stain'd, but still  
 With brighter beams restor'd. Victorious, he  
 Renew'd th' immortal image lost, renew'd  
 In greater glory; and, superior, still  
 Working, controuls Confusion with his laws.

O shun the felon fiend, ye gentle swains;  
 Ye nymphs, preserve your bosoms from his rage.  
 A foe to Innocence and Peace he comes;  
 A foe to Beauty, Harmony, and Heav'n.  
 Envy and Lust, Despair and Death he brings;  
 And low Self-love, and long enduring pain.  
 O watch, ye Silvans, lest the savage boar  
 Deface your lawns, and stain your silver springs.  
 Ye nymphs, watch well your gardens' vernal pride;  
 Lest blights and reptiles, and intemp'rate heats  
 Lay waste your lilies, and defile your blooms.  
 High Heav'n your fair endeavours shall approve,  
 And speed your labours, and reward your cares.  
 Mild ev'ning suns shall gild your prosp'rous groves;

*b. Hate, infernal Hate, dire Opposite !]* From the name Satan; the Enemy;  
 Adversary; Opposer; he who hates.

Soft show'rs descending shall refresh your plains :  
 With sweeter music shall your fountains flow,  
 And Autumn heap his golden bounties round.  
 In vain the wolf shall haunt your nightly folds ;  
 In vain fell lions shall your herds annoy.  
 No grief shall burden, and no loss distress  
 Your morning labours, or your ev'ning songs.  
 Sweet-smiling Hope shall sow your fruitful fields ;  
 Your flocks shall flourish, and your herds shall thrive.

But bring, ye Shepherds, bring an off'ring due :  
 Bring righteous Heav'n the sacrifice requir'd :  
 Bring honour, truth ; bring gentleness of heart,  
 Unbroken vows, and love for ever pure.

Ye graceful virgins, join the festive train,  
 With all the sweet simplicity of dress,  
 And swell the votive song, and joyful bring  
 Unspotted faith and innocence of heart.

Hear the glad voice ! the Prince of Shepherds bids ;  
 Attend the bridegroom at the joyous feast.  
 See Beauty rising, fair without a stain<sup>c</sup>,  
 From living lakes, and consecrated streams !  
 Age smiles renew'd : the wint'ry storms are o'er,  
 And a mild spirit breathes along the sky.  
 The olive shoots ; the vine expands her gems ;  
 And the dove murm'ring wakes the groves to love.

Here, where tall beeches spread, and glitt'ring streams  
 Glance a cool radiance on the wand'ring eye ;

<sup>c</sup> Emblems of baptism, and the Christian state.

Where light disports in all the pride of Spring,  
 And flocks, and herds, and shepherds crown the scene :  
 Alternate songs shall charm your smiling hours :  
 Alternate songs shall sing in various verse  
 The shepherd's honours, and the bridegroom's praise.  
 O still, Great Shepherd, feed thy sacred flocks,  
 By living springs, in ever-blooming meads !  
 And O, bright glory, from thy radiant throne <sup>d</sup>  
 Come forth, and gild with light thy starry train,  
 And life irradiate ! sing the bridegroom great  
 Ye choirs harmonious ! sing th' immortal crown ;  
 The bride's fair honours, and the bridegroom's love.

High is the heav'n, and deep th' abyfs below,  
 Gentle the lamb, and fierce the rage of fire.  
 But love, not heav'n's empyreal heights can bound,  
 Nor the deep darkness of the vast abyfs.  
 And know, ye virgins, know, ye graceful swains,  
 Know, ye proud temples, and the humbler shrines,  
 Love unprofan'd is gentle as the lamb ;  
 But, fierce as fire, destroys with jealous rage  
 Th' unhollow'd temple, and the heart impure.

Bring grateful odours ; pour fresh fragrance round <sup>e</sup> ;  
 Let sacred incense breathe in ev'ry gale !

<sup>d</sup> O, bright glory, &c.] The spiritual light, of which the material light is the emblem.

<sup>e</sup> Bring grateful odours, &c.] The merits and perfections of CHRIST. These were represented under the law by aromatics, perfumes, incense, &c. Under Christianity, they signify the virtues and graces of believers. " For we are unto GOD a sweet savour of CHRIST." 2 Cor. 2. 15.

Bring living waters : open all the springs <sup>f</sup>,  
That cleanse defilement with ablution sweet !

Lo, the blest incense rises to the skies !  
In copious streams the living waters flow !  
A light divine invests each radiant form <sup>g</sup> ;  
And every beauty blooms, and charms anew !  
But O, pray suppliant, what new stains shall rise,  
For stains will rise, may vanish, nor resist  
<sup>h</sup> The bright'ning spirit, and refining fire.

## P A R T II.

SO sung the Shepherd in the fragrant vale ;  
Nor sung from fancy, nor what heathen lore,  
Darkling, corrupted from the sacred page  
Of everlasting truth, and blindly stole  
From God's own altar, to bedeck the shrine  
Of the grand adversary. Nymphs and swains,  
Shepherds and matrons, from the plains and groves,  
From bubbling fountains, and from echoing hills,  
Attend the song ; and, kindling into sense,

<sup>f</sup> *Bring living waters, &c.*] Typical ablutions and effusions of Water.  
For the last, 1 Sam. 7. 6.

<sup>g</sup> *A light divine invests, &c.*] Ye are the light of the world, Mat. 5. 14.  
To her (the bride) was granted, that she should be arrayed in fine linen,  
clean and white ; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints,  
Rev. 19. 8.

<sup>h</sup> See note *A brighter sun, &c.* Part III. line 80.



Wild satyrs hear, and savages grow tame.  
Such are the charms of truth, and verse divine.

Pleas'd with the scene, again he tunes the voice  
Of mild Instruction, and invokes the pow'r  
Of sacred Harmony—<sup>i</sup> O raise my verse,  
Spirit of Righteousness, and Peace, and Love!  
To sing the glory, oft by thee declar'd,  
In sacred songs to priests and prophets old.

Open, ye heav'ns, and pour down righteousness;  
And bring salvation forth, thou roseate Earth!

And lo, the everlasting prince! He comes;  
Great, without sin; in innocence august;  
With all the pomp of meek humility;  
Essential light and truth! at his approach  
The rocks pour nectar, and the barren wild  
Breathes sweet with incense, and his glory sings.  
Him sings delighted Nature. The fair heav'ns  
With his own harmony resound his praise;  
Their mystic dance he governs: He directs  
The flaming choirs thro' their eternal round;  
And all their gorgeous palaces of gold  
Sustains, with adamantine columns, wrought  
In the sun's radiant mines, fluid yet firm,  
Still changing, still the same. Him, raptur'd sings

<sup>i</sup> The Shepherd resuming the song, which he continues to the Hymn of  
Shepherds and Shepherdesses, Part 3.

The seraph, kindling in the holy flame  
 Of heaven's high altar, where the Lamb of God  
 Was slain before all time ; in time to bleed  
 Upon the cross for man, a man, than gold <sup>k</sup>  
 More precious ! Person wonderful ! High branch <sup>l</sup>  
 Of God's eternal essence, blooming fair  
 With earth's blest fruit ambrosial ! The great Peer <sup>m</sup>  
 Of heav'n's Almighty ! Such the covenant  
 Of sworn Jehovah. Before thee, supreme  
 Messiah, Saviour, thee beloved son !  
 Man shall rejoice with trembling ; man shall sing  
 Thy wond'rous generation, and high deeds  
 Vindictive of thy father's throne assail'd ;  
 The dragon dire, by thine almighty arm,  
 And rebel host from the bright tow'rs of heav'n  
 Driv'n headlong, and in chains of darkness bound  
 By thee, great conqueror of death and hell.

With loftier sounds then swell the solemn song,  
 Ye heav'ns ! and thou, O favour'd earth, rejoice  
 Thro' all thy meadows, and thro' all thy hills,  
 Where flow thy rivers, and thy pastures spread :  
 For the great Shepherd reigns. His godlike care  
 Shall guard the shepherds and protect the folds.  
 O swell, ye fountains, and descending sing

<sup>k</sup> *Than gold more precious.*] Is. 13. 12.

<sup>l</sup> *High branch.*] Is. 4. 2.

<sup>m</sup> *The great peer.*] Zech. 13. 7.

Peace to the pastures round. Ye bleating flocks,  
 Clothe the pleas'd hills with harmony. Ye herds,  
 Pour your glad lowings thro' the echoing groves.  
 Ye woodlands, chaunt with the sweet breath of May  
 Your soft ærial songs. The rural pipe  
 Its jocund notes shall join, and pastoral verse  
 Of nymphs and swains responsive; whilst with joy  
 Her milky off'rings the full heifer brings,  
 And the bee hastes to waft her golden store.

These high rewards the Prince of Peace ordain'd  
 For his blest votaries, and life and joy  
 For all who love his laws. But say, ah say,  
 Whence this disastrous change? why lours the sky?  
 Why shriek the wood-nymphs on the mountain's brow?  
 Wide flash the flaming heav'ns; the black'ning storm  
 Descends with vollying thunder: fierce and loud  
 Bursts the strong torrent o'er the weeping plains.  
 Distemper dire assaults the fleecy folds;  
 And the griev'd stalls lament, as pines the bull  
 With slow disease, or, sudden rushing down  
 Pours out his agonizing life in groans.  
 Arms, horrid arms, fright dove-ey'd Peace away.  
 See, Terror stalks at large! His baleful trump  
 Unnerves the nations: Famine, at his heels,  
 Curs'd hell-hound, follows. Rocks th' astonish'd earth  
 With fierce convulsions thro' her vaulted round,  
 And mourn her mountains, and her lofty tow'rs,  
 And her sons pale with horror, and fair dames,

And

And temples, and proud palaces, in floods  
Of roaring fires and waters, from the day  
Descending dreadful to the dark abyfs.

O, let me seek the city's sacred height,  
Whose walls eternal, on foundations firm,  
No gulphs e'er threaten, and no storms can shake!  
Whose gates are glory, and salvation strong  
Her tow'ring Bulwark. Where forever shines  
The light himself, ador'd, and on the just  
Pours an unfading beam, completing all  
The prophets' promise, and the patriarchs' hope.

Ye seats celestial; to your bright domains  
Wing'd with new fire my spirit seems to rise  
In holy vision, as, by faith renew'd,  
I draw high raptures from the sacred leaves  
Of inspiration. Thro' th' Hesperian groves<sup>a</sup>  
Of blooming EDEN now I seem to range,  
And catch warm transports, as th' immortal choirs,  
Or tune the harp, or animate the song.  
Now, higher rapt, with ardent faith I see  
The river pouring from the throne of God  
It's tide of blessings, and the tree of life,  
Whose leaves shall heal the nations, off'ring fair  
Her fruits mysterious. Now to deserts drear  
I'm borne, and booths of palm, and mountains wild,  
Where priests and prophets, and the chosen flock  
Follow'd their godlike leader, like young bulls

<sup>a</sup> *Hesperian.*] From Hesh Peri, Gen. 1. 11. Translated fruit-tree.



And horned rams, exulting on the hills,  
 And glorying in their God. But ah! how oft  
 To change their living glory, and his wrath  
 Inflicted feel beneath the wasting sword  
 Of heathen lords, for purer rites profan'd  
 With foul idolatry, and darkness deep  
 Prefer'd to God's clear light! Now, fix'd I hear  
 The harbinger of him, the Lamb of God,  
 Who frees the world from sin, in rough attire,  
 'Midst savage deserts, to his audience fierce  
 Preaching repentance, and the fruits of faith;  
 Or later confessors, to tyrants stern,  
 And unbelieving Israel, e'en in flames  
 Singing salvation, and the cross of Christ.  
 ° For the fierce nations that refuse thy laws,  
 Nor pay obedience to thy regal throne,  
 Kingdoms and potentates shall perish all, <sup>p</sup>  
 And faith in thee alone confirm the tribes <sup>q</sup>  
 In sure establishment and sacred peace.

° *For the fierce nations, &c.*] The Shepherd in this strong apostrophe, as in rapture, \* assumes the character of a suffering confessor; which he sustains to the end of this canto, deducing his doctrine in an indirect manner from the scene of distress and misery represented above.

\* See Longinus, Cap. 23.

<sup>p</sup> *Shall perish all.*] Is. 60. 12. For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; yea those nations shall be utterly wasted.

<sup>q</sup> *And faith in thee alone, &c.*] Is. 7. 9. If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be establish'd.

Feed

Feed then, ye shepherds, feed the church of God,  
 Which his own blood had purchas'd! O, ye kings,  
 Ye royal shepherds, shield the beauteous plant, ✓  
 And all her maiden flow'rets from the storms,  
 From birds and beasts obscene! guard her from all  
 Th' abominations of the scarlet whore,  
 From the foul harpy's claw, and all the brood  
 Of many-headed monsters, who disgrace  
 The God of Order, with confusion wild,  
 And anarchy profane; or dare attempt  
 Heav'n's adamantine walls, their guardian God  
 Unworship'd uninvok'd thy saving name,  
 Fair light of heaven, and glory of the earth,  
 The leading day-star, and the living way!

## P A R T III.

BELIEVE and live. Th' imperial edict said: '  
 And all was peace, and harmony, and love.  
 Search the bright volume; trace th' eternal truth,  
 Inscib'd with adamant on leaves of gold. '  
 High heav'n ordain'd it, and the sanction gave;  
 And angels bore the sacred charge to earth.

Then fair Perfection smil'd; immortal youth  
 Led with the rose-lip'd hours the circling dance,

† *Adamant—gold.*] Emblems of light, purity, and perfection.

And God saw all was good. But faithless man  
 From the strong glory turn'd his eye aside,  
 Nor fear'd to violate the fatal tree  
 Of knowledge, interdicted: Yet by heav'n  
 Planted, full fair of semblance, in the reach  
 Of Liberty's free arm, to dignify  
 Her purer gold with the imperial stamp  
 Of sacred merit. Tell it not, ye winds!  
 He quits th' immortal fruits, the feasts divine,  
 Ambrosial joys, and tables of the gods,  
 To gorge with serpents foul, and dev'ls impure;  
 Already dying. Then Perfection fair,  
 And her bright sister Beauty, swift withdrew  
 To heav'n's high courts; and, rav'ning their vile prey,  
 Horror and Death, and ev'ry ghastly shape  
 Of desolation, from their dreadful den,  
 Rush'd hideous o'er the earth: Thro' Nature's tribes  
 An universal groan, portentous, dire,  
 Loaded with woe was heard, and long to last.

Search the bright volume; trace th' eternal truth,  
 Inscib'd with adamant on leaves of gold.

What high benevolence, what sacred hand,  
 Propitious now, shall pour the healing balm,  
 Raise languid nature as she bleeding lies  
 Beneath the serpent-sting, and greatly fix  
 The star unspher'd in its own heav'n again?  
 Hail, filial Godhead, hail! who first and last,  
 Filling the circle of eternity,

With

With God art God ador'd ! Whose quick'ning voice  
 Call'd light and beauty from the barren void -  
 Of uncreated night ! 'Tis thou shalt give  
 The groves of paradise to bloom anew,  
 Thine own creation blest, and, gracious, sooth  
 Her agonizing pangs, till man again  
 Shall feast with angels, and converse with God.

'Twas he, bright image of the Father ! then  
 In intercession strong stood forth, with words  
 Unutterable,\* charg'd with mercy all.  
 The father pleas'd assented ; high Jehovah  
 Was mindful of his covenant, 'midst wrath  
 Rememb'ring mercy ; and the Holy Spirit  
 Already his diviner gifts inspir'd.

That instant Grace celestial, from the throne,  
 Sweet with the smiles of heav'n, and glowing bright  
 With charms ineffable, diffusing round  
 Ten thousand blessings, took her flight to earth.  
 Virtues and Charities attend her down ;  
 And, as she pass'd, ambrosial fragrance breath'd  
 Thro' heav'n's bright day, and fill'd the earth with sweets  
 Unknown to Eden in her loveliest bloom.  
 " Ye flinty rocks relent !" And sudden see,  
 The flinty rocks she softens ! " Flow, ye streams !"  
 And Nature melts in penitence ! Her voice

\* *Unutterable,*] By man ; for want of proper powers and symbols.—  
 2 Cor. 12. 4.



Subdues the stubborn heart, the frozen eye.  
 Joy dawns serene ; religion lifts her head,  
 Rais'd by her beauteous handmaids Faith and Hope ;  
 And heav'n and earth confess the present God.

Raise then your songs ! † Our Shepherd is the Lord—  
 At once their hymn the nymphs and swains began ;  
 And the groves echo'd, and the vallies rung.  
 —By rivers clear, where bright salvation flows,  
 In meadows blooming with eternal life,  
 His bounty feeds us, and his praise we sing  
 With sounds of triumph, and with songs of joy.

Search the bright volume ; trace th' eternal Truth,  
 Inscrib'd with adamant on leaves of gold.

Ye distant mountains, hear the joyful sound ;  
 Hear, ye tall cedars, and ye happier plains !  
 From heav'n it came ; inspir'd the prophets heard ;  
 And angels told it to the nations round.

He gave the word, a new creation rose,  
 A brighter sun his sacred influence pour'd ; ‡  
 Obdurate Nature melts before the beam,  
 And her base metal brightens into gold ;

† *Our shepherd is the Lord.*] This hymn is in parts, Shepherds and Shepherdesses alternate, and full chorus, though not distinguish'd.

‡ *A brighter sun, &c. A purer spirit.*] The operation of the Archetypes, the true Shemim, on the spiritual world. Their symbols, in the material world by their action on the expansion, occasion and support all animal life ; give warmth, illuminate, refine, purify ; raise vapours and springs, promote vegetation, &c.

Thro' heav'n's expanse a purer spirit breathes,  
New pastures spring, and sweeter fountains rise.

Search the bright volume ; trace th' eternal truth,  
Inscrib'd with adamant on leaves of gold.

The age shall come, when night's long reign shall cease,  
And darkness vanish from the golden day.  
E'en the blind eye shall kindle into sight,  
And, wond'ring, see bright visions and adore.  
The bird obscene, and dragon's direful brood <sup>w</sup>  
That nest with desolation in dark vaults,  
And mould'ring temples, shall their homage bring ;  
And the fell tyger in his gloomy haunts  
Who err'd in spirit, shall believe and learn ; <sup>x</sup>  
Who murmur'd, hear high doctrines and admire.  
Who patient wait, shall mount th' aërial height <sup>y</sup>  
On eagle's wings, by the strong spirit borne,  
And ride triumphant in the blaze of day.

Search the bright volume ; trace th' eternal Truth,  
Inscrib'd with adamant on leaves of gold.

<sup>z</sup> Prophets have sung ; high heav'n the song inspir'd,  
And angels tun'd it to their golden harps,

<sup>w</sup> *The bird obscene and dragon's, &c.*] If. 43. 20. Spiritual darkness, blindness, and enmity.

<sup>x</sup> *Who err'd in spirit, &c.—Who murmur'd, &c.*] If. 29. 24.

<sup>y</sup> *Who, patient, wait.*] If. 40. 31.

<sup>z</sup> *Prophets have sung.*] The Shepherd resumes the song, and continues into the conclusion of the poem.

And

And earth rejoicing heard. A race of men,  
 Bright heirs of glory, shall ascend the skies,  
 Born of immortal seed, and high advanc'd  
 For merits not their own: Yet worthy deem'd  
 For lab'ring thro' the fires, and works of faith,<sup>a</sup>  
 With God's blest Spirit working in their day,  
 With holy expectation; all, as Gold  
 Refin'd and brighten'd in the sacred flame.

Raise then your heads, ye trees of Righteousness<sup>b</sup>!  
 Be fruitful, all ye Olives of the Fields!  
 Ye hills of Incense, breathe your holy sweets!  
 O yield, ye Palms, your garlands to enfold  
 The radiant Temples of the godlike race!  
 But fade, ye Chaplets, on the graceless brow  
 Of wanton Revelry, and loose Desire;  
 When the false transport of the fev'rish heart  
 Profane fair Pleasure's name, and sickly Sense  
 Courts gay Delusion in the harlot's smile,  
 In noon-day riots, and in midnight masques.

Yet many shall be purify'd, and cleanse  
 Their hands and heart to serve the living God,  
 Obedient to the Truth; nor stain again  
 Their spotless beauty, and their white attire.  
 And the blest seed shall prosper, as the stars<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Lab'ring thro' the fires, &c.*] Zech. 13. 9. I will try them as gold.

<sup>b</sup> *Trees of righteousness; Olives—Hills of Incense.*] Emblems of believers.

<sup>c</sup> *As the stars.*] Daniel 12. 3. Heb. 11. 12.

In number and in glory, their clear fires  
 Reflecting thro' th' Infinitude of heav'n,  
 Victors of darkness and the pow'rs of night.  
 For He, refulgent, from his burning throne,  
 The son ador'd, shall pour his bright'ning beams  
 On all that love the light, and fill their lamps  
 With heav'n's pure fire, till they resemble Him,  
 As He the Father? He shall separate<sup>d</sup>  
 The silver from the dross, and, pleas'd, impress  
 His royal image on the nobler ore.  
 But foul Distrust, and unrelenting Hate,  
 Of Darkness born, shall vanish from his sight,  
 Incapable of bliss, (so heav'n ordain'd)  
 Purg'd off, to perish from the face of day.

But feed, ye flocks! the pastures yet are fresh;  
 And O return, who wander'd from the fold;  
 Ere Night approach, and tygers seek their prey.

<sup>d</sup> ——— He shall separate—*The silver from the dross.*] If. 48. 10.  
 Mal. 2. 3.





A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

BY JOHN GILBERT COOPER, ESQ.

DEEP in a grove, by cypress shaded,  
Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,  
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,  
Save some afflicted Muse's moan ;

A swain towards full ag'd manhood wending,  
Sat forrowing at the close of day,  
At whose fond side a Boy attending,  
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,  
But on the smiling prattler hung,  
Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,  
These accents trembled from his tongue.

“ My youth's first hopes, my manhood's treasure,  
“ My prattling innocent, attend,  
“ Nor fear rebuke, nor sour displeasure,  
“ A father's loveliest name is Friend.

“ Some truths, from long experience flowing,  
“ Worth more than royal grants receive,  
“ For truths are wealth of heaven's bestowing,  
“ Which kings have seldom power to give.

“ Since

- “ Since from an ancient race descended  
“ You boast an unattainted blood,  
“ By yours be their fair fame attended,  
“ And claim by birthright to be good.
- “ In love for every fellow-creature,  
“ Superior rise above the crowd ;  
“ What most ennobles human nature  
“ Was ne’er the portion of the proud.
- “ Be thine the generous heart that borrows  
“ From others joys a friendly glow,  
“ And for each hapless neighbour’s sorrows,  
“ Throbs with a sympathetic woe.
- “ This is the temper most endearing ;  
“ Tho’ wide proud Pomp her banners spreads,  
“ An heavenlier power good-nature bearing,  
“ Each heart in willing thralldom leads.
- “ Taste not from Fame’s uncertain fountain,  
“ The peace-destroying streams that flow ;  
“ Nor from Ambition’s dangerous mountain,  
“ Look down upon the world below.
- “ The princely pine on hills exalted,  
“ Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,  
“ By winds long brav’d, at last assaulted,  
“ Is headlong whirl’d in dust to lie ;

“ While

“ Whilst the mild rose more safely growing  
“ Low in its un aspiring vale,  
“ Amidst retirement’s shelter blowing,  
“ Exchanges sweets with every gale.

“ Wish not for Beauty’s darling features,  
“ Moulded by Nature’s fondling power,  
“ For fairest forms ’mong human creatures,  
“ Shine but the pageants of an hour.

“ I saw, the pride of all the meadow,  
“ At noon, a gay Narcissus blow  
“ Upon a river’s bank, whose shadow  
“ Bloom’d in the silver waves below.

“ By noon-tide’s heat its youth was wasted,  
“ The waters as they pass’d, complain’d :  
“ At eve its glories all were blasted,  
“ And not one former tint remain’d.

“ Nor let vain Wit’s deceitful glory  
“ Lead you from Wisdom’s path astray :  
“ What Genius lives renown’d in story ?  
“ To happiness who found the way ?

“ In yonder mead behold that vapour,  
“ Whose vivid beams illusive play,  
“ Far off it seems a friendly taper,  
“ To guide the traveller on his way ;

“ But

“ But should some hapless wretch pursuing,  
“ Tread where the treacherous meteors glow,  
“ He’d find, too late his rashness rueing,  
“ That fatal quicksands lurk below.

“ In life such bubbles nought admiring,  
“ Gilt with false light, and fill’d with air,  
“ Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,  
“ To peace in virtue’s cot repair.

“ There seek the never-wasted treasure,  
“ Which mutual love and friendship give,  
“ Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,  
“ And bless’d and blessing you will live.

“ If heaven with children crowns your dwelling,  
“ As mine its bounty does with you,  
“ In fondness fatherly excelling  
“ Th’ example you have felt pursue.”

He paus’d—for tenderly caressing  
The darling of his wounded heart,  
Looks had means only of expressing  
Thoughts, language never could impart.

Now Night her mournful mantle spreading,  
Had rob’d with black the horizon round,  
And dank dews from her tresses shedding,  
With genial moisture bath’d the ground :

When



When back to city follies flying,  
'Midst Custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd,  
His face array'd in smiles, denying  
The true complexion of his mind ;

For seriously around surveying  
Each character in youth and age,  
Of fools betray'd and knaves betraying,  
That play'd upon this human stage,

(Peaceful himself and undefining)  
He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,  
And felt each secret wish inclining  
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated,  
Obediently he bow'd his soul ;  
For, what all-bounteous Heaven created,  
He thought Heaven only should controul.



ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF THE  
MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK \*.

BY CHRISTOPHER ANSTY, ESQ.

*Sunt lacrymæ rerum & mentem mortalia tangunt.* VIRG.

—VIRTUOUS youth!  
Thank Heaven, I knew thee not ! I ne'er shall feel  
The keen regret thy drooping friends sustain ;  
Yet will I drop the sympathizing tear,  
And this due tribute to thy memory bring ;  
Not that thy noble birth provokes my song,  
Or claims such offering from the Muses shrine ;  
But that thy spotless undissembling heart,  
Thy unaffected manners, all unstain'd  
With pride of power, and insolence of wealth ;  
Thy probity, benevolence, and truth,  
(Best inmates of man's soul !) for ever lost,  
Crop'd like fair flowers in Life's meridian bloom,  
Fade undistinguish'd in the silent grave.

O BEDFORD !—pardon, if a Muse unknown,  
Smit with thy heart-felt grief, directs her way  
To Sorrows dark abode, where thee she views,  
Thee, wretched sire, and pitying, hears thee mourn  
Thy RUSSEL's fate.—“ Why was he thus belov'd ?  
“ Why did he bless my life ?”—Fond parent, cease ;

\* Occasioned by a fall from his horse.

Count not his virtues o'er.—Hard task !—Call forth  
 Thy firm hereditary strength of mind.  
 Lo ! where the shade of thy great ancestor,  
 Fam'd RUSSEL, stands, and chides thy vain complaint ;  
 His philosophic soul with patience arm'd  
 And christian virtue brav'd the pangs of death ;  
 Admir'd, belov'd, he dy'd ; (if right I deem)  
 Not more lamented than thy virtuous Son.  
 Yet calm thy mind ; so may the lenient hand  
 Of Time, all-soothing Time, thy pangs assuage,  
 Heal thy sad wound, and close thy days in peace.  
 See where the object of his filial love,  
 His mother, lost in tears, laments his doom !  
 Speak comfort to her soul.—  
 O ! from the sacred fount, where flow the streams  
 Of heavenly consolation, O ! one drop,  
 To sooth his hapless wife ! Sharp sorrow preys  
 Upon her tender frame.—Alas ! she faints—  
 She falls ! still grasping in her hand  
 The picture of her lord <sup>f</sup>—All-gracious Heaven !  
 Just are thy ways, and righteous thy decrees,  
 But dark and intricate ; else why this meed  
 For tender faithful love ? this sad return  
 For innocence and truth ? Was it for this,

<sup>f</sup> It is reported that on hearing of her husband's death, the Marchioness  
 took up a picture of him, and could not be persuaded to part with, or  
 cease looking at it.

By Virtue and the smiling Graces led, &  
 (Fair types of long succeeding years of joy)  
 She twin'd the votive wreath at Hymen's shrine,  
 So soon to fade and die ? Yet O ! reflect,  
 Chaste partner of his life ! you ne'er deplor'd  
 His alienated heart ; (disast'rous state !  
 Condition worse than death !) the sacred torch  
 Burnt to the last its unremitted fires !  
 No painful self-reproach hast thou to feel ;  
 The conscious thought of every duty paid,  
 This sweet reflection shall support thy mind :  
 Be this thy comfort. Turn thine eyes awhile,  
 Nor with that lifeless picture feed thy woe ;  
 Turn yet thine eyes ; see how they court thy smiles ;  
 Those infant pledges of connubial joy !  
 Dwell on their looks ; and trace his image there.  
 And O ! since Heaven, in pity to thy loss,  
 For thee one future blessing has in store,  
 Cherish that tender <sup>h</sup> hope.—Hear Reason's voice ;  
 Hush'd be the storms that vex thy troubled breast,  
 And angels guard thee in the hour of pain.

Accept this ardent prayer ; a Muse forgive,  
 Who for thy sorrows draws the pensive sigh,  
 Who feels thy grief. Tho' erst in frolic hour,

& At the marriage of the Marquis, his lady was attended by three other ladies, habited like the Graces and bearing a wreath of flowers to the Altar.

<sup>h</sup> The Marchioness was then in her pregnancy.



She tun'd her comic rhymes to mirth and joy,<sup>t</sup>  
Unskill'd (I ween) in lofty verse, unus'd  
To plaintive strains, yet by soft Pity led,  
Trembling revisits the Pierian vale;  
There culls each fragrant flower to deck the tomb  
Where generous RUSSEL lies.



## THE PLEASURES OF CONTEMPLATION.

BY MRS. DARWAL, FORMERLY MISS WHATELY.

QUEEN of the halycon breast, and heavenward eye,  
Sweet Contemplation, with thy ray benign  
Light my lone passage thro' this vale of life,  
And raise the siege of Care! This silent hour  
To thee is sacred, when the star of Eve,  
Like Dian's Virgins trembling ere they bathe,  
Shoots o'er the Hesperian wave its quivering ray.

All Nature joins to fill my labouring breast  
With high sensations: awful silence reigns  
Above, around; the sounding winds no more  
Wild thro' the fluctuating forest fly  
With gust impetuous; Zephyr scarcely breathes  
Upon the trembling foliage; flocks, and herds,  
Retir'd beneath the friendly shade repose

Fann'd by Oblivion's wing. Ha! is not this,  
 This the dread hour, as ancient fables tell,  
 When flitting spirits from their prisons broke,  
 By moon-light glide along the dusky vales,  
 The solemn church-yard, or the dreary grove;  
 Fond to revisit their once lov'd abodes,  
 And view each friendly scene of past delight?

Satyrs, and fawns, that in sequester'd woods,  
 And deep-embowering shades delight to dwell;  
 Quitting their caves, where in the reign of day  
 They slept in silence, o'er the daïsied green  
 Pursue their gambols, and with printless feet  
 Chase the fleet shadows o'er the waving plains.

Dryads, and Naiads, from each spring and grove,  
 Trip blithsome o'er the lawns; or, near the side  
 Of mossy fountains, sport in Cynthia's beams.

The fairy elves, attendant on their queen,  
 With light steps bound along the velvet mead,  
 And leave the green impression of their dance  
 In rings mysterious to the passing swain;  
 While the pellucid glow-worm kindly lends  
 Her silver lamp to light the festive scene.

From yon majestic pile, in ruin great,  
 Whose lofty towers once on approaching foes  
 Look'd stern defiance, the sad bird of night  
 In mournful accent to the moon complains:  
 Those towers with venerable ivy crown'd,  
 And mouldering into ruin, yield no more

A safe retirement to the hostile bands;  
 But there the lonely bat, that shuns the day,  
 Dwells in dull solitude; and screaming thence  
 Wheels the night raven shrill, with hideous note  
 Portending death to the dejected swain.

Each plant and flow'ret bath'd in evening dews,  
 Exhale refreshing sweets: from the smooth lake,  
 On whose still bosom sleeps the tall tree's shade,  
 The moon's soft rays reflected mildly shine.

Now towering Fancy takes her airy flight  
 Without restraint, and leaves this earth behind;  
 From pole to pole, from world to world she flies;  
 Rocks, seas, nor skies, can interrupt her course.

Is this what men, to thought estrang'd, miscall  
 Despondence? this dull Melancholy's scene?  
 To trace th' Eternal Cause thro' all his works,  
 Minutely and magnificently wise?  
 Mark the gradations which thro' Nature's plan  
 Join each to each, and form the vast design?  
 And tho' day's glorious guide withdraws his beams  
 Impartial, chearing other skies and shores;  
 Rich intellect, that scorns corporeal bands,  
 With more than mid-day radiance gilds the scene:  
 'The mind, now rescu'd from the cares of day,  
 Roves unrestrain'd thro' the wide realms of space;  
 Where (thought stupendous!) systems infinite,  
 In regular confusion taught to move,  
 Like gems bespangle yon ethereal plains.

Ye sons of Pleasure, and ye foes to Thought,  
 Who search for bliss in the capacious bowl,  
 And blindly woo Intemperance for Joy;  
 Durst ye retire, hold converse with yourselves,  
 And in the silent hours of darkness court  
 Kind Contemplation with her peaceful train;  
 How wou'd the minutes dance on downy feet,  
 And unperceiv'd the midnight taper waste,  
 While intellectual pleasure reign'd supreme!

Ye Muses, Graces, Virtues, heaven-born maids  
 Who love in peaceful solitude to dwell  
 With meek-ey'd Innocence, and radiant Truth,  
 And blushing Modesty; that frighted fly  
 The dark intrigue, and midnight masquerade;  
 What is this pleasure which enchants mankind?  
 'Tis noise, 'tis toil, 'tis frenzy; like the cup  
 Of Circe, fam'd of old, who tastes it finds  
 Th' ethereal spark divine to brute transform'd.

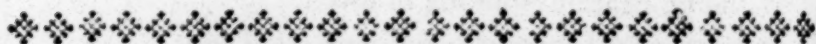
And now, methinks, I hear the Libertine  
 With supercilious leer cry, "Preach no more  
 "Your musty morals; hence, to desarts fly,  
 "And in the gloom of solitary caves  
 "Austerely dwell: what's life, debarr'd from joy?  
 "Crown then the bowl; let Music lend her aid,  
 "And Beauty her's, to soothe my wayward cares."

Ah! little does he know the Nymph he styles  
 A foe to pleasure; pleasure is not more  
 His aim than her's; with him she joins to blame



The hermit's gloom, and savage penances ;  
Each social joy approves. Oh ! without thee,  
Fair Friendship, Life were nothing ; without thee,  
The page of Fancy would no longer charm,  
And Solitude disgust e'en pensive minds.

Nought I condemn but that excess which clouds  
The mental faculties, to soothe the sense :  
Let Reason, Truth, and Virtue, guide thy steps,  
And every blessing Heaven bestows, be thine.



LIBERTY: AN ELEGY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS LOGGIN.

BY THE SAME.

FEIGNED TO BE WRITTEN FROM THE HAPPY VALLEY  
OF AMBARA.

TO you, Eliza, be these lays consign'd,  
Who blest in Freedom's fair dominions live :  
While I, alas ! am pompously confin'd,  
Bereft of every joy the world can give.

In vain for me the blushing flow'rets bloom,  
A Spring eternal decks the fragrant shade ;  
In vain the dewy myrtle breathes perfume,  
And sounds angelic echo thro' the glade.

The marble palaces, and glittering spires,  
What are they ? Pageant glare, and empty show :  
Ah ! how unequal to my fond desires,  
Which tell me—Freedom makes a heaven below.

Pensive I range these ever-verdant groves,  
And sigh responsive to the murmuring stream ;  
While woodland warblers chant their happy loves,  
Dear Liberty is wretched Myra's theme.

The velvet lawns diversify'd with flowers,  
In sweet succession every morn the same ;  
Fresh gales that breathe thro' amaranthine bowers,  
And every charm inventive Art can frame,

Here fondly vie to crown this favour'd place :  
And here, to smooth captivity a prey,  
Each royal child of Abyssinian race  
Consumes the vacant inauspicious day.

Tho' festive mirth awake the laughing morn,  
And guiltless revels lead the dancing hours ;  
Tho' purling rills the fertile meads adorn,  
And the wild rock its spicy produce pours :

Yet what are these to fill a boundless mind ?  
Tho' gay each scene appear, 'tis still the same ;  
Variety—in vain I hope to find ;  
Variety, thou dear, but distant name !

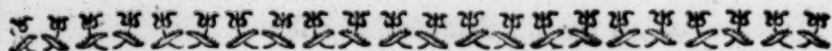
With

With pleasure cloy'd, and sick of tasteless ease,  
 No sweet alternatives my spirits cheer;  
 Joys oft repeated lose their power to please,  
 And harmony grows discord to my ear.

Blest Freedom! how I long with thee to rove,  
 Where varying Nature all her charms displays;  
 To range the sun-burnt hill, the rifted grove,  
 And trace the silver current's winding maze!

Free as the wing'd inhabitants of air,  
 Who distant climes and various seasons see,  
 Regions—tho' not, like soft Ambara, fair;  
 Yet blest with change, and crown'd with Liberty.

Vain wish! these rocks, whose summits pierce the skies,  
 With frowning aspect tell me—Hope is vain:  
 Till, freed by death, the purer spirit flies,  
 Here wretched Myra's destin'd to remain.



HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

BY THE SAME.

**N**OW genial Spring o'er lawn and grove  
Extends her vivid power,  
Now Phœbus shines with mildest beams,  
And wakes each sleeping flower.

Soft breezes fan the smiling mead,  
Kind dews refresh the plain;  
While Beauty, Harmony, and Love  
Renew their chearful reign.

Now far from business let me fly,  
Far from the crouded seat  
Of Envy, Pageantry, and Power,  
To some obscure retreat:

Where Plenty sheds with liberal hand  
Her various blessings round;  
Where laughing Joy delighted roves,  
And roseate Health is found.

Give



Give me to climb the mountain's brow,  
 When morn's first blushes rise;  
 And view the fair extensive scene  
 With Contemplation's eyes.

And while the raptur'd woodland choir  
 Pour forth their love-taught lays;  
 I'll tune the grateful matin song  
 To my Creator's praise.

He bade the solar orb advance  
 To cheer the gloomy sky;  
 And at the gentle voice of Spring  
 Made hoary Winter fly.

He dress'd the groves in smiling green,  
 Unlock'd the ice-bound rill;  
 Bade Flora's pride adorn the vale,  
 And herbage crown the hill.

To that all-gracious source of light,  
 Let early incense rise,  
 While on Devotion's wing the soul  
 Ascends her native skies.

And when the rapid car of day  
 Illumes the farthest west,  
 When Sleep dissolves the captive's chains,  
 And Anguish sinks to rest;

Then

Then let me range the shadowy lawns  
When Vesper's silver light  
Plays on the trembling streams, and gilds  
The sable veil of night.

When every earthly care's at rest,  
And musing Silence reigns ;  
Then active Fancy takes her flight  
Wide o'er th' etherial plains ;

Soars thro' the trackless realms of space,  
Sees endless systems roll ;  
Whilst all harmoniously combine,  
To form one beauteous whole.

All hail ! sweet Solitude ! to thee,  
In thy sequester'd bower,  
Let me invoke the Pastoral Muse,  
And every Sylvan power.

Dear pensive Nymph, the tender thought  
And deep research is thine ;  
'Tis thine to heal the tortur'd breast,  
And form the great design.

On thy still bosom let me rest,  
Far from the clang of war :  
Where stern Oppression's bloody chains  
Precede the victor's car :

Here

Here fold me in thy sacred arms,  
Where Albion's happy plains  
Exulting tell the nations round,  
A British Brunswick reigns.

Here let me hail each rising sun,  
Here view each day's decline ;  
Be Fame and Sway my Sovereign's lot,  
Be Peace and Freedom mine.



O D E T O M A Y.

BY THE SAME.

**F**AIREST daughter of the year,  
Ever blooming, lovely May ;  
While thy vivid skies appear,  
Nature smiles, and all is gay.

Thine the flowery-painted mead,  
Pasture fair, and mountain green ;  
Thine, with infant-harvest spread,  
Laughing lies the lowland scene.

Friend of thine, the shepherd plays  
Blithsome near the yellow broom,  
While his flock, that careless strays,  
Seeks the wild thyme's sweet perfume.

May,

May, with thee I mean to rove  
O'er these lawns and vallies fair,  
Tune thy gentle lyre to love,  
Cherish hope, and soften care.

Round me shall the village swains,  
Shall the rosy nymphs, appear ;  
While I sing in rural strains,  
May, to shepherds ever dear.

I had never skill to raise  
Pens from the vocal strings,  
To the god-like Hero's praise,  
To the pageant pomp of Kings,

Stranger to the hostile plains,  
Where the brazen trumpets sound ;  
Life's purple stream the verdure stains,  
And heaps promiscuous press the ground :

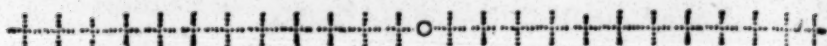
Where the murderous cannon's breath  
Fate denounces from afar,  
And the loud report of death  
Stuns the cruel ear of war.

Stranger to the park and play,  
Birth-night balls, and courtly trains ;  
Thee I woo, my gentle May,  
Tune for thee my native strains.

Blooming



Blooming groves, and wandering rills,  
 Sooth thy vacant poet's dreams,  
 Vocal woods, and wilds, and hills,  
 All her unexalted themes.



# THE DEATH OF ARACHNE,

AN HEROI-COMI-TRAGIC POEM.

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL.D.

**T**HE shrinking brooks and russet meads complain'd  
 That Summer's tyrant, fervid Sirius, reign'd;  
 Full West the sun from heaven descending rode,  
 And fix the shadow on the dial show'd.

Philo, tho' young, to musing much inclin'd,  
 A shameless sloven, in his gown had din'd,  
 From table sneaking with a sheepish face,  
 Before the circle was dismiss'd with grace,  
 And smoaking now, his desk with books o'erspread,  
 Thick clouds of incense roll around his head:  
 His head, which save a quarter's growth of hair,  
 His woollen cap long since scratch'd off, was bare:  
 His beard three days had grown, of golden hue,  
 Black was his shirt, uncomely to the view;

Cross-

Cross-legg'd he sat, and his ungartered hose  
Of each lean limb half hide, and half expose;  
His cheek he lean'd upon his hand; below  
His nut-brown slipper hung upon his toe.

Now with abstracted flight he climbs apace,  
High and more high, through pure unbounded space;  
Now mere privation fails the wings of thought,  
He drops down headlong through the vast of nought;  
A friendly vapour Matheſis ſupplies,  
Born on the ſurging ſmoak he joys to riſe;  
Matter thro' modes and qualities purſues,  
Now caught, entranc'd its naked eſſence views;  
Now wakes; the viſion fading from his fight  
Leaves doubts behind, the miſts of mental night:  
Exiſting not, but poſſible alone,  
He deems all ſubſtance, and ſuſpects his own;  
Like wave by wave impell'd, now queſtions roll—  
Does ſoul in ought ſubſiſt, or all in ſoul?  
Is ſpace, extenſion, nothing but a name,  
And mere idea Nature's mighty frame?  
All power, all forms, to intellect confin'd:  
Place, agent, ſubject, inſtrument combin'd?  
Is ſpirit diſverſe, yet from number free,  
Conjoin'd by harmony in unity?—  
Truth's ſpotleſs white what piercing eye deſcries,  
When the ray broken takes Opinion's dyes!—  
In vain now Philo ſeeks the ſacred light,  
In Chaos plung'd, where embryo ſyſtems fight.

In this dark hour, unnotic'd, Cloe came,  
 His study door admits the shining dame ;  
 With Nature's charms, she join'd the charms of Art,  
 Wife of his choice, and mistress of his heart :  
 What on her head she wore, erect and high,  
 Unnam'd above, is call'd on earth a fly ;  
 In wanton ringlets her fair tresses fell,  
 Her breasts beneath transparent muslin swell ;  
 Studded with flaming gems a buckle bound  
 Th' embroidered zone her slender waist around ;  
 Thence to her feet a vast rotund display'd  
 The mingling colours of the rich brocade ;  
 This aiding fancy, blending shame and pride,  
 Inflames with beauties it was meant to hide :  
 With careless ease the Nymph first snapp'd her fan,  
 Roll'd round her radiant eyes, and thus began :  
 " How canst thou, Philo, here delight to sit,  
 " Immers'd in learning, nastiness, and wit ?  
 " Clean from the chest where various odours breathe,  
 " And dying roses their last sweets bequeath,  
 " A shirt for thee, by my command, the maid  
 " Three hours ago before the fire display'd ;  
 " The barber, waiting to renew thy face,  
 " Holds thy wig powder'd in the paste-board case ;  
 " Thy filken breeches, and thy hose of thread,  
 " Coat, waistcoat, all, lie ready on the bed.  
 " Renounce that odious pipe, this filthy cell,  
 " Where silence, dust, and pagan authors dwell ;

“ Come!

" Come ! shall the ladies wait in vain for thee ?

" Come ! taste with us the charms of mirth and tea."

As Philo heard confus'd the silver sound,  
His soul emerges from the dark profound,  
On the bright vision full he turn'd his eyes ;  
Touch'd, as he gaz'd, with pleasure and surprize,  
The first faint dawns of a smile appear'd,  
And now in act to speak, he strok'd his beard,  
When from a shelf just o'er the fair one's head,  
Down dropt ARACHNE by the viscous thread.  
Back starts the Nymph, with terror and dismay,  
" The Spider ! oh !" was all that she could say.

At this the Sage resum'd the look severe,  
" Renounce, with woman's folly, woman's fear !"  
He said, and careful to the shelf convey'd  
The hapless rival of the blue-ey'd maid.

Th' enormous deed astonish'd Cloe view'd,  
And rage the crimson on her cheek renew'd.  
" Must then, said she, such hideous vermin crawl  
" Indulg'd, protected, o'er the cobweb'd wall ?  
" Destroy her quickly—here her life I claim,  
" If not for love or decency, for shame."

" Shame be to guilt," replies the man of thought,  
" To slaves of custom, ne'er by reason taught,  
" Who spare no life that touches not their own,  
" By fear their cruelty restrain'd alone.  
" No blameless insect lives its destin'd hour,  
" Caught in the murdering vortex of their power.



“ For me, the virtues of the mind I learn  
“ From sage ARACHNE, for whose life you burn ;  
“ From her, when busy all the summer’s day  
“ She weaves the curious woof that snares her prey,  
“ I learn fair industry and art to prize,  
“ Admiring Nature providently wise,  
“ Who, tho’ her bounty unexhausted flows,  
“ Not daily bread on idleness bestows.  
“ ARACHNE, still superior to despair,  
“ Restores with art what accidents impair,  
“ The thousandth time the broken thread renews,  
“ And one great end with fortitude pursues ;  
“ To me her toil is ne’er renew’d in vain,  
“ Taught what the wise by perseverance gain,  
“ Warm’d by example to the glorious strife,  
“ And taught to conquer in the fight of life,  
“ When now with rest amidst her labours crown’d,  
“ She watchful, patient, eyes the circle round,  
“ I learn, when toil has well deserv’d success,  
“ Hope’s placid, calm, expectance to possess,  
“ With care to watch, with patience still to wait  
“ The golden moment, tho’ delay’d by Fate.”  
Impatient Cloe thus again reply’d :  
“ How soon is error thro’ each veil descry’d !  
“ Still boasting Reason’s power, how weak are we !  
“ How blind, alas ! to all we would not see !  
“ Else how could Philo, in a Spider’s cause,  
“ Talk thus of mercy with deserv’d applause ?

“ Or

“ Or call aught virtuous industry and skill,  
“ Exerted only to surprize and kill?  
“ The blameless insect, whom no murder feeds,  
“ For her, the victim of her cunning, bleeds;  
“ Cunning! which when to wisdom we compare,  
“ Is but to her, to men what monkeys are.”

“ Hold! Philo cries, and know, the same decree  
“ Gave her the fly, which gives the lamb to thee;  
“ Or why those wings adapted to the snare,  
“ Why interceptive hangs the net in air?  
“ As plain in these the precept, “ kill and eat,”  
“ As in thy skill to carve the living treat.”

To this, she cries, “ Persuade me, if you can,  
“ Man’s lord of all, and all was made for man.”  
“ Vain thought! the child of ignorance and pride!”

Disdainful smiling, quickly he reply’d:

“ To man, vain reptile! tell me of what use  
“ Are all that Afric’s peopled wastes produce?  
“ The nameless monsters of the swarming seas,  
“ The pigmy nations wasted on the breeze?  
“ The happy myriads, by his eyes unseen,  
“ That bask in flowers, and quicken all the green?  
“ Why live these numbers blest in Nature’s state?  
“ Why lives this Spider object of thy hate?  
“ Why man? but life in common to possess,  
“ Wide to diffuse the stream of happiness;  
“ Blest stream! the o’erflowing of the parent mind,  
“ Great without pride, and without weakness kind.”

With downcast eyes, and sighs, and modest air,  
 Thus in soft sounds reply'd the wily fair :  
 " This fatal subtilty thy books impart  
 " To baffle truth, when unsustain'd by art :  
 " For this, when Cloe goes at twelve to bed,  
 " Till three you sit in converse with the dead :  
 " No wonder then, in vain my skill's employ'd  
 " To prove it best that vermin be destroy'd—  
 " But tho' you proudly triumph o'er my sex,  
 " Joy to confute, and reason but to vex,  
 " Yet, if you love me, to oblige your wife,  
 " What could you less ! you'd take a spider's life.  
 " Once to prevent my wishes Philo slew,  
 " But Time that alters all, has alter'd you.  
 " Yet still unchang'd poor Cloe's love remains ;  
 " These tears my witness, which your pride disdains ;  
 " These tears, at once my witness and relief."

Here paus'd the fair, all eloquent in grief.

He, who had often, and alone, o'erturn'd  
 Witlings, and sophists, when his fury burn'd,  
 Now yields to love the fortress of his soul :  
 His eyes with vengeance on ARACHNE roll :  
 " Curs'd wretch, thou poisonous quintessence of ill,  
 " Those precious drops, unpunish'd, shalt thou spill ?"  
 He said, and stooping, from his foot he drew,  
 Black as his purpose, what was once a shoe ;  
 Now, high in air the fatal heel ascends,  
 Reason's last effort now the stroke suspends ;

In doubt he stood—when, breath'd from Cloe's breast,  
 A struggling sigh her inward grief express'd.  
 Fir'd by the sound, " Die, sorcerers, die," he cry'd,  
 And to his arm his utmost strength apply'd :  
 Crush'd falls the foe, one complicated wound,  
 And the smote self returns a jarring sound.

On Ida's top thus Venus erst prevail'd,  
 When all the sapience of Minerva fail'd :  
 Thus to like arts a prey, as poets tell,  
 By Juno lov'd in vain, great Dido fell.  
 And thus for ever Beauty shall controul  
 The faint's, the sage's, and the hero's soul.

But Jove with hate beheld th' atrocious deed,  
 And Vengeance follows with tremendous speed ;  
 In Philo's mind she quench'd the ray that fir'd  
 With love of science, and with verse inspir'd,  
 Expung'd at once the philosophic theme,  
 All sages think, and all that poets dream ;  
 Yields him thus chang'd a vassal to the fair ;  
 And forth she leads him with a victor's air ;  
 Drest to her wish, he mixes with the gay,  
 As much a trifle, and as vain as they ;  
 To fix their power, and rivet fast the chain,  
 They lead where Pleasure spreads her soft domain ;  
 Where, drown'd in music Reason's hoarser call,  
 Love smiles triumphant in thy groves, Vaux-hall.





## L I F E.    A N    O D E.

BY THE SAME.

**L**IFE ! the dear precarious boon !  
 Soon we lose, alas ! how soon !  
 Fleeting vision, falsely gay !  
 Grasped in vain, it fades away,  
 Mixing with surrounding shades,  
 Lovely vision ! how it fades !  
 Let the muse, in fancy's glass,  
 Catch the phantoms as they pass :  
 See, they rise ! a nymph behold  
 Careless, wanton, young and bold ;  
 Mark her devious, hasty pace,  
 Antic dress, and thoughtless face,  
 Smiling cheeks, and roving eyes,  
 Causeless mirth, and vain surprise—  
 Tripping at her side, a boy  
 Shares her wonder, and her joy ;  
 This is Folly, Childhood's guide,  
 This is Childhood at her side.  
 What is he succeeding now,  
 Myrtles blooming on his brow,  
 Bright, and blushing, as the morn,  
 Not on earth a mortal born ?  
 Shafts, to pierce the strong I view,  
 Wings, the flying to pursue ;

Victim

Victim of his power, behind  
 Stalks a slave of human kind,  
 Whose disdain of all the free  
 Speaks his mind's captivity.  
 Love's the tyrant, Youth the slave,  
 Youth in vain is wise or brave;  
 Love with conscious pride defies  
 All the brave, and all the wise.  
 Who art thou with anxious mien  
 Stealing o'er the shifting scene?  
 Eyes, with tedious vigils red,  
 Sighs, by doubts and wishes bred,  
 Cautious step, and glancing leer,  
 Speak thy woes, and speak thy fear;  
 Arm in arm, what wretch is he  
 Like thyself, who walks with thee?  
 Like thy own his fears and woes,  
 All thy pangs his bosom knows:  
 Well, too well! my boding breast  
 Knows the names your looks suggest,  
 Anxious, busy, restless pair!  
 Manhood, link'd by Fate to Care.  
 Wretched state! and yet 'tis dear—  
 Fancy, close the prospect here!  
 Close it, or recall the past,  
 Spare my eyes, my heart, the last.  
 Vain the wish! the last appears,  
 While I gaze it swims in tears;

Age

Age—my future self—I trace  
 Moving slow with feeble pace,  
 Bending with disease and cares,  
 All the load of life he bears ;  
 White his locks, his visage wan,  
 Strength, and ease, and hope are gone,  
 Death, the shadowy form I know !  
 Death o'ertakes him, dreadful foe !  
 Swift they vanish—mournful sight,  
 Night succeeds, impervious night !  
 What these dreadful glooms conceal  
 Fancy's glass can ne'er reveal ;  
 When shall time the veil remove ?  
 When shall light the scene improve ?  
 When shall truth my doubts dispel ?  
 Awful period ! who can tell ?



A M O R A L T H O U G H T.

B Y T H E S A M E.

**T**HRO' groves sequester'd, dark and still,  
Low vales, and mossy cells among,  
In silent paths the careless rill,  
Which languid murmurs, steals along:

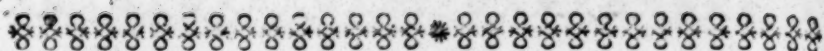
Awhile it plays with circling sweep,  
And lingering leaves its native plains,  
Then pours impetuous down the steep,  
And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide,  
Through silent scenes obscurely calm,  
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,  
Nor honour's sanguinary palm.

When labour tires, and pleasure palls,  
Still let the stream untroubled be,  
As down the steep of age it falls,  
And mingles with eternity.

EPISTLE





EPISTLE FROM LORD WILLIAM RUSSEL, TO  
LORD WILLIAM CAVENDISH\*.

BY GEO. CANNING, ESQ.

**L**OST to the world, to-morrow doom'd to die,  
Still for my country's weal my heart beats high.  
Tho' rattling chains ring peals of horror round,  
While night's black shades augment the savage sound,  
'Midst bolts and bars the active soul is free,  
And flies, unfetter'd, CAVENDISH, to thee.

Thou dear companion of my better days,  
When hand in hand we trod the paths of Praise;  
When, leagu'd with patriots, we maintain'd the cause  
Of true religion, liberty, and laws,  
Disdaining down the golden stream to glide,  
But bravely stemm'd Corruption's rapid tide;  
Think not I come to bid thy tears to flow,  
Or melt thy generous soul with tales of woe?  
No: view me firm, unshaken, undismay'd,  
As when the welcome mandate I obey'd—

\* This epistle is supposed to have been written by Lord RUSSEL, on Friday night, July 20, 1683, in Newgate; that prison having been the place of his confinement for some days immediately preceding his execution.

Heavens!

Heavens! with what pride that moment I recall!  
 Who would not wish, so honour'd, thus to fall!  
 When England's Genius, hovering o'er, inspir'd  
 Her chosen sons, with love of Freedom fir'd,  
 Spite of an abject, servile, pension'd train,  
 Minions of Power, and worshippers of Gain,  
 To save from bigotry its destin'd prey,  
 And shield three nations from tyrannick sway.

'Twas then my CA'NDISH caught the glorious flame;  
 The happy omen of his future fame;  
 Adorn'd by Nature, perfected by Art,  
 The clearest head, and warmest, noblest heart,  
 His words, deep sinking in each captiv'd ear,  
 Had power to make e'en Liberty more dear.

While I, unskill'd in Oratory's lore,  
 Whose tongue ne'er speaks but when the heart runs o'er,  
 In plain blunt phrase my honest thoughts express'd  
 Warm from the heart, and to the heart address'd.

Justice prevail'd: yes Justice, let me say,  
 Well pois'd her scales on that auspicious day.  
 The watchful shepherd spies the wolf afar,  
 Nor trusts his flock to try th' unequal war;  
 What tho' the savage crouch in humble guise,  
 And check the fire that flashes from his eyes,  
 Should once his barbarous fangs the fold invade,  
 Vain were their cries, too late the shepherd's aid,  
 Thirsting for blood, he knows not how to spare,  
 His jaws distend, his fiery eyeballs glare,

White

While ghastly Desolation, stalking round,  
With mangled limbs bestrews the purple ground.

Now, Memory, fail! nor let my mind revolve,  
How England's Peers annull'd the just resolve,  
Against her bosom aim'd a deadly blow,  
And laid at once her great Palladium low!

Degenerate nobles! Yes, by heaven I swear,  
Had BEDFORD's self appear'd delinquent there,  
And join'd, forgetful of his country's claims,  
To thwart the exclusion of apostate JAMES,  
All filial ties had then been left at large,  
And I myself the first to urge the charge.

Such the fix'd sentiments that rule my soul,  
Time cannot change, nor Tyranny controul;  
While free, they hung upon my pensive brow,  
Then my chief care, my pride and glory now;  
Foil'd I submit, nor think the measure hard,  
For conscious Virtue is its own reward.

Vain then is force, and vain each subtile art,  
To wring retraction from my tortur'd heart;  
There lie, in marks indelible engrav'd,  
The means whereby my country must be sav'd;  
Are to thine eyes those characters unknown?  
To read my inmost heart, consult thine own;  
There wilt thou find this sacred truth reveal'd,  
Which shall to-morrow with my blood be seal'd,  
Seek not infirm expedients to explore,  
But banish JAMES, or England is no more.

Friendship

Friendship her tender offices may spare,  
 Nor strive to move the unforgiving pair,  
 Hopeless the tyrant's mercy-seat to climb——  
 Zeal for my country's freedom is my crime!  
 Ere that meets pardon, lambs with wolves shall range,  
 CHARLES be a saint, and JAMES his nature change.

Prefs'd by my friends, and RACHEL's<sup>1</sup> fond desires,

(Who can deny what weeping love requires!)

Frailty prevail'd, and for a moment quell'd

Th' indignant pride that in my bosom swell'd;

I su'd—the weak attempt I blush to own—

I su'd for mercy, prostrate at the throne.

O! blot the foible out, my noble friend,

With human firmness human feelings blend!

When Love's endearments softest moments seize,

And Love's dear pledges hang upon the knees,

When Nature's strongest ties the soul enthrall,

(Thou canst conceive, for thou hast felt them all!)

Let him resist their prevalence who can;

He must indeed, be more or less than man.

Yet let me yield my RACHEL honour due,

The tenderest wife, the noblest heroine too!

Anxious to save her husband's honest name,

Dear was his life, but dearer still his fame!

When suppliant prayers no pardon could obtain,

And, wondrous strange! ev'n BEDFORD's gold prov'd vain,

<sup>1</sup> Lady Rachel Russel, his wife. See her Letters lately published.



The informer's part her generous soul abhorr'd,  
 Though life preserv'd had been the sure reward;  
 Let impious ESCRICK act such treacherous scenes,  
 And shrink from death by such opprobrious means.

O! my lov'd RACHEL! all-accomplish'd fair!  
 Source of my joy, and soother of my care!  
 Whose heavenly virtues, and unfading charms,  
 Have bless'd thro' happy years my peaceful arms!  
 Parting with thee into my cup was thrown;  
 Its harshest dregs else had not forc'd a groan!—  
 But all is o'er—these eyes have gaz'd their last—  
 And now the bitterness of death is past.

BURNET and TILLOTSON, with pious care,  
 My fleeting soul for heavenly bliss prepare,  
 Wide to my view the glorious realms display,  
 Pregnant with joy, and bright with endless day.  
 Charm'd, as of old when Israel's prophet sung,  
 Whose words distill'd like manna from his tongue,  
 While the great bard sublimest truths explor'd,  
 Each ravish'd hearer wonder'd and ador'd;  
 So rapt, so charm'd, my soul begins to rise,  
 Spurns the base earth, and seems to reach the skies.

But when, descending from the sacred theme,  
 Of boundless power, and excellence supreme,  
 They would for man, and his precarious throne,  
 Exact obedience, due to Heaven alone,  
 Forbid resistance to his worst commands,  
 And place God's thunderbolts in mortal hands;

The vision sinks to life's contracted span,  
And rising passion speaks me still a man.

What! shall a tyrant trample on the laws,  
And stop the source whence all his power he draws?  
His country's rights to foreign foes betray,  
Lavish her wealth, yet stipulate for pay?  
To shameful falsehoods venal slaves suborn,  
And dare to laugh the virtuous man to scorn?  
Deride Religion, Justice, Honour, Fame,  
And hardly know of Honesty the name?  
In Luxury's lap lie screen'd from cares and pains,  
And only toil to forge his subjects chains?  
And shall he hope the public voice to drown,  
The voice which gave, and can resume his crown!

When Conscience bares her horrors, and the dread  
Of sudden vengeance, bursting o'er his head,  
Wrings his black soul; when injured nations groan,  
And cries of millions shake his tottering throne;  
Shall flattering churchmen sooth his guilty ears,  
With tortured texts, to calm his growing fears;  
Exalt his power above the Ætherial climes,  
And call down Heaven to sanctify his crimes!

O! impious doctrine!—Servile priests away!  
Your Prince you poison, and your God betray.

Hapless the monarch! who, in evil hour,  
Drinks from your cup the draught of lawless power!  
The magic potion boils within his veins,  
And locks each sense in adamantine chains;

Reason revolts, insatiate thirst ensues,  
 The wild delirium each fresh draught renews;  
 In vain his people urge him to refrain,  
 His faithful servants supplicate in vain;  
 He quaffs at length, impatient of controul,  
 The bitter dregs that lurk within the bowl.

Zeal your pretence, but wealth and power your aims,  
 You ev'n could make a SOLOMON of JAMES.  
 Behold the pedant, thron'd in awkward state,  
 Aborb'd in pride, ridiculously great;  
 His courtiers seem to tremble at his nod,  
 His prelates call his voice the voice of God;  
 Weakness and vanity with them combine,  
 And JAMES believes his majesty divine.  
 Presumptuous wretch! almighty power to scan,  
 While every action proves him less than man.

By your delusions to the scaffold led,  
 Martyr'd by you, a royal CHARLES has bled.  
 Teach then, ye sycophants! O! teach his son,  
 The gloomy paths of tyranny to shun;  
 Teach him to prize Religion's sacred claim,  
 Teach him how Virtue leads to honest fame,  
 How Freedom's wreath a monarch's brows adorns,  
 Nor, basely fawning, plant his couch with thorns.  
 Point to his view his people's love alone,  
 The solid basis of his steadfast throne;  
 Chosen by them their dearest rights to guard,  
 The bad to punish, and the good reward,

Clement

Clement and just let him the sceptre sway,  
 And willing subjects shall with pride obey,  
 Shall vie to execute his high commands,  
 His throne their hearts, his sword and shield their hand.

Happy the Prince! thrice firmly fix'd his crown!  
 Who builds on public good his chaste renown;  
 Studious to bleis, who knows no second aim,  
 His people's interest, and his own the same;  
 The ease of millions rests upon his cares,  
 And thus Heaven's high prerogative he shares.  
 Wide from the throne the blest contagion spreads,  
 O'er all the land its gladdening influence sheds,  
 Faction's discordant sounds are heard no more,  
 And foul Corruption flies the indignant shore.

His ministers with joy their courses run,  
 And borrow lustre from the royal sun.

But should some upstart, train'd in Slavery's school,  
 Learn'd in the maxims of despotic rule,  
 Full fraught with forms, and grave pedantic pride,  
 (Mysterious cloak! the mind's defects to hide!)  
 Sordid in small things, prodigal in great,  
 Saving for minions, squandering for the state——  
 Should such a miscreant, born for England's bane,  
 Obscure the glories of a prosperous reign;  
 Gain, by the semblance of each praiseful art,  
 A pious prince's unsuspecting heart;  
 Envious of worth, and talents not his own,  
 Chase all experienc'd merit from the throne;



To guide the helm a motley crew compose,  
 Servile to him, the king's and country's foes ;  
 Meanly descend each paltry place to fill,  
 With tools of power, and panders to his will ;  
 Brandishing high the scorpion scourge o'er all,  
 Except such slaves as bow the knee to Baal——  
 Should Albion's fate decree the baneful hour——  
 Short be the date of his detested power !  
 Soon may his sovereign break his iron rods,  
 And hear his people ; for their voice is God's !

Cease then your wiles, ye fawning courtiers ! cease,  
 Suffer your rulers to repose in peace ;  
 By Reason led, give proper names to things,  
 God made them men, the people made them kings ;  
 To all their acts but legal powers belong,  
 Thus England's Monarch never can do wrong ;  
 Of right divine let foolish FILMER dream,  
 The public welfare is the law supreme.

Lives there a wretch, whose base, degenerate soul  
 Can crouch beneath a tyrant's stern controul ?  
 Cringe to his nod, ignobly kiss the hand  
 In galling chains that binds his native land ?  
 Purchas'd by gold, or aw'd by slavish fear,  
 Abandon all his ancestors held dear ?  
 Tamely behold that fruit of glorious toil,  
 England's Great Charter made a ruffian's spoil ;  
 Hear, unconcern'd, his injur'd country groan,  
 Nor stretch an arm to hurl him from the throne ?

Let

Let such to Freedom forfeit all their claims,  
And CHARLES's minions be the slaves of JAMES.

But soft awhile——Now CAVENDISH, attend  
The warm effusions of thy dying friend ;  
Fearless who dares his inmost thoughts reveal,  
When thus to Heaven he makes his last appeal.

All-gracious God ! whose goodness knows no bounds !  
Whose power the ample universe surrounds !  
In whose great balance, infinitely just,  
Kings are but men, and men are only dust ;  
At thy tribunal low thy suppliant falls,  
And here condemn'd, on thee for mercy calls !

Thou hear'st not, Lord ! an hypocrite complain,  
And sure with thee hypocrisy were vain ;  
To thy all-piercing eye the heart lies bare,  
Thou know'st my sins, and, knowing, still canst spare !  
Though partial power its ministers may awe,  
And murder here by specious forms of law ;  
The axe, which executes the harsh decree,  
But wounds the flesh, to set the spirit free !  
Well may the man a tyrant's frown despise,  
Who, spurning earth, to heaven for refuge flies ;  
And on thy mercy, when his foes prevail,  
Builds his firm trust ; that rock can never fail !

Hear then, Jehovah ! hear thy servant's prayer !  
Be England's welfare thy peculiar care !  
Defend her laws, her worship chaste, and pure,  
And guard her rights while Heaven and Earth endure !

O let not ever fell tyrannic sway  
 His blood-stain'd standard on her shores display !  
 Nor fiery zeal usurp thy holy name,  
 Blinded with blood, and wrapt in rolls of flame !  
 In vain let Slavery shake her threat'ning chain,  
 And Persecution wave her torch in vain !  
 Arise, O Lord ! and hear thy people's call !  
 Nor for one man let three great kingdoms fall !  
 O ! that my blood may glut the barbarous rage  
 Of Freedom's foes, and England's ills assuage !—  
 Grant but that prayer, I ask for no repeal,  
 A willing victim for my country's weal !  
 With rapturous joy the crimson stream shall flow,  
 And my heart leap to meet the friendly blow !

But should the fiend, tho' drench'd with human gore,  
 Dire Bigotry, insatiate, thirst for more,  
 And, arm'd from Rome, seek this devoted land,  
 Death in her eye, and bondage in her hand—  
 Blast her fell purpose ! blast her foul desires !  
 Break short her sword, and quench her horrid fires !

Raise up some champion, zealous to maintain  
 The sacred compact by which monarchs reign !  
 Wise to foresee all danger from afar,  
 And brave to meet the thunders of the war !  
 Let pure religion, not to forms confin'd,  
 And love of freedom fill his generous mind !  
 Warm let his breast with sparks celestial glow,  
 Benign to man, the tyrant's deadly foe !

While

While sinking nations rest upon his arm,  
 Do thou the great Deliverer shield from harm!  
 Inspire his councils! aid his righteous sword!  
 Till Albion rings with Liberty restor'd!  
 Thence let her years in bright succession run!  
 And Freedom reign coæval with the sun.

'Tis done, my CA'NDISH, Heaven has heard my prayer;  
 So speaks my heart, for all is rapture there.

To Belgia's coast advert thy ravish'd eyes,  
 That happy coast, whence all our hopes arise!  
 Behold the Prince, perhaps thy future king!  
 From whose green years maturest blessings spring;  
 Whose youthful arm, when all-o'erwhelming Power  
 Ruthless march'd forth, his country to devour,  
 With firm-brac'd nerve repell'd the brutal force,  
 And stopp'd th' unwieldy giant in his course.

Great William hail! who sceptres could despise,  
 And spurn a crown with unretorted eyes!  
 O! when will princes learn to copy thee,  
 And leave mankind, as Heaven ordain'd them, free!

Haste, mighty chief! our injur'd rights restore!  
 Quick spread thy sails for Albion's longing shore!  
 Haste, mighty chief! ere millions groan enslav'd;  
 And add three realms to one already saved!  
 While Freedom lives, thy memory shall be dear,  
 And reap fresh honours each returning year;  
 Nations preserv'd shall yield immortal fame,  
 And endless ages bless thy glorious name!



Then shall my CA'NDISH, foremost in the field,  
 By justice arm'd, his sword conspicuous wield;  
 While willing legions crowd around his car,  
 And rush impetuous to the righteous war.  
 On that great day be every chance defy'd,  
 And think thy RUSSEL combats by thy side;  
 Nor, crown'd with victory, cease thy generous toil,  
 Till firmest peace secure this happy isle.

Ne'er let thine honest, open heart believe  
 Professions specious, forg'd but to deceive;  
 Fear may extort them, when resources fail,  
 But O! reject the baseless, flattering tale.  
 Think not that promises or oaths can bind,  
 With solemn ties, a Rome-devoted mind;  
 Which yields to all the holy juggler faith,  
 And deep imbibes the bloody, damning faith.  
 What though the Bigot raise to heaven his eyes,  
 And call th' Almighty witness from the skies!  
 Soon as the wish'd occasion he explores,  
 To plant the Roman cross on England's shores,  
 All, all will vanish, while his priests applaud,  
 And saint the perjurer for the pious fraud.

Far let him fly these freedom-breathing climes,  
 And seek proud Rome, the fosterer of his crimes;  
 There let him strive to mount the Papal chair,  
 And scatter empty thunders in the air,  
 Grimly preside in Superstition's school,  
 And curse those kingdoms he could never rule.

Here

Here let me pause, and bid the world adieu,  
While Heaven's bright mansions open to my view!—

Yet still one care, one tender care remains;  
My bounteous friend, relieve a father's pains!  
Watch o'er my Son, inform his waxen youth,  
And mould his mind to virtue and to truth;  
Soon let him learn fair liberty to prize,  
And envy him, who for his country dies;  
In one short sentence to comprize the whole,  
Transfuse to his the virtues of thy soul.

Preserve thy life, my too, too generous friend,  
Nor seek with mine thy happier fate to blend!  
Live for thy country, live to guard her laws,  
Proceed, and prosper in the glorious cause;  
While I, tho' vanquish'd, scorn the field to fly,  
But boldly face my foes, and bravely die.

Let princely MONMOUTH courtly wiles beware,  
Nor trust too far to fond paternal care;  
Too oft dark deeds deform the midnight cell,  
Heaven only knows how noble Essex fell!  
SIDNEY yet lives, whose comprehensive mind  
Ranges at large through systems unconfin'd;  
Wrapt in himself, he scorns the tyrant's power,  
And hurls defiance even from the tower;  
With tranquil brow awaits th' unjust decree,  
And, arm'd with virtue, looks to follow me.

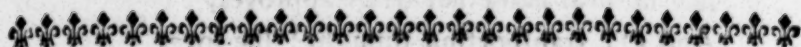
CA'NDISH, farewell! may Fame our names entwine!  
Thro' life I lov'd thee, dying I am thine;

With

With pious rites let dust to dust be thrown,  
And thus inscribe my monumental stone :

- “ Here RUSSEL lies, enfranchis’d by the grave,  
“ He priz’d his birthright, nor would live a slave.  
“ Few were his words, but honest and sincere,  
“ Dear were his friends, his country still more dear ;  
“ In parents, children, wife, supremely blest’d,  
“ But that one passion swallow’d all the rest ;  
“ To guard her freedom was his only pride,  
“ Such was his love, and for that love he dy’d.  
“ Yet fear not thou, when Liberty displays  
“ Her glorious flag, to steer his course to praise ;  
“ For know, (whoe’er thou art that read’st his fate,  
“ And think’st, perhaps, his sufferings were too great,)  
“ Blest’d as he was, at her imperial call,  
“ Wife, children, parents, he resign’d them all ;  
“ Each fond affection then forsook his soul,  
“ And AMOR PATRIÆ occupied the whole ;  
“ In that great cause he joy’d to meet his doom,  
“ Blest’d the keen axe, and triumph’d o’er the tomb.”

The hour draws near—But what are hours to me ?  
Hours, days, and years hence undistinguish’d flee !  
Time, and his glass unheeded pass away,  
Absorb’d, and lost in one vast flood of day !  
On Freedom’s wings my soul is borne on high,  
And soars exulting to its native sky !



A BIRTH-DAY OFFERING TO A  
YOUNG LADY.

F R O M     H E R     L O V E R.

BY THE SAME.

ERE this short winter's day be gone,  
My MARY-ANNE is twenty one.  
Of days still shorter just a Lent,  
Patch'd up from different years, is spent,  
Since her Devoted fairly reckon'd  
The close of year the thirty-second.  
Bending beneath the weight of years,  
Full as infirm as he appears,  
What can a worn-out lover do,  
With twenty-one, at thirty two?  
For such a phrenzy no defence is—  
The girl has clearly lost her senses.

Perhaps deceiv'd by some fond notion,  
Embrac'd in rapture of devotion,  
(I quote such fancies to expose 'em)  
She dreams of bliss in Abraham's bosom;  
And chuses an Antique the rather,  
With better grace to call him father.

Perhaps—but fiction be suppress'd,  
While real joy expands my breast—

My



My faithful flame her heart approves,  
And O! transporting thought! she loves.

When Souls, by impulse sympathetic,  
By intuition most prophetic,  
By feelings, which they cannot smother,  
Leap at first glance to meet each other,  
When each itself in t'other traces,  
What matter for their different cases?  
Of kin, perhaps, in pre-existence,  
Without dull Reason's slow assistance,  
They recollect the happy union,  
And long to recommence communion.  
I must confess that such attraction,  
For ease, convenience, satisfaction,  
Were best if, on deliberation,  
It met with Reason's approbation:  
Not as of absolute dominion,  
To rule by dint of dark opinion;  
Not as a Lord of sovereign sway,  
Whom love must worship and obey;  
But merely as the herd inferior  
May judge the acts of Powers superior;  
As my poor intellect, or thine,  
May scan authority divine—  
In short, I'd have our simple love,  
Not *against* reason, but *above*.

Two birds, suppose, of various feather,  
Hung in one room by chance together.

To airs melodious tune their voices,  
 While each the other's ear rejoices :  
 If, without half a note erroneous,  
 The song be perfectly harmonious,  
 What matter for the forms or ages,  
 Of bills, of feathers, and of cages ?

DEAN SWIFT, whose talent lives no more,  
 His Stella sung at forty-four ;  
 And breath'd an idle wish to split  
 In twain her beauty, years, and wit—  
 Of half her charms he made a proffer  
 For youth ; but Time disdain'd his offer.  
 Far happier I, who well could spare,  
 Of each accomplishment a share,  
 Yet leave an ample store of charms,  
 To bring Elysium to my arms,  
 Am not reduc'd those charms to barter,  
 And cry to heedless Time for quarter—  
 Fly, Sluggard, on thy swiftest wing,  
 My charmer yields not All till Spring !

Then, firm in Constancy's reliance,  
 I bid thy cruel scythe defiance ;  
 Deal when thou wilt the deadly blow,  
 Thou canst but separate below,  
 Thy first can but for moments sever,  
 Thy second re-unites for ever.

Perhaps, suspending mortal rage,  
 By silent sap, and creeping age,

By

By subtle, secret, slow approaches,  
 As mildew on the blade incroaches,  
 Thou hop'st, malignant fiend ! to tame  
 The ardour of love's fiercest flame—  
 Vain shalt thou find thy keenest blast,  
 Bliss once possess'd, thy power is past.  
 Can years, while sense remains, destroy  
 The memory of transcendent joy ?  
 Can years bright Innocence impair ?  
 Can years make Virtue look less fair ?

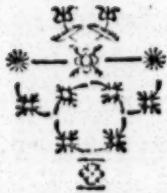
But Beauty, by thy influence curst,  
 May sicken—Tyrant, do thy worst !  
 I know thy power, and am prepar'd  
 To meet thy sharpest darts unscar'd.  
 Though Body, Mind, thou canst controul,  
 Own thy survivor in the Soul ;  
 Whose perfect bliss is not enjoy'd,  
 Till thou art utterly destroy'd.

Ev'n here, as health and beauty fail,  
 While lilies o'er the rose prevail,  
 Long ere thy menac'd ills can harm,  
 Though every hour should steal a charm—  
 Long ere, by twenty stars a day,  
 The spangled Heavens would wear away.

Unconscious of the gradual wane,  
 As years their empire slowly gain,  
 While my ideas, in the race,  
 Observe a due-proportion'd pace,

And

And limbs grow cold, and senses faulter,  
 I sha'n't perceive her Person alter.  
 When Age her dimpled cheek beguiles,  
 And wrinkles plants, instead of smiles,  
 Tho' every Cupid he should smother,  
 I'll think her handsome as their mother.  
 When, steady to his barbarous plan,  
 To spoil my lovely MARY-ANNE,  
 The savage unrelenting creature  
 Has robb'd her face of every feature,  
 And, to conceptions merely common,  
 My charmer seems a plain old woman,  
 Still in my heart she'll hold her throne,  
 Still in my eyes be twenty-one.







LABOUR AND GENIUS:  
OR, THE MILL-STREAM, AND THE CASCADE.  
A F A B L E.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1762, AND INSCRIBED TO THE  
LATE WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

BY RICHARD JAGO, A. M.

NATURE, with lib'ral hand, dispenses,  
Her apparatus of the senses,  
In articles of gen'ral use,  
Nerves, sinews, muscles, bones profuse,  
Distinguishing her fav'rite race,  
With form erect, and featur'd face:  
The flowing hair, the polish'd skin—  
But, for the furniture within,  
Whether it be of brains, or lead,  
What matters it, so there's a head?  
For wisest noddle seldom goes,  
But as 'tis lead by corp'ral nose.  
Nor is it thinking much, but doing,  
That keeps our tenements from ruin.

And

Vol

And hundreds eat, who spin, or knit,  
For one that lives by dint of wit.

The sturdy thresher plies his flail,  
And what to this doth Wit avail?  
Who learns from Wit to press the spade?  
Or thinks 'twou'd mend the cobbler's trade?  
The pedlar, with his cumb'rous pack,  
Carries his brains upon his back.  
Some wear them in full-bottom'd wig,  
Or hang them by with queue, or pig.  
Reduc'd, till they return again,  
In dishabille, to common men.  
Then, why my friend, is Wit so rare?  
'Cause only fit to make folk stare.  
A Meteor's blaze, a raree-show—  
Say what it is, for well you know.  
Or, if you can with patience hear  
A witless fable, lend an ear.

Betwixt two sloping verdant hills,  
A current pour'd its careless rills,  
Which unambitious crept along,  
With weeds, and matted grass o'erhung.  
Till *rural Genius*, on a day,  
Chancing along its banks to stray,  
Remark'd with penetrating look  
The latent merits of the brook,  
Much griev'd to see such talents hid,  
And thus the dull by-standers chid.

How blind is man's incurious race,  
 The scope of Nature's plans to trace?  
 How do ye mangle half her charms,  
 And fright her hourly with alarms?  
 Disfigure now her swelling mounds,  
 And now contract her spacious bounds?  
 Fritter her fairest lawns to alleys,  
 Bare her green hills, and hide her valleys?  
 Confine her streams with rule and line,  
 And counteract her whole design?  
 Neglecting, where she points the way,  
 Her easy dictates to obey?  
 To bring her hidden worth to light;  
 And place her charms in fairest light?

Alike to intellectuals blind,  
 'Tis thus you treat the youthful mind.  
 Mistaking Gravity for Sense,  
 For dawn of Wit, Impertinence.

The boy of genuine parts, and merit,  
 For some unlucky prank of spirit,  
 Is whipp'd with stupid rage from school,  
 And branded with the name of fool,  
 Because his active blood flow'd faster  
 Than the dull puddle of his master.  
 While the slow plodder trots along,  
 Thro' thick and thin, thro' prose and song,  
 Insensible of all their graces,  
 But learn'd in words, and common phrases:

'Till

m S  
 Rale p

'Till in due time he's mov'd to College,  
To ripen these choice feeds of knowledge.

So some taste-pedant, wond'rous wise,  
Exerts his genius in dirt-pies.  
Delights the tonsile yew to raise,  
But hates your laurels, and your bays,  
Because too rambling, and luxuriant,  
Like forward youths, of brains too prurient.  
Makes puns, and anagrams in box,  
And turns his trees to bears, and cocks.  
Excels in quaint jette-d'eau, or fountain,  
Or leads his stream across a mountain,  
To shew its shallowness, and pride,  
In a broad grin, on t'other side.  
Perverting all the rules of sense,  
Which never offers violence,  
But gently leads where Nature tends,  
Sure, with applause, to gain its ends.

But one example may teach more,  
Than precepts hackney'd o'er, and o'er.  
Then mark this rill, with weeds o'erhung,  
Unnotic'd by the vulgar throng!  
Ev'n this, conducted by my laws,  
Shall rise to fame, attract applause;  
Instruct in <sup>m</sup> fable, shine in song,  
And be the theme of every tongue.

<sup>m</sup> See fable XLI. and LI. in Doddsley's new-invented fables, and many  
other pieces printed in the public papers.



He said : and, to his fav'rite son,  
 Consign'd the task, and will'd it done.

Damon his counsel wisely weigh'd,  
 And carefully the scene survey'd.  
 And, tho' it seems he said but little,  
 He took his meaning to a tittle.  
 And first his purpose to befriend,  
 A bank he rais'd at th' upper end :  
 Compact, and close its outward side,  
 To stay, and swell the gath'ring tide ;  
 But, on its inner, rough and tall,  
 A ragged cliff, a rocky wall.  
 The channel next he op'd to view,  
 And, from its course the rubbish drew.  
 Enlarg'd it now, and now, with line  
 Oblique pursu'd his fair design.  
 Preparing here the mazy way,  
 And there the fall for sportive play.  
 The precipice abrupt, and steep,  
 The pebbled road and cavern deep.  
 The rooty seat, where best to view  
 The fairy scene, at distance due.  
 He last invok'd the Dryads aid,  
 And fring'd the borders round with shade.  
 Tap'stry, by Nature's fingers wove,  
 No mimic, but a real grove :  
 Part hiding, part admitting day,  
 The scene to grace the future play.

Damon

Damon perceives, with ravish'd eyes,  
 The beautiful enchantments rise.  
 Sees sweetly blended shade, and light,  
 Sees ev'ry part with each unite.  
 Sees each, as he directs, assume  
 A livelier dye, or deeper gloom.  
 So, fashion'd by the painter's skill,  
 New forms the glowing canvas fill.  
 So, to the summer's sun, the rose,  
 And Jessamin their charms disclose.

While, all intent on this retreat,  
 He saw his fav'rite work complete,  
 Divine enthusiasm seiz'd his breast,  
 And thus his transport he express'd.  
 " Let others toil, for wealth, or pow'r,  
 I court the sweetly-vacant hour :  
 Down life's smooth current calmly glide,  
 Nor vex'd with cares, nor rack'd with pride.  
 Give me, O Nature ! to explore  
 Thy lovely charms, I ask no more.  
 For thee I fly from vulgar eyes,  
 For thee I vulgar cares despise.  
 For thee Ambition's charms resign,  
 Accept a vot'ry wholly thine.

Yet still let Friendship's joys be near,  
 Still, on these plains, her train appear,  
 By Learning's sons my haunts be trod,  
 And Stamford's feet imprint my sod.

For Stamford oft hath deign'd to stray  
 Around my Leasow's flow'ry way.  
 And, where his honour'd steps have rov'd,  
 Oft have his gifts those scenes improv'd.  
 To him I'll dedicate my cell,  
 To him suspend the votive spell.  
 His name shall heighten ev'ry charm,  
 His name protect my groves from harm,  
 Protect my harmless sport from blame,  
 And turn Obscurity to fame."  
 He spake. His hand the pencil guides,  
 And <sup>n</sup> Stamford o'er the scene presides.  
 'The proud device, with borrow'd grace,  
 Conferr'd new lustre on the place :  
 As books, by dint of dedication,  
 Enjoy their patron's reputation.

Now, launching from its lofty shore,  
 'The loosen'd stream began to roar :  
 As headlong, from the rocky mound,  
 It rush'd into the vast profound,  
 'There check'd awhile, again it flow'd  
 Glitt'ring along the channel'd road :  
 From steep to steep, a frequent fall,  
 Each diff'rent, and each natural.  
 Obstructing roots, and rocks between,  
 Diversify th' enchanted scene.

\* The scene here referr'd to is inscribed to the right honourable the earl of Stamford.

While winding now, and intricate,  
 Now more develop'd, and in state,  
 Th' united stream, with rapid force,  
 Pursues amain its downward course,  
 Till at your feet absorb'd, it hides  
 Beneath the ground its bustling tides.

With prancing steeds, and liv'ried trains,  
 Soon daily shone the bord'ring plains.  
 And distant sounds foretold th' approach  
 Of frequent chaise, and crowded coach.  
 For sons of Taste, and daughters fair,  
 Hastened the sweet surprise to share:  
 While ° Hagley wonder'd at their stay,  
 And hardly brook'd the long delay.

Not distant far below, a mill  
 Was built upon a neighb'ring rill:  
 Whose pent-up stream, whene'er let loose,  
 Impell'd a wheel, close at its sluice,  
 So strongly, that, by friction's pow'r,  
 'Twou'd grind the firmest grain to flow'r.  
 Or, by a correspondence new,  
 With hammers, and their clatt'ring crew,  
 Wou'd so bestir her active stumps,  
 On iron-blocks, tho' arrant lumps,  
 That, in a trice, she'd manage matters,  
 To make 'em all as smooth as platters.

• The seat of the right honourable Lord Lyttelton.



Or slit a bar to rods quite taper,  
 With as much ease as you'd cut paper.  
 For, tho' the lever gave the blow,  
 Yet it was lifted from below;  
 And wou'd for ever have lain still,  
 But for the bustling of the rill;  
 Who, from her stately pool, or Ocean,  
 Put all the wheels, and posts in motion;  
 Things in their nature very quiet,  
 Tho' making all this noise and riot.

This stream, that could in toil excell,  
 Began with foolish pride to swell:  
 Piqu'd at her neighbour's reputation,  
 And thus express'd her indignation.

“ Madam! methinks you're vastly proud,  
 You was'n't us'd to talk so loud.  
 Nor cut such capers in your pace,  
 Marry! what anticks, what grimace!  
 For shame! don't give yourself such airs,  
 In flaunting down those hideous stairs.  
 Nor put yourself in such a flutter,  
 Whate'er you do, you dirty gutter!  
 I'd have you know, you upstart minx!  
 Ere you were form'd, with all your sinks,  
 A lake I was, compar'd with which,  
 Your stream is but a paltry ditch;  
 And still, on honest labour bent,  
 I ne'er a single flash mispent.

And

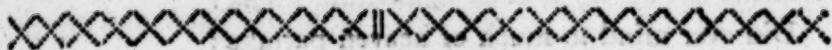
And yet no folks of high degree,  
 Wou'd e'er vouchsafe to visit me,  
 As, in their coaches, by they rattle,  
 Forsooth! to hear your idle prattle.  
 Tho' half the business of my flooding  
 Is to provide them cakes and pudding:  
 Or furnish stuff for many a trinket,  
 Which, tho' so fine, you scarce wou'd think it,  
 When <sup>P</sup> Boulton's skill has fix'd their beauty,  
 To my rough toil first ow'd their duty.  
 But I'm plain Goody of the Mill;  
 And you are—Madam Cascadille!"

"Dear Coz, reply'd the beauteous torrent,  
 Pray do not discompose your current.  
 That we all from one fountain flow,  
 Hath been agreed on long ago.  
 Varying our talents and our tides,  
 As chance, or education guides.  
 That I have either note, or name,  
 I owe to him who gives me fame.  
 Who teaches all our kind to flow,  
 Or gaily swift, or gravely slow.  
 Now in the lake, with glassy face,  
 Now moving light, with dimpled grace.  
 Now gleaming from the rocky height,  
 Now, in rough eddies, foaming white.

<sup>P</sup> A very ingenious, and eminent merchant in Birmingham.

Nor

Nor envy me the gay, or great,  
 That visit my obscure retreat.  
 None wonders that a clown can dig,  
 But 'tis some art to dance a jig.  
 Your talents are employ'd for use,  
 Mine to give pleasure, and amuse.  
 And tho', dear Coz, no folks of taste  
 Their idle hours with you will waste,  
 Yet many a grist comes to your mill,  
 Which helps your master's bags to fill.  
 While I, with all my notes, and trilling,  
 For Damon never got a shilling.  
 Then, gentle Coz, forbear your clamours,  
 Enjoy your hoppers, and your hammers:  
 We gain our ends by different ways,  
 And you get bread, and I get—praise.



MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF A  
YOUNG LADY.

BY CUTHBERT SHAW.

**Y**ET do I live! O how shall I sustain  
This vast unutterable weight of woe?  
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,  
Or all the complicated ills below—  
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,  
Is gone—for ever fled—  
My dearest EMMA's dead;  
These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall:  
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,  
She lives—but (cruel thought!) she lives for me no more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day  
Remov'd, wou'd languish for my charmer's sight,  
Wou'd chide the lingering moments for delay,  
And fondly blame the slow return of night;  
How, how shall I endure  
(O misery past a cure!)  
Hours, days, and years successively to roll,  
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was



Was she not all my fondest wish could frame ?  
 Did ever mind so much of heaven partake ?  
 Did she not love me with the purest flame,  
 And give up friends and fortune for my sake ?  
 Though mild as evening skies,  
 With downcast, streaming eyes,  
 Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,  
 Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train,  
 (No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)  
 Teach me each moving melancholy strain,  
 And O discard the pageantry of phrase :  
 Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine !  
 Thus, haply, as I paint  
 The source of my complaint,  
 My soul may own the impassion'd line ;  
 A flood of tears may gush to my relief,  
 And from my swelling heart discharge this load of grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear  
 To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell ;  
 " How good she was, how gentle, and how fair !"  
 In pity cease—alas ! I know too well :  
 How, in her sweet expressive face  
 Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,  
 Yet heighten'd by exterior grace  
 Of manners most engaging, most refin'd :

No piteous object could she see,  
 But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,  
 Whilst smiles of affability  
 Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.  
 Whate'er the emotions of her heart,  
 Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,  
 Stranger to every female art,  
 Alike to feign, or to disguise :  
 And O the boast how rare !  
 The secret in her faithful breast repos'd,  
 She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,  
 In sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there.  
 O feeble words—unable to express  
 Her matchless virtues, or my own distress !

Relentless Death ! that, steel'd to human woe,  
 With murderous hands deals havock on mankind,  
 Why (cruel !) strike this deprecated blow,  
 And leave such wretched multitudes behind ?  
 Hark ! Groans come wing'd on every breeze !  
 The sons of Grief prefer their ardent vow ;  
 Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,  
 And supplicate thy aid, as I do now :  
 In vain—Perverse, still on the unweeting head  
 'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed ;  
 Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,  
 And drench in tears the face of joy.

But

But oh ! fell tyrant ! yet expect the hour  
 When Virtue shall renounce thy power ;  
 When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,  
 Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway,  
 Alas ! the day—where-'e'er I turn my eyes, |

Some sad memento of my loss appears ;  
 I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,  
 Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears :

But, ah ! In vain—no change of time or place  
 The memory can efface  
 Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,  
 Now lost ; and nought remains but anguish and despair.

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh where !

Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep !  
 Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,  
 She had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep :  
 Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,  
 To see her force the endearing smile,  
 My sorrows to beguile,

When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd ;  
 Sure they had warded that untimely dart,  
 Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's heart.  
 How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,  
 When feeling Death's resistless power,  
 My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,  
 And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears !

“ Ah,

“ Ah, my lov’d lord, the transient scene is o’er,  
 “ And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!  
 “ But oh! if e’er thy EMMA’s name was dear,  
 “ If e’er thy vows have charm’d my ravish’d ear;  
 “ If, from thy lov’d embrace my heart to gain,  
 “ Proud friends have frown’d, and Fortune smil’d in vain,  
 “ If it has been my sole endeavour, still  
 “ To act in all, obsequious to thy will;  
 “ To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,  
 “ Then only truly blest when thou wert so:  
 “ If I have doted with that fond excess,  
 “ Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less;  
 “ If this I’ve done, and more—oh then be kind  
 “ To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.  
 “ When time my once-lov’d memory shall efface,  
 “ Some happier maid may take thy EMMA’s place,  
 “ With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,  
 “ And hate it for the love thou bore to me:  
 “ My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman’s fears,  
 “ But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)  
 “ Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,  
 “ (Oft have I try’d, and ever found thee true)  
 “ That to some distant spot thou wilt remove  
 “ This fatal pledge of hapless EMMA’s love,  
 “ Where safe, thy blandishments it may partake,  
 “ And oh! be tender for its mother’s sake.  
 “ Wilt thou?——  
 “ I know thou wilt——sad silence speaks assent,  
 “ And in that pleasing hope thy EMMA dies content,”

I, wha



I, who with more than manly strength have bore  
 The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,  
 Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,

But sink beneath the weight :

Just Heaven (I cry'd) from Memory's earliest day  
 No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,  
 Misfortune still with unrelenting sway

Has claim'd me for her own.

But O——in pity to my grief, restore  
 This only source of bliss ; I ask—I ask no more——  
 Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,  
 Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last——  
 Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,  
 And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,

How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow !

With impious wish to tear her from the skies ;

How curse my fate in bitterness of woe !

But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead ?

Fond man, forbear,

Thy fruitless sorrow spare,

Dare not to task what Heaven's high will decreed ;

In humble reverence kiss th' afflictive rod,

And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,

Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach ;

To wean thy heart from groveling views below,

And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach :

To shew that all the flattering schemes of joy,  
 Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,  
 One fatal moment can destroy,  
 And plunge th' exulting Maniac in despair.  
 Then O! with pious fortitude sustain  
 Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain;  
 Nor let thy EMM A die in vain;  
 Time shall administer its wonted balm,  
 And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate  
 Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,  
 Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,  
 Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:  
 But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,  
 No more it pants and rages for the plain;  
 Moping awhile, in sullen mood  
 Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,  
 Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,  
 And meditates the song:  
 Serenely forrowing, breathes its piteous case,  
 And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven—yet—yet the tears will flow,  
 To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!  
 My budding joys just promising to blow,  
 All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!

Vol. III.

Q

My

My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,  
 Move heavily along ;  
 Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song ;  
 Time creeps unconscious of delight :  
 How shall I cheat the tedious day ?  
 And O—the joyless night !  
 Where shall I rest my weary head ?  
 How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed ?

Come, † Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,  
 To my torn heart its former peace restore ;  
 Thy votary wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,  
 Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore :  
 Haply when lock'd in Sleep's embrace,  
 Again I shall behold my EMMA's face ;  
 Again with transport hear  
 Her voice soft whispering in my ear ;  
 May steal once more a balmy kiss,  
 And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But ah ! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light  
 Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,  
 Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,  
 And wake me to the sense of all my woes :  
 If to the verdant fields I stray,  
 Alas ! what pleasures now can these convey ?

† Laudanum.

Her

Her lovely form pursues where-e'er I go,  
 And darkens all the scene with woe.  
 By Nature's lavish bounties chear'd no more,  
 Sorrowing I rove  
 Thro' valley, grot, and grove ;  
 Nought can their beauties or my loss restore ;  
 No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,  
 And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,  
 Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,  
 With lenient hand support my drooping head,  
 Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?  
 Should worldly business call away,  
 Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,  
 Count every minute of the loitering day,  
 Impatient for my quick return?  
 Should aught my bosom discompose,  
 Who now with sweet complacent air,  
 Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,  
 And soften all my woes?  
 Too faithful Memory—Cease, O cease—  
 How shall I e'er regain my peace?  
 (O to forget her)—but how vain each art,  
 Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart,

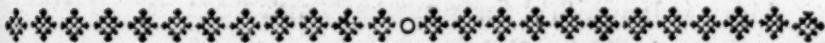
And thou, my little cherub, left behind,  
 To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,  
 When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,  
 And thy sweet-lisping tongue shall ask the cause,



How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,  
 When, twining round my knees, I trace  
 Thy mother's smile upon thy face ?  
 How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore  
 Sad memory of my joys—ah now no more !  
 By blessings once enjoy'd now more distressed,  
 More beggar by the riches once possess'd.  
 My little darling ! —dearer to me grown  
 By all the tears thou'st caus'd—(O strange to hear !)  
 Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,  
 Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier :  
 Who now shall seek with fond delight,  
 Thy infant steps to guide aright ?  
 She, who with doating eyes, would gaze  
 On all thy little artless ways,  
 By all thy soft endearments blest,  
 And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,  
 Alas ! is gone—Yet shalt thou prove  
 A father's dearest, tenderest love ;  
 And O sweet senseless smiler (envied state !)  
 As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,  
 When years thy judgment shall mature,  
 And Reason shews those ills it cannot cure,  
 Wilt thou, a father's grief to assuage,  
 For virtue prove the Phoenix of the earth ?  
 (Like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth)  
 And be the comfort of my age !

When

When sick and languishing I lie,  
Wilt thou my EMMA's wonted care supply ?  
And oft, as, to thy listening ear,  
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,  
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,  
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell ?  
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,  
Whene'er thou feelt the soft distress,  
Which I would vainly seek to hide,  
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less ?  
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,  
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy ?



AN EVENING ADDRESS TO A NIGHTINGALE.

BY THE SAME.

SWEET bird ! that kindly perching near,  
Pour'st thy plaints melodious in mine ear,  
Not, like base-worldlings, tutor'd to forego  
The melancholy haunts of Woe,  
Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain :——  
For surely, thou hast known to prove,  
Like me, the pangs of hapless love,  
Else why so feelingly complain,  
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove ?

Q3

Say,

When

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,  
 That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung ?  
 Or has the cruel hand of Fate  
 Bereft thee of thy darling young ?

Alas, for BOTH, I weep ———

In all the pride of youthful charms,  
 A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms !  
 A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,  
 And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,  
 At once the source of rapture and distress,  
 The flattering prop of my declining years !  
 In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,  
 By every art that Science could devise,  
 Alas ! it languish'd for a mother's aid,  
 And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies—  
 Then O our comforts be the same,  
 At evening's peaceful hour,  
 To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,  
 And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why alas ! to thee complain !  
 To thee—unconscious of my pain !  
 Soon shalt THOU cease to mourn thy lot severe,  
 And hail the dawning of a happier year :  
 The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring  
 Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing ;  
 Again thy little heart shall transport prove,  
 Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love :

But

But O for ME in vain may seasons roll,  
 Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,  
 Deploing still the COMFORT OF MY SOUL,  
 I court my sorrows by encreasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,  
 Where is the promis'd period of my woes?  
 Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,  
 And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:  
 O what delusion did thy tongue employ!  
 " That EMMA's fatal pledge of love,  
 " Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,  
 " The bitterness of sorrow should remove,  
 " Soften the horrors of despair,  
 " And cheer a heart long lost to joy!"

How oft, when fondling in mine arms,  
 Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,  
 My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,  
 And burn with all a father's fond alarms!  
 And O what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd,  
 How did I rave of blessings yet in store!  
 Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,  
 And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could utter  
 more.——

" Just Heaven, I cry'd"——with recent hopes elate,  
 " Yet I will live—will live, tho' EMMA's dead——  
 " So long bow'd down beneath the storms of Fate,  
 " Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!

" My



- “ My little EMMA, now my ALL,  
“ Will want a father's care,  
“ Her looks, her wants my rash resolves recal,  
“ And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear :  
“ And oft together we'll complain,  
“ Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know,  
“ From me, my child shall learn the mournful strain,  
“ And prattle tales of woe ;  
“ And O in that auspicious hour,  
“ When Fate resigns her persecuting power,  
“ With duteous zeal her hand shall close,  
“ No more to weep—my sorrow-streaming eyes,  
“ When death gives misery repose,  
“ And opes a glorious passage to the skies.”

Vain thought ! it must not be——She too is dead——  
The flattering scene is o'er,——  
My hopes for ever—ever fled——  
And vengeance can no more——  
Crush'd by misfortune—blasted by disease——  
And none—none left to bear a friendly part !  
To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,  
Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart !  
Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,  
With lenient hand (O falsely deem'd severe)  
Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,  
And dry up every tear :

Perhaps,

Perhaps, obsequious to my will,  
 But ah! from my affections far remov'd!  
 The last sad office strangers may fulfil,  
 As if I ne'er had been belov'd;  
 As if, unconscious of poetic fire,  
 I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;  
 As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,  
 Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet — while this weary life shall last,  
 While yet my tongue can form th' impassion'd strain,  
 In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,  
 And dwell with fond delay on blessings past:  
 For O how grateful to a wounded heart,  
 The tale of misery to impart!  
 From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,  
 And raise esteem upon the base of woe!  
 Even HEr, the noblest of the tuneful throng,  
 Shall deign my love lorn tale to hear,  
 Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,  
 And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

\* Lord Lyttelton.

PROLOGUE



P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, APRIL 5. MDCCL. BEFORE  
THE MASQUE OF COMUS, ACTED AT DRURY-LANE,  
FOR THE BENEFIT OF MILTON'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

**Y**E patriot crowds, who burn for England's fame,  
Ye nymphs, whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,  
Whose generous zeal, unbought by flattering rhymes,  
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;  
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,  
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise!  
Let Wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage  
With close Malevolence, or public Rage;  
Let Study, worn with Virtue's fruitless lore,  
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.  
This night, distinguish'd by your smile, shall tell,  
That never Briton can in vain excel;  
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,  
And rising ages hasten to be just.

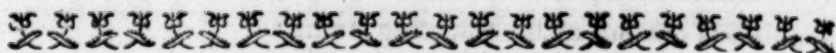
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays  
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;  
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,  
Yields to Renown the centuries to come.

With

With ardent haste, each candidate of Fame  
 Ambitious catches at his towering name:  
 He sees, and pitying sees, vain Wealth bestow  
 Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below.  
 While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,  
 Or trace his form on circulating gold,  
 Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,  
 And Want hung threatening o'er her slow decay.  
 What tho' she shine with no Miltonian fire,  
 No favouring muse her morning dreams inspire?  
 Yet softer claims the melting heart engage;  
 Her youth laborious, and her blameless age:  
 Her's the mild merits of domestic life;  
 The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.  
 Thus grac'd with humble Virtue's native charms,  
 Her grandfire leaves her in Britannia's arms,  
 Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,  
 While tutelary nations guard her cell.  
 Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!  
 'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave!







THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

SUPPOSED BY THE SAME.

O Phœbus! down the western sky  
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,  
Thy light to distant worlds supply,  
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle Eve, the friend of Care,  
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!  
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,  
And chear me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground  
Her living carpet Nature spreads;  
Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,  
In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,  
Let music die along the grove;  
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,  
And every strain be tun'd to Love.

Come,

Come, STELLA, queen of all my heart !  
Come, born to fill its vast desires !  
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,  
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

While, all my wish and thine complete,  
By turns we languish and we burn,  
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,  
Our murmurs, murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when Nature calls to rest,  
And blushing skies the morn foretell,  
Sink on the down of STELLA's breast,  
And bid the waking world farewell.



A U T U M N: A N O D E.

B Y T H E S A M E.

A LAS! with swift and silent pace  
Impatient Time rolls on the year,  
The Seasons change, and Nature's face  
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,  
 Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow,  
 The flowers of Spring are swept away,  
 And Summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,  
 And wanton'd on the western breeze,  
 Now trod in dust, neglected lie,  
 As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,  
 As russet heaths are wild and bare;  
 Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain;  
 Nor Health, nor Pleasure, wanders there.

No more, while thro' the midnight shade,  
 Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,  
 Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,  
 As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,  
 O! would some God but wings supply!  
 To where each morn the Spring restores,  
 Companion of her flight, I'd fly.

Vain wish! me, Fate compels to bear  
 The downward Season's iron reign,  
 Compels to breath polluted air,  
 And shiver on a blasted plain.

What

What blifs to life can Autumn yield,  
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail,  
And Ceres flies the naked field,  
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet  
To chear me in the darkening hour?  
The Grape remains! the friend of Wit,  
In Love and Mirth of mighty power.

Haste, prefs the cluſters, fill the bowl—  
Apollo! ſhoot thy parting ray;  
This gives the funſhine of the ſoul,  
This, God of Health, and Verſe, and Day.

Still, ſtill, the jocund ſtrain ſhall flow,  
The pulſe with vigorous rapture beat;  
My STELLA with new charms ſhall glow,  
And every blifs in wine ſhall meet.

WINTER :





W I N T E R: A N O D E.

BY THE SAME.

**N**O more the morn with tepid rays  
Unfolds the flower of various hue ;  
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,  
Nor gentle eve distills the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,  
Usurping Darknefs shares the day,  
Her mists restrain the force of light,  
And Phœbus holds a doubtful fway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,  
With sighs we view the hoary hill,  
The leafless wood, the naked field,  
The snow-topt cott, the frozen rill.

No music warbles thro' the grove,  
No vivid colours paint the plain ;  
No more with devious steps I rove  
Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud

Vol. I

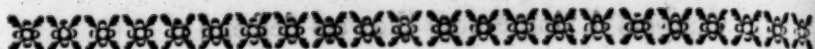
Aloud the driving tempest roars,  
Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;  
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,  
Fate leaves me STELLA, and a friend.

In Nature's aid let Art supply  
With light and heat my little sphere;  
Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,  
Light up a constellation here.

Let Music sound the voice of joy!  
Or Mirth repeat the jocund tale;  
Let Love his wanton wiles employ,  
And o'er the Season Wine prevail.

Yet Time Life's dreary Winter brings,  
When Mirth's gay tale shall please no more,  
Nor Music charm, tho' STELLA sings,  
Nor Love nor Wine the Spring restore.

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,  
Improve each moment as it flies;  
Life's a short Summer, man a flower,  
He dies! alas! how soon he dies!



T H E   W I N T E R ' s   W A L K .

BY THE SAME.

**B**EHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,  
What dreary prospects round us rise;  
The naked hill, the leafless grove,  
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

Nor only through the wasted plain,  
Stern Winter, is thy force confess'd;  
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,  
I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening Hope and fond Desire  
Resign the heart to Spleen and Care;  
Scarce frightened Love maintains her fire,  
And Rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,  
Unhappy man! behold thy doom,  
Still changing with the changeful year,  
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,  
 With mental and corporeal strife;  
 Snatch me, my STELLA, to thy arms,  
 And screen me from the ills of Life.



A S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

NOT the soft sighs of vernal gales,  
 The fragrance of the flowery vales,  
 The murmurs of the chrystal rill,  
 The vocal grove, the verdant hill;  
 Not all their charms, tho' all unite,  
 Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,  
 Not all Peru's unbounded store,  
 Not all the power, nor all the fame,  
 That heroes, kings, or poets claim;  
 Nor knowledge which the learn'd approve,  
 To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet Nature's charms allure my eyes,  
 And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;

R 2

Fame,



Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,  
 Nor seek I Nature's charms in vain;  
 In lovely STELLA all combine,  
 And, lovely STELLA! thou art mine.



A N E V E N I N G O D E.

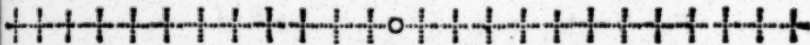
T O S T E L L A.

B Y T H E S A M E.

**E**VENING now, from purple wings,  
 Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;  
 Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,  
 Cooling breezes shake the reed;  
 Shake the reed, and curl the stream  
 Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;  
 Near the checquer'd, lonely grove,  
 Hears and keeps thy secrets, Love.  
 STELLA, thither let us stray!  
 Lightly o'er the dewy way,  
 Phœbus drives his burning car,  
 Hence, my lovely STELLA, far;  
 In his stead, the Queen of Night  
 Round us pours a lambent light;

Light

Light, that serves but just to shew  
 Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow;  
 Let us now, in whisper'd joy,  
 Evening's silent hours employ,  
 Silence best, and conscious shades  
 Please the hearts that Love invades.  
 Other pleasures give them pain,  
 Lovers all but Love disdain.



# THE VANITY OF WEALTH: AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

**N**O more thus brooding o'er yon heap,  
 With Avarice painful vigils keep,  
 Still unenjoy'd the present store,  
 Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.  
 O quit the shadow, catch the prize,  
 Which not all India's treasure buys!  
 To purchase Heaven has gold the power?  
 Can gold remove the mortal hour?  
 In life can Love be bought with gold?  
 Are Friendship's pleasures to be sold?  
 No—all that's worth a wish, a thought,  
 Fair Virtue gives, unbrib'd, unbought,

R 3

Cease

Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,  
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With Science tread the wonderous way,  
Or learn the Muse's moral lay;  
In social hours indulge thy soul,  
Where Mirth and Temperance mix the bowl;  
To virtuous Love resign thy breast,  
And be by blessing Beauty blest.

Thus taste the feast by Nature spread,  
Ere Youth, and all its joys are fled;  
Come, taste with me the balm of life,  
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.  
I boast, whate'er for man was meant,  
In health, and STELLA, and content;  
And scorn! oh! let that scorn be thine!  
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.





T O M I S S —,

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICORD IN A ROOM  
HUNG WITH SOME FLOWER-PIECES OF HER OWN  
PAINTING.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN STELLA strikes the tuneful string  
In scenes of imitated Spring,  
Where beauty lavishes her powers,  
On beds of never-fading flowers,  
And Pleasure propagates around  
Each charm of modulated sound,  
Ah! think not, in the dangerous hour,  
The Nymph fictitious, as the flower;  
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,  
Nor tempt the snares of wily love.

When charms thus press on every sense,  
What thought of flight, or of defence?  
Deceitful Hope, and vain Desire,  
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,  
Delighting, as the youth draws nigh,  
To point the glances of her eye,

R 4

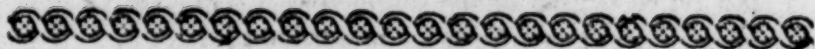
And



And forming, with unerring art,  
New chains to hold the captive heart.

But on these regions of delight,  
Might Truth intrude with daring flight,  
Could STELLA, sprightly, fair, and young,  
One moment hear the moral song,  
Instruction with her flowers might spring,  
And Wisdom warble from her string.

Mark, when from thousand mingled dyes,  
Thou seest one pleasing form arise,  
How active light, and thoughtful shade,  
In greater scenes each other aid;  
Mark, when the different notes agree  
In friendly contrariety,  
How passion's well-accorded strife,  
Gives all the harmony of life,  
Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,  
Consistent still, though not the same,  
Thy music teach the nobler art  
To tune the regulated heart.



## T O M Y R T I L I S.

## THE NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

MADAM,

**L**ONG have I look'd my tablets o'er,  
 And find I've much to thank you for,  
 Out-standing debts beyond account;  
 And new—who knows to what amount?  
 Tho' small my wealth, not small my soul:  
 Come then, at once I'll pay the whole.

Ye Pow'rs! I'm rich, and will command  
 The host of slaves that round me stand;  
 Come, Indian, quick disclose thy store,  
 And hither bring Peruvian ore;  
 Let yonder negroe pierce the main,  
 The choicest, largest pearl to gain;  
 Let all my slaves their arts combine  
 To make the blushing ruby mine,  
 From eastern thrones the diamonds bear  
 To sparkle at her breast and ear.  
 Swift, Scythian, point th' unerring dart  
 That strikes the Ermine's little heart,  
 And search for choicest furs the globe,  
 To make my MYRTILIS a robe.

Ah, no: Yon Indian will not go.  
 No Scythian deigns to bend his bow.

No

No sullen negroe shoots the flood.  
 How, slaves! — Or am I understood!  
 All, all, my empty power disown,  
 I turn, and find myself alone;  
 'Tis Fancy's vain illusion all,  
 Nor Moor nor Scythian waits my call.  
 Can I command, can I consign?  
 Alas, what earthly thing is mine!

Come then, my Muse, companion dear  
 Of poverty, and soul sincere,  
 Come dictate to my grateful mind  
 A gift that may acceptance find;  
 Come, gentle Muse, and with thee bear  
 An offering worthy thee and her;  
 And tho' thy presents be but poor,  
 My MYRTILIS will ask no more.  
 An heart that scorns a shameful thing,  
 With love and verse, is all I bring,  
 Of love and verse the gift receive,  
 'Tis all thy servant has to give.

If all whate'er my verse has told,  
 Golconda's gems, and Afric's gold;  
 If all were mine from pole to pole,  
 How large her share who shares my soul?  
 But more than these may Heaven impart;  
 Be thine the treasures of the heart;  
 Be calm, and glad thy future days  
 With Virtue's peace, and Virtue's praise.

Let

Let jealous Pride, and sleepless Care,  
 And wasting Grief, and black Despair,  
 And Langour chill, and Anguish fell,  
 For ever shun thy grove and cell ;  
 There only may the happy train  
 Of Love, and Joy, and Peace, remain :  
 May Plenty, with exhaustless store,  
 Employ thy hand to feed the poor,  
 And ever on thy honour'd head  
 The prayer of Gratitude be shed.

A happy mother, may'st thou see  
 Thy smiling virtuous progeny,  
 Whose sportful tricks, and airy play,  
 Fraternal love, and prattle gay,  
 Or wonderous tale, or joyful song,  
 May lure the lingering hours along :  
 Till Death arrive, unfelt, unseen,  
 With gentle pace, and placid mien,  
 And waft thee to that happy shore  
 Where wishes can have place no more.





THE THREE WARNINGS. A TALE.

BY MRS. THRALE.

THE tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground ;  
’Twas therefore said by ancient sages,  
That love of life increas’d with years  
So much, that in our latter stages,  
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,  
The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,  
Which all confess, but few perceive,  
If old assertions can’t prevail,  
Be pleas’d to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay  
On neighbour Dobson’s wedding-day,  
Death call’d aside the jocund groom  
With him into another room :  
And looking grave, “ You must, says he,  
“ Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.”  
“ With you, and quit my Susan’s side !  
“ With you ! the hapless husband cry’d :  
“ Young as I am ! ’tis monstrous hard !  
“ Besides, in truth, I’m not prepar’d :

“ My

“ My thoughts on other matters go,  
“ This is my wedding-night, you know.”  
What more he urg'd I have not heard,  
His reasons could not well be stronger ;  
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,  
And left to live a little longer.  
Yet calling up a serious look,  
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,  
“ Neighbour, he said, farewell : No more  
“ Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour ;  
“ And further to avoid all blame  
“ Of cruelty upon my name,  
“ To give you time for preparation,  
“ And fit you for your future station,  
“ Three several warnings you shall have,  
“ Before you're summon'd to the grave :  
“ Willing for once I'll quit my prey,  
“ And grant a kind reprieve ;  
“ In hopes you'll have no more to say,  
“ But when I call again this way,  
“ Well pleas'd the world will leave.”

To these conditions both consented,  
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,  
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,  
How roundly he pursu'd his course,  
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,  
The willing muse shall tell :

He

He chaffer'd then, he bought, he fold,  
 Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,  
 Nor thought of Death as near;  
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
 Many his gains, his children few,  
 He pass'd his hours in peace;  
 But while he view'd his wealth increase,  
 While thus along Life's dusty road  
 The beaten track content he trod,  
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
 Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,  
 Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in musing mood,  
 As all alone he fate,  
 Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate  
 Once more before him stood.

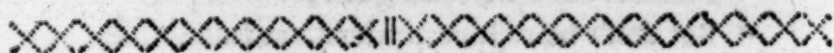
Half kill'd with anger and surprise,  
 " So soon return'd ! old Dobson cries."  
 " So soon, d'ye call it ! Death replies :  
 " Surely, my friend, you're but in jest,  
 " Since I was here before,  
 " 'Tis fix-and-thirty years at least,  
 " And you are now fourscore."  
 " So much the worse, the Clown rejoin'd ;  
 " To spare the aged would be kind :  
 " However, see your search be legal ;  
 " And your authority——Is't regal ?  
 " Else you are come on a fool's errand,  
 " With but a Secretary's warrant.

" Besides,

- “ Besides, you promis’d me Three Warnings,  
“ Which I have look’d for nights and mornings,  
“ But for that loss of time and ease,  
“ I can recover damages.”  
“ I know, cries Death, “ that at the best,  
“ I seldom am a welcome guest;  
“ But don’t be captious, friend, at least;  
“ I little thought you’d still be able  
“ To stump about your farm and stable;  
“ Your years have run to a great length,  
“ I wish you joy tho’ of your strength.”  
“ Hold, says the Farmer, not so fast,  
“ I have been lame these four years past.”  
“ And no great wonder, Death replies,  
“ However, you still keep your eyes;  
“ And sure to see one’s loves and friends,  
“ For legs and arms would make amends.”  
“ Perhaps, says Dobson, so it might,  
“ But latterly I’ve lost my sight.”  
“ This is a shocking story, faith,  
“ Yet there’s some comfort still, says Death;  
“ Each strives your sadness to amuse;  
“ I warrant you hear all the news.”  
“ There’s none, cries he; and if there were,  
“ I’m grown so deaf I could not hear.”  
“ Nay then, the spectre stern rejoin’d,  
“ These are unjustifiable yearnings;  
“ If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,  
“ You’ve had your three sufficient Warnings.  
“ So



“ So come along, no more we'll part :”  
He said, and touch'd him with his dart ;  
And now old Dobson turning pale,  
Yields to his fate——so ends my tale.



B A L A A M ;

OR, THE ANTIQUITY OF SCANDAL.

**W**HEN Moab's wiles had fail'd to move  
The virtuous strength of Israel's heart  
From Honour, Faith, and filial Love,  
He flew for aid to Balaam's art.

Balaam the wizzard of the land  
Dreaded for necromantic power,  
Cou'd each malignant star command,  
And blast the hero's natal hour.

O'er Matrons, and the virtuous throng  
Of Virgins chaste, his poisonous breath  
Like a black vapour pass'd along,  
Imbru'd with fame-destroying death.

To

To pall the taste, to dim the eyes  
 Each philter'd juice he cou'd compose;  
 Cou'd make Avernus steams arise,  
 And taint the breath of Sharon's rose.

Fame's trump he bore of crooked form,  
 Channell'd and scoop'd on ev'ry side  
 (Like Scylla's rock) for Scandal's storm  
 To swell, redouble, and divide.

Thro' this the ear receiv'd his spell  
 In many a harsh discording note,  
 While Obloquy with voice of hell  
 Bark'd from her tripple-sounding throat.

Thus fraught with arts, corrupt with bribes,  
 Incested by ambitious lust,  
 He deem'd to wither Rachel's tribes,  
 And strow disgrace on Jacob's dust.

Envelop'd in a gloomy cloud  
 The dread Inchanter took his stand,  
 And blew th' infernal trump aloud  
 From the high places of the land.

A thousand miscreated forms  
 Sudden obscur'd the Morning's face,  
 Dire sounds were heard, and rising storms  
 Shook the wide region's solid base.

Again he blows the trump of death ;

Envy her matted tresses shakes,

Dispersing with a fury's breath

Her many spotted brood of snakes.

The Basilisk with poisonous eye,

The Asp with sleepy venom arm'd,

The Hydra's many-headed cry,

And stubborn Adder never charm'd.

The third the final blast he try'd,

And breath of Stygian vapour blew,

To raise corrupting mists and hide

The promis'd land from Israel's view ;

But heaven averts ; and from its youth

Detaches swift th' angelic power

Guardian of innocence and truth,

Of Jacob's sons and Rachel's dower.

Thro' the dark air his visage beam'd

With rays of that Primæval light,

Which, ere the starry hosts were fram'd,

Shone thro' the deep abyss of night.

“ Fly hence, he cry'd, ye boding train

“ That wing the air with harpy sound,

“ No haunts to shelter birds obscene,

“ No blemish is in Israel found :

“ Here plum’d in gold each warbling throat,

“ Shall hail the Turtle’s bridal nest,

“ Here Philomel in softer note

“ Shall sing the widow’d Dove to rest.

“ Cease, then ye wizard eyes to roll,

“ Ye spells, like shooting meteors die,

“ Begot in regions dark and foul,

“ Expiring in a purer sky.”

He spoke ; each midnight monster fled,

The sun illum’d his silver sphere,

Ambrosial sweets their fragrance shed,

And sounds seraphic fill’d the air.

“ How beauteous are the blooming vales

“ Pavilion’d o’er with Israel’s powers !

“ As gardens fann’d by fostering gales,

“ Chear’d by the sun, and nurs’d by showers.

“ How beauteous, on the rising hills,

“ His tents like spiring cedars stand,

“ With verdure fresh from falling rills,

“ And planted by Jehovah’s hand !

“ Behold ten thousand banners flow,

“ And glitter to the wafting gale !

“ All spotless as the new-born snow,

“ And pure as Rachel’s nuptial veil !



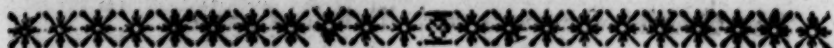
“ Who can compute the drifting sands  
“ That march on winds o’er Lybia’s coast ?  
“ Or number Jacob’s warrior bands,  
“ Or count the stars of Israel’s host ?

“ The future fire shall clasp his boy,  
“ And point to each illustrious name ;  
“ Matrons shall mark, with listening joy,  
“ Their daughters songs on Rachel’s fame.

“ The hoary sage shall often trace  
“ From records of prophetic verse  
“ The lasting line of Jacob’s race,  
“ And to the growing age rehearse,

“ Thy sons the promis’d realms shall sway,  
“ And scepter’d hands from Judah spring,  
“ Till time unrolls the distant day  
“ When SHILOH shall again be King.





## V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY  
VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL'S RECOVERY AT BATH.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCXXX.

BY RICHARD SAVAGE.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Augusta's charms  
And either India pours into her arms;  
Where Liberty bids honest arts abound,  
And pleasures dance in one eternal round;  
High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame,  
Goddeſs of Mirth! Euphroſynè her name.  
Her ſmile more chearful than a vernal morn;  
All life! all bloom! of Youth and Fancy born.  
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her ſubmit!  
She looks her fire, and ſpeaks her mother's wit.  
O'er the gay world the ſweet inſpirer reigns;  
Spleen flies, and Elegance her pomp ſuſtains.  
Thee Goddeſs! thee! the fair and young obey;  
Wealth, Wit, Love, Muſic, all confeſs thy ſway.  
In the bleak wild even Want by thee is bleſs'd,  
And pamper'd Pride without thee pines for reſt.  
The rich grow richer, while in thee they find  
The matchleſs treaſure of a ſmiling mind.  
Science by thee flows ſoft in ſocial eaſe,  
And Virtue, loſing Rigour, learns to pleaſe,

The Goddess summons each illustrious name,  
 Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amusive game.  
 She, whose fair Throne is fix'd in human souls,  
 From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.

But where (she cry'd) is she, my fav'rite! she,  
 Of all my race, the dearest far to me!  
 Whose life's the life of each refin'd delight?  
 She said—But no Tyrconnel glads her sight.  
 Swift sunk her laughing eyes in languid Fear;  
 Swift rose the swelling sigh, and trembling tear.  
 In kind, low murmurs all the loss deplore;  
 Tyrconnel droops, and pleasure is no more.

The Goddess silent, paus'd in museful air;  
 But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long despair.  
 Cœlestial-hinted thoughts gay Hope inspir'd,  
 Smiling she rose, and all with Hope were fir'd.  
 Where Bath's ascending turrets meet her eyes;  
 Straight wafted on the tepid breeze she flies,  
 She flies, her elder sister Health to find;  
 She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.  
 Around her birds in earliest consort sing;  
 Her cheek the semblance of the kindling spring;  
 Fresh-tinctur'd like a summer-evening sky,  
 And a mild sun sits smiling in her eye.  
 Loose to the wind her verdant vestments flow:  
 Her limbs yet-recent from the springs below;  
 There oft she bathes, then peaceful sits secure,  
 Where every gale is fragrant, fresh, and pure;

Where

Where flowers and herbs their cordial odours blend,  
And all that balmy virtues fast ascend.

Hail sister, hail! (the kindred Goddess cries)  
No common suppliant stands before your eyes.  
You, with whose living breath the morn is fraught  
Flush the fair cheek, and point the chearful thought!  
Strength, Vigour, Wit, depriv'd of thee decline!  
Each finer sense, that forms delight, is thine!  
Bright suns by thee diffuse a brighter blaze,  
And the fresh green a fresher green displays!  
Without thee Pleasures die, or dully cloy,  
And Life with thee, howe'er depress'd, is Joy,  
Such thy vast power;—The Deity replies,  
Mirth never asks a boon, which Health denies.  
Our mingled gifts transcend imperial Wealth;  
Health strengthens Mirth, and Mirth inspirits Health.  
These gales, yon springs, herbs, flowers, and sun are mine;  
Thine is their smile! be all their influence thine.

Euphrosynè rejoins—Thy friendship prove!  
See the dear, sickening object of my love!  
Shall that warm heart, so chearful e'en in pain,  
So form'd to please, unpleas'd itself remain?  
Sister! in her my smile anew display,  
And all the social world shall bless thy sway.

Swift, as she speaks, Health spreads the purple wing,  
Soars in the colour'd clouds, and sheds the spring;  
Now bland and sweet she floats along in air;  
Air feels, and soft'ning owns th' ethereal fair!

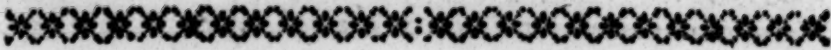


In still descent she melts on opening flowers,  
 And deep impregnates plants with genial showers;  
 The genial showers, new-rising to the ray,  
 Exhale in roseate clouds, and glad the day.  
 Now in a Zephyr's borrow'd voice she sings,  
 Sweeps the fresh dews, and shakes them from her wings,  
 Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiss,  
 Breathes the sure earnest of awakening bliss.  
 Saphira feels it, with a soft surprize,  
 Glide thro' her veins, and quicken in her eyes!

Instant in her own form the Goddess glows,  
 Where bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;  
 Then plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;  
 Steeps ev'ry charm; and, as she bathes, it lives!  
 As from her locks she sheds the vital shower,  
 'Tis done! (she cries) These springs possess my power!  
 Let these immediate to thy darling roll  
 Health, Vigour, Life, and gay-returning soul.  
 Thou smil'st Euphrosynè; and conscious see,  
 Prompt to thy smile, how Nature joys with thee,  
 All is green life! all beauty rosy-bright;  
 Full harmony, young love, and dear delight!  
 See vernal hours lead circling joys along!  
 All sun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all song!

Receive thy care! Now Mirth and Health combine,  
 Each heart shall gladden, and each virtue shine.  
 Quick to Augusta bear thy prize away;  
 There let her smile, and bid a world be gay.

THE



## T H E B A S T A R D.

B Y T H E S A M E.

**I**N gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,  
The Muse exulting, thus her lay began.

Blest be the Bastard's birth! thro' wond'rous ways,  
He shines excentric like a comet's blaze!  
No sickly fruit of faint compliance He!  
He! stamp'd in Nature's mint of extacy!  
He lives to build, not boast a generous race:  
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.  
His daring hope, no fire's example bounds;  
His first-born lights no prejudice confounds.  
He, kindling from within, requires no flame;  
He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.

Born to himself, by no possession led,  
In freedom foster'd, and by Fortune fed;  
Nor guides, nor rules, his sov'reign choice controul,  
His body independent as his soul.  
Loos'd to the world's wide range,—enjoyn'd no aim;  
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:  
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,  
His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own.

O Mother, yet no mother!—'tis to you,  
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.

You,

You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,  
 Warm championess for Freedom's sacred cause,  
 From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,  
 From ties maternal, moral, and divine,  
 Discharg'd my grasping soul ; push'd me from shore,  
 And launch'd me into life without an oar.

What had I lost, if conjugally kind,  
 By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,  
 Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,  
 And coldly conscious of a husband's right,  
 You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,  
 A lawful lump of life by force your own !  
 Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,  
 And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,  
 I had been born your dull, domestic heir ;  
 Load of your life, and motive of your care ;  
 Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great ;  
 The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state ;  
 Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,  
 And slumb'ring in a seat, by chance my own.

Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard's lot ;  
 Conceived in rapture, and with fire begot !  
 Strong as necessity, he starts away,  
 Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.

Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,  
 I sung : Gay flutt'ring Hope, my fancy fir'd ;  
 Inly secure, thro' conscious scorn of ill,  
 Nor taught by Wisdom how to ballance will,

Rashly

Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun ;  
 But thought to purpose, and to act were one ;  
 Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,  
 Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray ;  
 But now expos'd, and shrinking from distress,  
 I fly to shelter, while the tempests press ;  
 My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,  
 The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.

O Memory !—thou soul of joy and pain !  
 Thou actor of our passions o'er again !  
 Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe ?  
 Why add continuous smart to every blow ?  
 Few are my joys ; alas ! how soon forgot !  
 On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not,  
 While sharp, and numberless my sorrows fall ;  
 Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st 'em all !

Is chance a guilt ? that my disastrous heart,  
 For mischief never meant, must ever smart ?  
 Can self-defence be sin ?—Ah, plead no more !  
 What tho' no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er ?  
 Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy side,  
 Thou had'st not been provok'd—Or Thou had'st died.

Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all,  
 On whom unsought, embroiling dangers fall !  
 Still the pale Dead revives, and lives to me,  
 To me ! thro' Pity's eye condemn'd to see.  
 Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate ;  
 Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.



Young, and unthoughtful then ; who knows, one day,  
 What ripening virtues might have made their way !  
 He might have liv'd, till Folly died in shame,  
 Till kindling Wisdom felt a thirst for fame.  
 He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd ;  
 Both happy, gen'rous, candid, and belov'd.  
 He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall ;  
 And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.

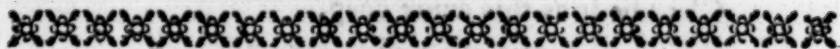
O Fate of late Repentance ! Always vain :  
 Thy remedies but lull undying pain.  
 Where shall my hope find rest ?—No mother's care  
 Shielded my infant innocence with prayer :  
 No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,  
 Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.  
 Is it not thine to snatch some pow'rful arm,  
 First to advance, then screen from future harm ?  
 I am return'd from death, to live in pain ?  
 Or would Imperial Pity save in vain ?  
 Distrust it not—what blame can Mercy find,  
 Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind ?

Mother, miscall'd, Farewel——of soul severe,  
 This sad reflection yet may force one tear :  
 All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,  
 Alone from strangers ev'ry comfort flow'd !

Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,  
 And now adopted, who was doom'd before,  
 New-born, I may a nobler mother claim ;  
 But dare not whisper her immortal name ;

Supremely

Supremely lovely, and serenely great !  
 Majestic mother of a kneeling state !  
 Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before  
 Agreed — Yet now with one consent adore !  
 One contest yet remains in this desire,  
 Who most shall give applause, where all admire.



T O A L A D Y

GOING TO BATHE IN THE SEA.

BY GEORGE KEATE, ESQ.

VENUS, most histories agree,  
 Sprung from the ferment of the sea ;  
 Yet I confess I'm always loth  
 To think such beauty was but froth,  
 Or that the ocean, which more odd is,  
 Should from a bubble spawn a Goddess :  
 Tho' hence, my Laura, learned fellows  
 Of such its wonderous powers still tell us,  
 That every mother brings her daughter  
 To dip in this specific water,  
 Expecting from the briny wave  
 Charms which it once to Venus gave.

These

These charms, my Laura, strive to gain;  
 And that you may not bathe in vain,  
 I'll here, as well as I am able,  
 Give you a Moral to this Fable.

Would you a Goddess reign o'er all?  
 From the wide flood its virtues call.  
 Free from each stain thy bosom keep,  
 Clear be it as this azure deep,  
 Which no capricious passion knows,  
 But duly ebbs, and duly flows;  
 Tho' sometimes ruffled, calm'd as soon,  
 Still constant to its faithful moon,  
 At whose approach with pride it swells,  
 And to each shore its chaste love tells:  
 Heedless of every change of weather,  
 That wafts a straw, or coxcomb feather,  
 Which only on the surface play,  
 And unobserv'd are wash'd away.

Reflect, that lodg'd within its breast  
 The modest pearl delights to rest,  
 While every gem to Neptune known,  
 Is there with partial bounty frown.—  
 In years, thus ever may we trace  
 Each sparkling charm, each blushing grace;  
 To these let judgment value give,  
 And in that seat of Beauty live!

This Moral keep before your eyes,  
 Plunge—and a new-born Venus rise.

PROLOGUE

TO THE PLAY OF KING JOHN, ACTED AT MR. NEWCOMB'S  
AT HACKNEY, IN MARCH, MDCCLXIX.

BY THE SAME.

THE Bard whose scenes this night your thoughts engage,  
Has somewhere told us, *All the world's a stage*,  
Where all in one great farce their talents try,  
Are born, love, wed, grow covetous,—and die.  
From hence I think we fairly may infer,  
That NATURE is, or should be *manager*;  
And yet, in NATURE's spite, we every day  
*Cast our own parts* ourselves, and spoil her play;  
Some vain conceit disturbs her sober plan,  
And ART debauches that strange creature man:  
Hence, e'er Life's *curtain drops*, this truth is plain,  
That few, the characters they take, sustain.  
See, CATO-like, in Freedom's boasted cause  
The maddening PATRIOT raves of dying laws;  
With ready lasti pursues the venal tribe;  
But what's the sequel?—*Exit* with a bribe.—

Not less a Player the METHODIST appears:  
In some hir'd barn his casual stage he rears;

Prophane,



Prophane, loquacious, insolent, and loud,  
 The grave *Jack-Pudding* of a sniveling crowd,  
 Who promis'd heaven in change for pence receive,  
 For those who teach *to die*, know how *to live*.

The PRUDE austere, who shuns each forward spark,  
 Meets less reserv'd her footman in the dark;  
 The gay COQUET, the COXCOMB, and the WIT,  
 Across Life's stage like airy phantoms flit,  
 Applause nor pity sure their parts command:  
 The mark of scorn let *Affectation* stand!

If, then, the *finish'd* man can sometimes err,  
 And make mistakes on the World's Theatre,  
 Desert himself, as various passions call,  
 And prove at last no character at all;  
 We ask your candour, if in us appears  
 Th' *imperfect* growth of unexperienc'd years;  
 Tho' buds, yet learning like the sun has power  
 To rear the stem, and paint the future flower!  
 If JOHN should not each stroke of guilt impart,  
 Nor CONSTANCE triumph o'er the feeling heart,  
 Think, in Life's happy morn we cannot know  
 The sad extent of baseness or of woe!  
 Boys as we are, to us each scene is new,  
 If sometimes wrong, e'en there we copy *you*;  
 To bold attempts be then indulgence shewn,  
 And learn to pity faults so like your own.



## E P I L O G U E

TO THE SAME PLAY.

SPOKEN BY CONSTANCE.

BY THE SAME.

SPITE of court tricks, of sorrow, madness, pain,  
I've brush'd thro' all, and am myself again:—

O Ladies! what cannot our sex perform?—

A bustling woman lives thro' every storm.

Have I not dash'd my character with spirit?

To bully *two such Kings* was no small merit.

Around the world to find the wretch I'd search,

Who dares to leave a woman in the lurch:—

My son the dupe of regal baseness made,

Myself amus'd by hopes, cajol'd, betray'd,

My jointure lost, a widow, and not young,

I had no weapon left me but my tongue:—

Should any Fair be here whose nerves are weak,

Who when man blusters, is afraid to speak,

Whose gentle bosom no resentment fires,

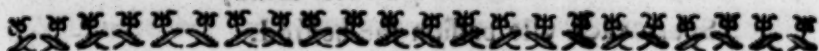
But with her *eau de luce* in hand, expires,

She'll think, no doubt, my voice too loudly thunders;

Trust me, this female instrument does wonders.

Those who turn o'er the page of ancient story,  
 Must own the tongue was ever woman's glory. —  
 Who has not heard of fam'd XANTIPPE's lute ?  
 That play'd her philosophic husband mute :  
 Or her, whose artful notes so well could slander  
 Her rival, and subdue great ALEXANDER ? —  
 What gifts of speech had EGYPT'S QUEEN to boast,  
 Who talk'd till ANTONY *the world well lost* !  
 Think of the Maid of ORLEANS, JOAN of ARC,  
 There was an enterprizing, female spark !  
 Whole armies she harrangu'd, whole hosts withstood ;  
 Her tongue was surely more than flesh and blood !  
 Tho' last, not least shall BESS of ENGLAND stand,  
 Who box'd her courtiers with her own fair hand,  
 To female rules profess'd a brave dislike,  
 Her majesty could swear as well as strike.

Ladies ! might I advise, let's urge our power,  
 Dethrone usurping man, and take him lower ;  
 He'd only have us learn the gentle arts  
 Of studying graces, and subduing hearts :  
 These are but schemes to trifle Life away,  
 Our nobler aim is — UNIVERSAL SWAY.



## INSCRIPTION IN AN ARBOUR.

BY THE REV. MR. PARSONS OF WYE, KENT,

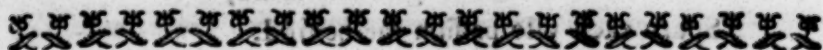
PROCUL ESTE PROFANI !

**M**ARK, mortals ! mark with awe profound  
 What solemn stillness reigns around ;  
 Know then, tho' strange it may appear,  
 Spirits—why start ?—inhabit here.  
 Whene'er we leave the circled green,  
 We Fairies chuse this shady scene ;  
 Tho' mortal hands have form'd these bowers,  
 Yet is the sweet retirement ours.  
 For here, when as the pallid moon  
 “ Riding near her highest noon,”  
 Edging the clouds with silver white,  
 Darts thro' these shades a checquer'd light,  
 Here, when we cease our airy sport,  
 We range our bands and fix our court.  
 My royal throne, exalted high,  
 Unseen by feeble, mortal eye,  
 Tho' spangled with ten thousand dews,  
 Tho' colour'd with ten thousand hues,  
 (Approach not with unhallow'd hands)  
 Beneath yon tall Laburnum stands.



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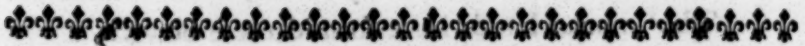
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T 2

Then

Then enter here with guiltless mind,  
 Spurn each vile passion far behind.  
 Hence Envy with her pining train,  
 And venal love of sordid gain;  
 Hence Malice, rankling at the heart,  
 And dire Revenge with poison'd dart;  
 Hence Lust with sly uneasy mien,  
 That thro' the twilight creeps unseen;  
 Hence Vice; avoid this arching grove,  
 Pollution follows where you move;  
 Hence; nor near the spot be found,  
 "Hence! avaunt!—'tis holy ground!"

OBERON.



ABSENCE. A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY THE SAME.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1750.

**H**OW sweet to recall the dear moments of joy!  
 'Tis this and this only can Absence employ,  
 Can ease my fond heart and beguile my soft pain,  
 'Till I see with delight my dear charmer again.

Ah!

Ah! who ever knew such full transports as I,  
 While with her the sweet minutes unheeded pass'd by,  
 Alas! with the sweet recollection I burn,  
 Bring back your delights, ye dear moments, return!

Ah me! what delights in my bosom would rise  
 While with eager attention I've hung on her eyes,  
 And watch'd the kind beams of Compassion and Love,  
 While she pitied my passion, and seem'd to approve;  
 Ah me! with what raptur'd attention I've hung,  
 To catch the sweet accents that flow'd from her tongue,  
 When tenderness bade the dear maiden impart  
 The pleasing sensations that glow'd in her heart.

O how does my Fair-one consume the long day?  
 Is the Charmer quite easy while I am away?  
 Indeed if our thoughts like our hearts should agree,  
 The dear lovely maiden is thinking on me:  
 Ah! did she but think with such fondness as I,  
 How much would she grieve, and how oft would she sigh!  
 Yet with so much fond Love may her bosom ne'er burn,  
 If she sighs as I sigh, if she mourns as I mourn.

But why do I wander? why sigh thus alone?  
 Alas! 'tis the loss of my Fair that I moan.  
 Why thus every hour does my sorrow increase?  
 Alas! it is Absence that ruins my peace.



Why swells my sad bosom with fear and with grief?  
 Ah! nought but her presence can bring me relief.  
 Why thus down my cheek trickles fast the big tear?  
 Alas! can I help it?—my Fair is not here.

Till I nourish'd this passion I all unconcern'd  
 Saw Peace my companion wherever I turn'd,  
 Till now with my heart all at ease I could rest,  
 And a sigh was a stranger unknown to my breast.  
 What then is this Love? and why do I endure  
 These griefs in my mind, nor endeavour to cure?  
 When thus my fond heart is o'erwhelm'd with Despair,  
 And I know no delight when away from my Fair?

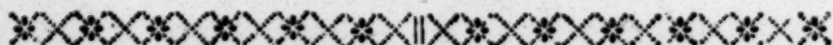
Yet, Colin, these pains, spite of all thou hast said,  
 By one hour of her presence are far over-paid,  
 These sorrows from Absence which now you deplore,  
 Then vanish, are lost, and are thought of no more.  
 Recall those rash words, and forbear to complain,  
 Since the next tender meeting rewards all your pain,  
 Let sweet Expectation then lessen your care,  
 Let Hope soften Absence, and keep off Despair.

Sure, sure those dear pleasures once more will return;  
 How long in this Absence distress must I mourn?  
 How long must I wish, while my lot I deplore,  
 That dear angel-face!—could I see it once more!

That

That dear angel-voice!—Time, how swift didst thou seem,  
While I listen'd enchanted as Love was her theme!  
O come those dear hours! and to soothe my fond pain  
Love again be her theme, and I listen again!

How dull and how slow do the moments retreat!  
Time was when they flew;—now there's lead on their feet.  
Ye Loiterers, be gone; why so long do ye stay?  
Ye fly when I'm with her, ye creep when away.  
Ah! Colin, how foolish Time's progress to blame,  
His paces are equal, his motions the same;  
'Twas the joy of her Presence made Time appear fleet,  
'Tis the pain of her Absence adds lead to his feet.



## THE CONTENTED PHILOSOPHER.

BY THE REV. MR. CUNNINGHAME.

DEEP silence reign'd, and dewy Night  
Her silver vestment wore:  
The western gale breath'd calm delight,  
And busy day was o'er.

To hail Reflection's hour I rose,  
Each throbbing care at rest;  
For sacred peace in mild repose,  
Had lull'd my anxious breast.

The breezy mount, the misty vale,  
Alternately I stray'd ;  
The Gothic spire, the lonely cell,  
My wandering eye survey'd :

'Till, where the trembling beams of night  
O'er limpid currents play'd,  
Meandering—fix'd my roving sight  
On deep Retirement's shade.

The unambitious dome conceal'd,  
Fear'd no intrusive foes ;  
From deep-embowering trees reveal'd  
The seat of calm repose.

'Twas Sophron's grove, an aged fire,  
Who, vers'd in Wisdom's lore,  
Now tun'd his consecrated lyre,  
To close the silent hour.

The hallowed strain inflam'd my breast,  
I gain'd the rustic cell ;  
The courteous father bless'd his guest,  
Then gave th' instructive tale.

“ How false the aim of erring life !  
How fruitless the employ !  
That treads the pompous maze of strife,  
In quest of solid joy !

The

The plummy tribes unceasing roam,  
Each verdant bough survey;  
But fix at last their leafy home,  
Where silence wooes their stay:

Where no alarming hinds invade,  
No fear their peace destroys,  
Remote in the sequester'd shade,  
They rear their callow joys.

Thus restless Nature loves to range,  
Thro' Life's gay scenes to rove;  
Till Reason prompts the happier change,  
To Contemplation's grove!

When Fortune smil'd, when Pleasure woo'd,  
How indolently gay!  
Life's transitory stream I view'd  
Unheeded waste away.

The gay delusive dream once o'er,  
Calm Reason's thoughts arise;  
Obey'd the monitorial power,  
That whisper'd, "Now be wise."

This silent grove my search survey'd,  
Where Peace displays her charms,  
How free Contentment's humble shade  
From Fortune's wild alarms.



Now free from each fantastic strife,  
Untroubled and serene,  
I wait the closing hour of life,  
To leave its empty scene.

For tides of bliss that boundless roll,  
Around th' eternal throne,  
Shall waft the persevering soul  
To joys, on earth unknown.

But lo! the fading stars declare,  
The eastern herald blows,  
"The hour of rosy morn is near,  
"And Nature claims repose."

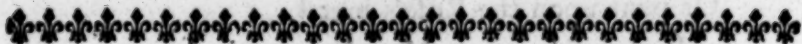
I sigh'd, and thought it soon to part  
From Wisdom's ivy'd cell,  
How ill my sympathizing heart  
Could bid the sage "Farewel."

For Wealth, be smiling Peace my share!  
With Friendship's generous love;  
And lost to each ambitious care,  
Be mine the flowery grove!

There studious thought would wear the day,  
In each instructive page;  
Or happier speed the hours away,  
In converse with the Sage.

Taught

Taught by the awful voice of Truth,  
Life's syren snares to fly,  
By Reason's card conduct my youth,  
And like my Sophron die!



THE TULIP AND LILY.

BY MR. BARCLAY.

HIGH o'er the bed, conspicuous seen,  
A Tulip rose, the garden's queen.  
Never on Holland's foggy strand  
Was taller rear'd by Dutchman's hand:  
Never was Flora known t' imprint  
On Tulip's leaf a brighter tint,  
Or lead with more fantastic freak,  
On Tulip's leaf the varying streak.

Beneath the tow'ring Tulip's shade,  
In nought but simple white array'd,  
And shelter'd from th' intruding view,  
A Lily of the valley grew;  
The humblest plant of all the train  
That deck the mountain or the plain,  
Or on the river's margin blow,  
And paint the dancing scene below.

Unenvying

Unenvying she the praise could hear  
 Of finer flowers that flaunted near :  
 And she could see without a sigh  
 The saucy Zephyr pass her by,  
 To woo the Pink, more gaily drest,  
 Or pant upon the Rose's breast.

It chanc'd upon a May-day morn,  
 When blossoms crowd the whitening thorn,  
 With more than usual lustre bright,  
 The genial God of heat and light,  
 Thro' the blue heavens pursu'd his course,  
 And shone with more than Summer force.  
 Each flow'r that glow'd in bright array  
 Witness'd the life-imparting day :  
 The Tulip too, above the rest,  
 The vig'rous warmth with joy confest,  
 What transport in her bosom swell'd,  
 Each varying streak when she beheld  
 Withdraw from the pursuing eye,  
 And shift into the neighb'ring dye !  
 The Lily's charms, and humbler state,  
 She view'd with boundless joy elate ;  
 And thus, unable to refrain,  
 Broke out in contumelious strain :  
 " How vary, 'midst the garden's race,  
 " The marks of bounteous Nature's grace !  
 " How boasts th' imperial Tulip's flow'r  
 " The effort of her vig'rous pow'r !

" Who

“ Who e'er could view without surprise,  
“ Th' expanded leaf, and glossy dyes !  
“ The colours that together run,  
“ And wave and brighten in the sun !  
“ Whilst she that blossoms in my shade,  
“ As tho' to spring from earth afraid,  
“ No leaf expands, nor dye displays,  
“ Nor wins surprise, nor merits praise.  
“ Behold yon butterfly so fine,  
“ Whose brightness almost equals mine,  
“ That hovers o'er the gay parterre,  
“ And hangs on wav'ring wings in air ;  
“ What, tho' from flow'r to flow'r he sport,  
“ And pay to all a passing court ;  
“ In vain with deepen'd tints they glow,  
“ And flutter to the flutt'ring beau,  
“ in vain each envious rival burns,  
“ To kindred finery still he turns,  
“ On me at length delights to rest,  
“ And spread his plumage o'er my breast.”

To these proud taunts, and more beside,  
The Lily not a word replied.

But hung her head with modest grace,  
Nor look'd th' insulter in the face.

Not so the Bee, who murmur'd near,  
And chanc'd th' opprobrious strain to hear,  
Ill-pleas'd to see the flow'r neglected,  
Which she so honour'd and respected,  
From whose full cup she daily drew  
So large a share of precious dew ;

Whilst



Whilst from her high and mighty neighbour  
 She scarcely got what paid her labour;  
 Thus, settled on the Lily's breast,  
 Her indignation she express:

“ And whence proceeds the haughty strain,  
 “ Thou flow'r, so useless, and so vain!  
 “ Forget you, then, from whence you sprung,  
 “ The tawdry child of sordid dung!  
 “ What tho' in varying colours bright,  
 “ You glare awhile upon the sight;  
 “ The transient hour of blooming o'er,  
 “ Your faded charms attract no more,  
 “ And all your finery quite forgot;  
 “ Unmarkt you wither, and you rot.  
 “ Now hither turn but your reflection,  
 “ You'll kiss the rod of my correction.  
 “ This flow'r on whom so rude you press,  
 “ In Nature's simplest cloathing dress,  
 “ From her our num'rous tribes derive  
 “ The choicest sweets that store the hive:  
 “ And she, meek daughter of the vale,  
 “ That growing scents the passing gale,  
 “ Not less revives the ravish'd sense,  
 “ When rooted and remov'd from hence.  
 “ On Cloe's breast still seen to blow,  
 “ Adds whiteness to the dazzling snow:  
 “ And dealing sweetness, tho' in death,  
 “ Perfumes e'en Cloe's fragrant breath.”

T H E



THE INVITATION.

BY THE SAME.

**A**WAKE, my fair, the morning springs,  
The dew-drops glance around,  
The heifer lows, the blackbird sings,  
The echoing vales resound.

The simple sweets would STELLA taste,  
That breathing morning yields,  
The fragrance of the flow'ry waste,  
And freshness of the fields.

By uplands, and the greenwood-side,  
We'll take our early way,  
And view the valley spreading wide,  
And opening with the day.

Nor uninstruative shall the scene  
Unfold its charms in vain,  
The fallow brown, the meadow green,  
The mountain and the plain.

Each

Each dew-drop glist'ning on the thorn,  
 And trembling to its fall,  
 Each blush that paints the cheek of morn,  
 In Fancy's ear shall call,

" O ye in Youth and Beauty's pride,  
 " Who lightly dance along ;  
 " While Laughter frolicks at your side,  
 " And Rapture tunes your song ;

" What though each grace around you play,  
 " Each beauty bloom for you,  
 " Warm as the blush of rising day,  
 " And sparkling as the dew :

" The blush that glows so gaily now,  
 " But glows to disappear ;  
 " And quiv'ring from the bending bough,  
 " Soon breaks the pearly tear !

" So pass the beauties of your prime,  
 " That e'en in blooming die ;  
 " So, shrinking at the blast of Time,  
 " The treach'rous graces fly."

Let those, my STELLA, slight the strain,  
 Who fear to find it true !  
 Each fair of transient beauty vain,  
 And youth as transient too !

With

With charms that win beyond the sight,  
And hold the willing heart,  
My STELLA shall await their flight,  
Nor sigh when they depart.

Still graces shall remain behind,  
And beauties still controul,  
The graces of the polish'd mind,  
And beauties of the soul.



## THE METAMORPHOSE.

BY THE SAME.

WITH rolling time that all things change,  
Has oft been said, and oft been sung:  
One instance more; the difference strange  
'Twixt WITWOOD old, and WITWOOD young!

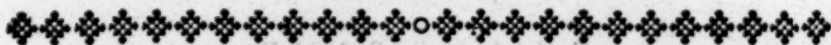
In youth, compound of curls and lace,  
Of giggle, fidget, and of froth;  
One simper dimpled in his face,  
No butterfly more void of wrath.



Pleas'd with himself, with all well-pleas'd,  
 The flutterer scarce could give offence :  
 Or if he teaz'd, with nought he teaz'd,  
 But simple, pure, impertinence.

Now view him in declining age,  
 Assume the sour satyric frown :  
 On friends and foes discharge his rage,  
 The very SCARECROW of the town.

So flies, in frisk, and buzz, and play,  
 That harmless through the summer past,  
 When ready to be swept away,  
 Grow blind, and sting us at the last.



# THE SINE QU<sup>A</sup>NON.

BY THE SAME.

WITH MUCKWORM lately as in chat  
 I pass'd the sober *hours*,  
 The mice, for MUCKWORM keeps no cat,  
 Came trooping in by scores.

When famine leads, what thing can daunt,  
 Our courage what abate ?  
 Each mouse was as the mastiff gaunt,  
 That growl'd before the gate.

Their

Their mien so grim alarm'd I spied,  
And looks of desperate woe;

" And why neglect, my friend," I cried,  
" To chase the threatening foe ?

" True 'tis that, any more than you,  
" They cannot eat your pelf :  
" But then of other food in lieu,  
" They may devour yourself.

" And think how odd th' account would sound,  
" Should future annals tell,  
" MUCKWORM fell not by hungry hound',  
" By hungry mice he fell.

" Then drive the furious vermin hence,  
" To ward such dire mishap :  
" Nor fret, I pray you, for th' expence,  
" Myself will lend the trap."

" Your offer's kind," friend MUCKWORM cried,  
" And highly do I rate it :  
" But when the trap's by you supplied,  
" Who'll lend the cheese to bait it ?"

\* Alluding to the Fable of Aetæon.



THE PARTRIDGES: AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN ON THE LAST OF AUGUST.

BY THE REV. MR. PRATT OF PETERBOROUGH.

**H**ARD by yon copse, that skirts the flow'ry vale,  
As late I walk'd to taste the ev'ning breeze,  
A plaintive murmur mingled in the gale,  
And notes of sorrow echo'd thro' the trees.

Touch'd by the pensive sound, I nearer drew :  
But my rude step increas'd the cause of pain :  
Soon o'er my head the whirring Partridge flew,  
Alarm'd ; and with her flew an infant train.

But short th' excursion ;—for, unus'd to play,  
Feebly the unfledg'd wings th' essay could make :  
The parent, shelter'd by the closing day,  
Lodg'd her lov'd covey in a neighb'ring brake.

Her cradling pinions there she amply spread,  
And hush'd th' affrighted family to rest ;  
But still the late alarm suggested dread,  
And closer to their feath'ry friend they press'd.

She, wretched parent ! doom'd to various woe,  
 Felt all a mother's hope, a mother's care ;  
 With grief foresaw the dawn's impending blow,  
 And to avert it thus preferr'd her pray'r :

O thou ! who e'en the sparrow dost befriend,  
 Whose providence protects the harmless wren ;  
 Thou God of birds ! these innocents defend,  
 From the vile sport of unrelenting men.

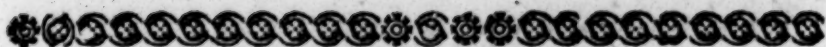
For soon as dawn shall dapple yonder skies,  
 The slaught'ring gunner, with the tube of fate,  
 While the dire dog the faithless stubble tries,  
 Shall persecute our tribe with annual hate.

O may the sun, unfann'd by cooling gale,  
 Parch with unusual heat th' undewy ground ;  
 So shall the pointer's wonted cunning fail,  
 So shall the sportsman leave my babes unfound.

Then shall I fearless guide them to the mead,  
 Then shall I see with joy their plumage grow ;  
 Then shall I see (fond thought !) their future breed,  
 And every transport of a parent know.

But if some victim must endure the dart,  
 And Fate marks out that victim from my race,  
 Strike, strike the leaden vengeance thro' this heart  
 Spare, spare my babes ; and I the death embrace.





A MORNING SOLILOQUY ON DEAFNESS.

BY THE REV. MR. POWIS.

NATURE! thy genial call I hear,  
Which wakes the morn and me,  
And seems to strike upon my ear,  
Tho' deaf to all but thee :  
To me the hours in silence roll away ;  
No music greets the dawn, or mourns the close of day.

To me the sky-larks, pois'd aloft,  
In silence seem to play,  
And hail no more in warblings soft  
The rising dawn of day ;  
For me in vain they swell their liquid throats,  
Contemplative I muse, nor hear the jocund notes.

To me the shepherd pipes in vain,  
In vain the milkmaid sings :  
Lost are the bleatings of the plain,  
The gurgling of the springs ;  
No more I hear the nightingale complain,  
When to the moon she chaunts her sad love-labour'd strain.

And

And when with me Lucinda strays  
 Along the breezy grove,  
 In transport on her charms I gaze,  
 And think she talks of love;  
 Ah! cease, dear maid, to talk of love in vain,  
 For smiles alone to me the voice of love explain.

Pygmalion thus, when he survey'd  
 The work his hand had form'd,  
 Enamour'd wish'd to see the maid  
 With mutual passion warm'd,  
 And as he woo'd his ear he oft inclin'd,  
 Whilst yet no voice of love reliev'd his anxious mind.

Cease thy complaints (methinks ev'n now  
 The voice of Reason cries)  
 Dispel the gloom that clouds thy brow,  
 Suppress the heaving sighs:  
 What Fate decrees 'tis folly to bewail;  
 Weigh then the good and ill in Wisdom's equal scale.

No more in Friendship's thin disguise  
 Shall flattery soothe thine ear,  
 Experienc'd kindness makes thee wise,  
 To know thy friend sincere;  
 No more shalt thou attend to Faction's cries,  
 The taunts of jealous Pride, or Envy's blasting lyes.

No more shall now thy mind be tost  
 By every breath of praise;  
 No more thy reason shall be lost  
 In controversy's maze;  
 Thou safe thro' Life's sequester'd vale shalt go,  
 And learn from Nature's works her wise decrees to know.



S O N N E T.

BY D. R. P——.

OCCASIONED BY LEAVING B——X——N, JULY 1755.  
 THE AUTHOR TELLING THE LADIES "HE LOOKED  
 UPON HIMSELF IN A WORSE SITUATION THAN ADAM  
 BANISH'D PARADISE," WAS ENJOINED BY THEM TO  
 GIVE HIS REASON IN VERSE.

**W**HEN our first Father thro' the dreary waste  
 From Eden's plains an exile sad must go,  
 Oft he recall'd each scene of pleasure past,  
 Felt the dire change, and bade his sorrows flow.

Yet still a sweet companion of his woe  
 With soft, assiduous care attended near;  
 Fond to relieve, and resolute to show  
 The soothing smile, or sympathizing tear.

Far

Far happier doom, alas ! attends me here,  
 Who leave of Nymphs so fair a train behind,  
 Nor one is found the tedious way to chear,  
 Or raise with converse sweet the drooping mind :  
 Then tell me, fair ones, can I chuse but grieve,  
 Who quit my paradise without an Eve ?



S O N N E T.

TO A LADY OF INDISCREET VIRTUE.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE you, fair ANNA, innocently gay,  
 And free and open, all reserve disdain ;  
 Where-ever Fancy leads securely stray,  
 And conscious of no ill can fear no stain ;

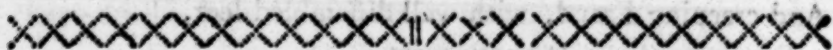
Let calm Discretion guide with steady rein,  
 Let early Caution twitch your gentle ear ;  
 She'll tell you Censure lays her wily train,  
 To blast those beauties which too bright appear.

Ah





“ For the youth, in whom truth and fondness reside,  
“ From the breast of a dove my dart is supply’d :  
“ This I value the most :—’twas this that I found  
“ From you, O my Delia, that gave me the wound.”



A N E L E G Y.

BY DANIEL HAYES, ESQ.

*Vade, liber, verbisque meis loco grata saluta ; Fortunæ memorem  
te decet esse mea.*

AH! what avails this short sublunar sphere?  
Why wish to act in the fantastic scene,  
Subject at best to many a doubt and fear,  
Too oft to cold neglect, and certain pain?

Why does vain man his fondest wishes pour?  
Why do his earliest pray’rs attack the sky,  
To stretch the space of each contracted hour?—  
Say, is it then so terrible to die?

What joys hath life to counterpoise its cares?  
What sweets to recompence for all its woes?  
Lo! Av’rice gnaws, and fell Ambition tears  
The racking breast with hell’s united throes.

Lo!

Lo! squinting Jealousy's unfetted frown!  
 Lo! haggard Envy, with her bloodshot eye,  
 Sick'ning at noble deeds and fair renown,  
 And circulating still th' envenom'd lie.

And creeping Fraud, with well dissembled leer,  
 Exerts her base insinuating art,  
 Watching the gen'rous stripling's prone career,  
 To circumvent his unsuspecting heart.

Nor these alone embitter th' irksome way,  
 That leads to life's uncertain goal;  
 Pandora's ministers, a dread array,  
 Convulse the sense, and rack the tortur'd soul.

Who but has seen the epileptic rage,  
 With wild distortion rend the alter'd frame;  
 The Palsy, sad concomitant of age,  
 And thirsty Fever's all-devouring flame!

That fell ' disease which o'er th' enchanting face,  
 The hideous veil of rugged horror throws;  
 The Dropsy, ever swol'n with foul increase,  
 And pamper'd Gout's excruciating woes.

Did lavish Fortune, from her endless store,  
 Vain mortal! gratify each greedy thought;  
 Did new-born pleasures court each circling hour,  
 Alas! how dearly is existence bought!

How dearer still, when nor kind Fortune's ray,  
 Nor vivid pleasure, nor serene delight,  
 Chear the sad morning of the wretch's day,  
 Or close his eye-lids in the stormy night!

Such are his fates, who now in plaintive lore  
 Pours forth the anguish of his woe-struck mind,  
 Swelling with tears the gentle river's store,  
 Beneath a weeping willow's shade reclin'd :

Or near that <sup>a</sup> pile, where, mould'ring in the tomb,  
 The frail remains of once fam'd St. John lie,  
 Joyless he wanders thro' night's murky gloom,  
 The hollow winds re-echoing to his sigh :

Banish'd his much lov'd home, the blissful plains,  
 Where princely Shannon laves the flow'ry strand,  
 No dear associate, no kind friend remains,  
 To chear his wand'rings in a foreign land.

And thee, fair Limerick ! whose beleaguer'd wall  
 So oft the bolts of raging Britain flood ;  
 Before thy gates what thousands met their fall,  
 And with their bodies choak'd the spacious flood !

Parent of heroes ! each illustrious child  
 Enlarg'd thy fame thro' ev'ry rolling age ;  
 Propitious Fortune on her labour smil'd,  
 And with their triumphs swell'd the storied page.

<sup>a</sup> Battersea, where the great lord Bolingbroke lies buried.



'Thine was w Borhame, who fierce in days of yore,  
 'Gainst Denmark's pow'r his hardy squadrons led;  
 Loud rag'd the fight on Clontarff's sounding shore,  
 When by his arm the stern Turgefus bled.

Crush'd are the tyrants, pierc'd with thousand wounds,  
 The vanquish'd raven drops her heavy wing;  
 Borhame and Liberty the beach resounds,  
 And freed \* Eblana's joyful turrets ring.

Who like Borhame could launch the deathful spear?  
 Who stem the torrent of th' impetuous fray?  
 Or who like him his drooping vassals cheer,  
 And bless a nation with the happiest sway?

But what is he, who, by the midnight gloom,  
 Thro' yonder camp his fearless passage bends!  
 Sudden terrific fires the skies illumine,  
 And the loud burst th' affrighted welkin rends.

Fir'd is the magazine, these sulphur'd stores,  
 Destin'd to waste Ierne's fruitful land;  
 Burst the rude guns that menac'd her fair tow'rs,  
 And all by Sarsfield's unassisted hand.

w He was king of all Ireland, and gave the Danes a final overthrow many years before the English landed in that kingdom; after which period his family ruled in Munster for some centuries. After the reduction of the island, they accepted the dignity of earls of Thomond, which they held until the death of Henry O'Brien, the last earl, when the family became extinct.

\* An old name for Dublin.

Nor

Nor yet, blest city ! is that worth no more,  
 Which erst in fighting fields thy sons did claim ;  
 Lo ! Coote's strong arm controuls the Indian shore,  
 Whilst Niagara roars thy Maffy's fame.

Equal in arts, thy polish'd sons excel,  
 Ierne's brightest ornaments of yore ;  
 Who, like Fitz Gibbon clears Law's mystic spell,  
 Whilst wond'ring senates hang on Pery's lore !

Southwell is thine, with ev'ry pow'r to please,  
 The patriot's freedom with the courtier's art,  
 That noble art of elegance and ease,  
 To win and hold the captivated heart.

With him how pleasing flew th' instructive hours,  
 By Castleconnel's sacred fountain laid ;  
 Whilst fruits and blossoms deck'd the high-arch'd bow'rs,  
 And purple fragrance blush'd in ev'ry mead.

Propitious Naiad of that healing stream,  
 Inspire my grateful breast thy praise to sing ;  
 Thy cordial draughts restore the sickly frame,  
 And youthful vigour gushes from thy spring.

What tho' thy shore can boast no gay parade,  
 No circus regular, no splendid rooms,  
 Lovely Simplicity adorns thy glade,  
 And lavish Nature in perfection blooms.

Serene

Serene Contentment, with unclouded brow;  
 Sheds her soft influence o'er thy flow'ry dale!  
 Secure delights in sweet succession flow,  
 And Health inspires the animating gale.

Nor baneful dice thy ev'ning hour molest,  
 Nor titled courtezans uncomely smiles,  
 Kindle the flame in youth's too eager breast,  
 Nor faithless wife the sacred couch defiles.

Chaste are thy damsels as the virgin train  
 Which thro' Thessalian groves Diana guides;  
 Their hearts, their radiant eyes, untaught to feign,  
 Whilst o'er each glance fair Decency presides.

Recount their names! I might as well display  
 Each flow'r that opens on the summer lawn,  
 Each shining gem that decks yon starry way,  
 E'er yet invidious morn begins to dawn.

Yet far from these did rough Misfortune's frown  
 Compel the woe-bewilder'd bard to fly;  
 Hence from his bosom bursts th' incessant groan,  
 Th' incessant tear that swells his aching eye.

Ah! where is now Selinda's vivid smile,  
 That wont to shed celestial gladness round;  
 Her converse sweet, that could all cares beguile,  
 And pour the balm of pity in each wound.

Tho'

Exil'd from her how toilsome creep the hours,  
 Tho' friendly Chelsea yields its grateful shade ;  
 Tho' Thames' soft waters hush the willow'd shores,  
 And Nature's music quivers thro' the glade ?

Exil'd from her not all that Nature boasts,  
 Not all the flaming treasures of the East,  
 Not all the sweets that crown Campania's coasts,  
 Could soothe the slightest pang that rends my breast.

She was indeed—but hold my racking brain,  
 Canst thou the glories of that form disclose ?  
 As soon (vain wretch !) attempt in frantic strain,  
 To point each dew-drop on the vernal rose.

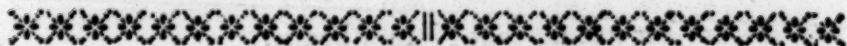
Her eyes were brighter than the orient beam,  
 Her voice far sweeter than sweet Philomel ;  
 Easy proportion harmoniz'd her frame,  
 Heav'n gave a mind, and bade her to excel.

What have I done ?—Sure some infatuate fire,  
 Or private rage, or private discord led ;  
 God's sacred fane consum'd with impious fire,  
 Which th' angry pow'r avenges on my head.

Welcome Despair, thou king of horrors come,  
 Crush this loath'd being to its primal clay,  
 Prepar'd, I wait th' inexorable doom,  
 And bid adieu to Hope's remotest ray.



Forgotten be my name, my age, my birth ;  
 Let black Oblivion all my woes conceal :  
 These killing woes would poison future mirth,  
 And happy lovers shudder at the tale.



# THE ACADEMIC SPORTSMAN,

Or, A WINTER'S DAY.

BY GERALD FITZGERALD.

THE feather'd game that haunt the hoary plains,  
 When ice-bound winter hangs in crystal chains,  
 The mimic thunder of the deep-mouth'd gun  
 By lightning usher'd, and by death out-run,  
 The spaniel springing on the new-fall'n prey,  
 The friend attendant, and the spirits gay ;  
 These are the scenes which lur'd my earliest days,  
 And scenes like these continue still to please.

Oft when I've seen the new-fledg'd morn arise,  
 And spread its pinions to the polar skies,  
 Th' expanded air with gelid fragrance fan,  
 Brace the slack nerves, and animate the man ;  
 Swift from the college, and from cares I flew,  
 (For studious cares solicit something new)  
 From tinkling bells that wake the truant's fears,  
 And letter'd trophies of three thousand years ;

Thro'

Thro' length'ning streets with sanguine hopes I glided,  
 The fatal tube depending at my side ;  
 No busy vender dins with clam'rous call,  
 No rattling carriage drives me to the wall ;  
 The close-compacted shops, their commerce laid,  
 In silence frown like mansions of the dead—  
 Save, where the footy-shrowded wretch cries " Sweep,"  
 Or drowsy watchman stalks in broken sleep,  
 'Scap'd from the hot-brain'd youth of midnight fame,  
 Whose mirth is mischief, and whose glory shame—  
 Save, that from yonder flew the batter'd beau,  
 With tott'ring steps comes reeling to and fro—  
 Mark, how the live-long revels of the night  
 Stare in his face, and stupify his sight !  
 Mark the loose frame, yet impotently bold,  
 'Twixt man and beast, divided empire hold !—  
 Amphibious wretch ! the prey of passion's tide,  
 The wreck of riot, and the mock of pride.

But we, my friend, with aims far diff'rent born,  
 Seek the fair fields, and court the blushing morn ;  
 With sturdy sinews, brush the frozen snow,  
 While crimson colours on our faces glow,  
 Since life is short, prolong it while we can,  
 And vindicate the ways of health to man.

To yonder vales that spread beneath the hills,  
 Where MILTOWN river winds with murm'ring rills,  
 Onward our course diversify'd we bend,  
 And right and left with anxious care attend ;

The poring spaniel, studious as he goes,  
 Scents ev'ry leaf that on the margin grows,  
 Sudden he stops!—he eyes the plasby spring!  
 The frightened snipe darts upward on the wing,  
 With shrill-ton'd pipe implores the passive air,  
 In vain! for death e'en persecutes him there—  
 Another springs! but happier in his flight,  
 'Scapes the loud gun, and vanishes from sight.

The sport begun, and panting still for breath,  
 With arms recruited for the work of death,  
 Pleas'd we behold the gay transparent gleam  
 Of frozen lake, that skirts the purling stream,  
 With inlaid figures, and mosaic wrought,  
 With margin rich, and lucid pendants fraught—  
 'Till lively Ranger chides our long delay,  
 Gambols around, then forward springs away.

Heav'n! what delights my active mind renew,  
 When out-spread nature opens to my view,  
 The carpet-cover'd earth of spangled white,  
 The vaulted sky, just ting'd with purple light;  
 The busy blackbird hops from spray to spray,  
 The gull, self-ballanc'd, floats his liquid way;  
 The morning breeze in milder air retires,  
 And rising rapture all my bosom fires,  
 In incense wafted to the throne on high,  
 To him who form'd the earth—the air—the sky,  
 Who gives me health and vigour to enjoy,  
 Guides me e'en now, and guarded when a boy—

Accept,

Accept, great God! the fervour of my pray'r,  
 And, as before, continue still thy care,  
 Oft as I view thee in creation's dress,  
 Be mine to praise thee, as 'tis thine to bless.

While fervid flights my lifted fancy takes,  
 The wary woodcock rustles thro' the brakes,  
 With hasty pinions wings his rapid course,  
 'Till death pursues him, arm'd with double force;  
 Each gun discharg'd, and conscious of its aim,  
 Asserts the prize, and holds the dubious claim;  
 'Till chance decides the long contested spoil,  
 Proclaims the victor, and rewards his toil.

His luckless fate, immediate to repair,  
 The baffled sportsman beats with forward care,  
 Each bush explores, that plats the hedge with pride,  
 Brooks at its feet, and brambles at its side—  
 Another bird, just flushing at the sound,  
 Scarce tops the fence, then tumbles to the ground.

Ah! what avails him now the varnish'd die,  
 The tortoise-colour'd back, the brilliant eye,  
 The pointed bill that steers his vent'rous way  
 From Northern climes, and dar'd the boist'rous sea;  
 To milder shores in vain these pinions sped,  
 Their beauty blasted, and their vigour fled.

Thus the poor peasant, struggling with distress,  
 Whom rig'rous laws, and rigid hunger press,  
 In western regions seeks a milder state,  
 Braves the broad ocean, and resigns to fate;



Scarce well arriv'd, and lab'ring to procure  
 Life's free subsistence, and retreats secure,  
 Sudden! he sees the roving INDIAN nigh,  
 Fate in his hand, and ruin in his eye—  
 Scar'd at the sight, he runs, he bounds, he flies,  
 'Till arrow-pierc'd, he falls—he faints—he dies.  
 Unhappy man! who no extreme could shun,  
 By tyrants banish'd, and by chance undone;  
 In vain! fair virtue fann'd the free-born flame,  
 Now fall'n alike to fortune, and to fame.

But why, my muse! when livelier themes I fought,  
 Why change the rural scenes to sober thought?  
 Why rouse the patriot ardour in my breast,  
 Useless its glow, when FREEDOM droops deprest?  
 Not mine to combat lux'ry's lordly stride,  
 My humble lot forbids th' aspiring pride,  
 Forbids to stop Depopulation's hand  
 That crushes industry, and frights the land,  
 That robs the poor of half their little store,  
 And Insurrection spreads from shore to shore.

These to prevent, be still the statesman's end,  
 And this the task of Sovereigns to attend;  
 Be mine the care, to range this ample field,  
 Try what its springs, and what its thickets yield,  
 Pursue the game that to the skies aspire,  
 And purge the Æther with successive fire,  
 Spring o'er the fence that bars my active mind,  
 And rouse my friend that ling'ring stays behind,

Guard the steep bank, to catch with eager pains  
 The forward bound, that scarce the margin gains;  
 Or loudly laugh, when diligently nice,  
 He backward slides, and bumps the crackling ice.

Oh friendship! name for ever lov'd, ador'd,  
 Thou richest gift, which heaven for man has stor'd!  
 To me more dear, congenial to my breast,  
 Than all the hoards, and honours of the East;  
 When ere thro' life's more arduous paths I bend,  
 Be there to guide, and aid me to my end;  
 Or when the sports of rural scenes I try,  
 With converse sweet each interval supply;  
 In all extremes of business or of ease,  
 Be there to comfort, and be here to please;  
 Unlock the sluices of my flowing heart,  
 And to its course thy genial warmth impart,  
 Augment its stream, refine it as it flows,  
 'Till fair creation its clear current shews—  
 May no rude passions toss it into foam;  
 Nor restless commerce on its bosom roam;  
 But cheer'd by bright'ning science may it run,  
 No cares to ruffle, and no rocks to shun;  
 Or glide sequester'd thro' SYLVANUS' shades,  
 The flocks of PAN, and FLORA's flow'ry meads,  
 While the pleas'd MUSES, with auspicious smile,  
 Breathe past'ral music, and the time beguile.

And thou, dear spaniel! friend in other form!  
 Obsequious come, thy duty to perform,

Whose fond affection ever glows the same,  
 Lives in each look, and vibrates thro' thy frame;  
 And thou, dear pointer! never devious stray,  
 But search the plains inquisitively gay,  
 With length'ned side, and sapient nose inhale  
 The floating vapour of the scented gale—  
 Oft have I seen thee, when the balanc'd year  
 By LIBRA weigh'd rewarded CERES' care,  
 'Thro' new-thorn fields with active vigour bound,  
 Snuff the fresh air, and traverse all the ground;  
 Or cautious tread, and step by step survey,  
 With keenest attitude, the tim'rous prey;  
 Then statue-like, with lifted foot proclaim  
 The PARTRIDGE near, and certify the game—  
 Where'er I range, whatever sports pursue,  
 Be still attendant, and be still in view.

Now had the sun, in noon-tide robes array'd  
 Of fleecy clouds, the subject world survey'd;  
 Onward we move, to gain the mountain's <sup>v</sup> side,  
 That East and West attends in solemn pride,  
 With lofty head that breathes the gelid gale,  
 Brow-beats the city, and o'erlooks the vale;  
 Adown its face the trickling riv'lets run,  
 Spread at his feet, and bathe them in the sun;  
 These to disclose, we trace the rugged soil,  
 And many a shot repays the pleasing toil;

y That part of the Wicklow Mountains which lies about three miles to  
 the South of Dublin.

'Till

'Till tir'd at length with new discover'd game,  
We mark the course reserv'd for future fame.

As when the Spaniards with unceasing pains,  
Thro' Chili rov'd to Charcas' barren plains,  
Approach'd Potosi's arduous height that boasts  
The richest treasures of the southern coasts ;  
The latent veins they labour to explore  
Of pregnant mines that teem with sparkling ore,  
With rising rapture spring them into day,  
And flush'd with pleasure, plan their future sway.

The day advanc'd, and waning to the west,  
Demands a thought for respite and for rest,  
Back to the city calls a sudden eye,  
Where vary'd beauties all in prospect lie ;  
The pointed steeples menacing the skies,  
The splendid domes, that emulously rise ;  
The lowly hamlets scatter'd here and there,  
That scarcely swell to breath refreshing air ;  
The hedge-row'd hills, and intermingled vales,  
The distant villas fann'd by floating gales ;  
And eastward still, the wide extended main  
By commerce cover'd, awes the solemn scene.

These to behold may please the vacant mind,  
More pleasing far the cottage of the hind,  
That yonder smokes, by russet hawthorn hedg'd,  
By hay-yard back'd, and side-long cow-house edg'd :  
Oft have I there my thirst and toil allay'd,  
Approach'd as now, and dar'd the dog that bay'd ;

The



The smiling matron joys to see her guests,  
 Sweeps the broad hearth, and hears our free requests,  
 Repels her little brood that throng too nigh,  
 The homely board prepares, the napkin dry,  
 The new-made butter, and the rasher rare,  
 The new-laid egg, that's dress'd with nicest care ;  
 The milky store, for cream collected first,  
 Crowns the clean noggin, and allays our thirst ;  
 While crackling faggots bright'ning as they burn,  
 Shew the neat cupboard, and the cleanly churn ;  
 The plaintive hen, the interloping goose,  
 The lambkin dear that frisks about the house—  
 The modest maiden rises from her wheel,  
 Who unperceiv'd a silent look would steal ;  
 Call'd she attends, assists with artless grace,  
 The bloom of nature flushing on her face,  
 That scorns the die, which pallid pride can lend,  
 And all the arts which luxury attend.

With fuel laden from the brambly rock,  
 Lo ! forward comes the father of his flock,  
 Of honest front :—salutes with rustic gait,  
 Remarks our fare, and boasts his former state,  
 When many a cow, nor long the time remov'd,  
 And many a calf his spacious pasture rov'd,  
 'Till rising rents reduc'd them now to three,  
 Abridg'd his farm, and fix'd him as we see :  
 Yet thanks his God, what fails him in his wealth  
 He seeks from labour, and he gains from health ;

Then

Then talks of sport ; how many wild-ducks seen !  
 What flocks of widgeon too had fledg'd the green !  
 'Till ev'ry 'prentice dar'd the city shun,  
 Range the wide field, and lift the level gun.

While thus amus'd, and gladden'd with our lot,  
 The hasty ev'ning calls us from the cot ;  
 A small gratuity dilates their heart,  
 And many a blessing follows as we part.  
 Nor you, ye proud ! disdain their state to hear,  
 The state of nature crowns their frugal cheer ;  
 Transmitted pure from Patriarchal times,  
 By art unfashion'd to corruption's climes—  
 To you unknown their labours and their race,  
 Alike unknown their innocence and peace ;  
 Secure from danger, as remov'd from fame,  
 Their lives calm current flows without a name.

With limbs refresh'd, with lively tales and gay,  
 We homeward haste, and guile the tedious way ;  
 Each object view in wint'ry drefs around,  
 And eye the dogs that wanton o'er the ground ;  
 The pensive red-breast on the leafless bough,  
 And just beneath, the fragrance-breathing cow ;  
 While still more grateful, with her cleanly pail,  
 The ruddy milkmaid hears a tender tale  
 From the lov'd swain, who swells th' alternate sigh,  
 Leans on his staff, and lures her side-long eye,  
 With artless guise, his passion to impart,  
 With looks that speak the language of his heart—

Her's

Her's was the sweetness of the milk she press'd,  
 And his the fervour of the sweets care's'd ;  
 A Daphne she, with rural grace attir'd,  
 A Damon he, with faithful love inspir'd :  
 Thrice happy pair ! whom guiltless joys adorn,  
 Pure as the eve, and constant as the morn ;  
 No pride-born cares, to frustrate or controul  
 Your mutual vows responsive to the soul,  
 'Till sacred Hymen binds the nuptial band,  
 And blends your lives, a blessing to the land.

Hence, contemplation lifts the internal eye,  
 Fix'd on the love of Providence on high,  
 That still impartial thro' the world extends  
 In bounteous blessings vary'd to their ends ;  
 From the rich Urkain to Siberia's snow,  
 Adapted sweets in ev'ry climate grow ;  
 The rude Tongusian, quiver'd for the chace,  
 Feels joys unknown to Persia's splendid race,  
 Thro' wilds immense pursues the savage brood,  
 At once his pride, his raiment and his food ;  
 No diff'rence proves, but what from fancy springs,  
 'Twix'd tented Tartars, and empalac'd Kings—  
 But soon the visionary scene withdraws,  
 And active sports solicit new applause,  
 For yonder come—yet distant to the eye,  
 The vagrant Plover wafted thro' the sky ;  
 Swift to the hedge, on diff'rent sides we run,  
 That skirt the copse, and hide the deadly gun ;

Onward

Onward they move regardless of their fate,  
 A single guide conducts them to their fate,  
 The sudden thunder bursts upon their head,  
 The foremost fall, and all the rest are fled.

Thus were its forests Niagara spreads,  
 And wild Oswego all its horror sheds,  
 The sons of Britain march'd in vent'rous pride,  
 No foe to front them, and no caution guide,  
 'Till ev'ry tree with hidden rage conspires,  
 And ev'ry shrub emits destructive fires;  
 What could they do? or where the vengeance fly?  
 They wheel—they drop,—and all or run or die;  
 The gun relentless no compassion shews,  
 And no respect of diff'rent objects knows;  
 Alike regardless, when its fury's stir'd,  
 Of man or beast—a Braddock or a bird.

But while I thus its dire effects attend,  
 'Tis man alone must answer for the end;  
 The gun, like riches, claims no genuine use,  
 But just as rul'd, will good or bad produce,  
 Whether it rolls the raging tide of war,  
 Or only frights the tenants of the air,  
 For empire level'd, or for health carefs'd,  
 The motive, not the mean, is curs'd or blest.

Now had the twilight, veil'd in gloomy gray,  
 Mourn'd the departure of retiring day,  
 A darker hue the face of nature wears,  
 And scarce distinct the distant town appears—

Back



Back to our mind, in swift succession throng  
 (To cheat the time and steal the road along)  
 The various sports of all the summer past,  
 When ling'ring, long-vacation came at last;  
 Imagination fondly sports to tell,  
 How many grouse! how many partridge fell!  
 And quick transports me, gladden'd as I go,  
 Where the proud Gaulties <sup>z</sup> lift their awful brow,  
 Oft did I there with lively spirits run,  
 Mount on their back to meet the rising sun,  
 When toiling, panting, labour-spent and slow,  
 I stop'd to breathe:—And view'd the plains below,  
 And thee, dear village! <sup>a</sup> loveliest of the clime,  
 Fain would I name thee, but I can't in rhyme,  
 Where first my years in youthful pleasures past,  
 And where in age I hope to die at last;  
 Fain would I dwell upon thy native charms,  
 Thy verdant hills and cultivated farms—  
 But sudden rous'd, I see the pointers wind,  
 My brother-sportsmen pressing close behind,  
 The grumbling heath-cock feels an instant wound,  
 Adown he falls, and whirs against the ground—  
 Again, methinks I see the service spread,  
 The cold provisions on the cakes of bread,<sup>b</sup>

<sup>z</sup> A range of mountains in the county of Tipperary.

<sup>a</sup> Tipperary.

<sup>b</sup> ——— Adorea liba per herbam

Subjiciunt epulis, &c.

VIR. ÆN. VII. 110.

The mountain stream, of babbling accents nigh,  
 My couch the heath, my canopy the sky,  
 Æneas-like, I eagerly devour  
 The plates themselves <sup>c</sup>—the quarter'd cakes of flour,  
 Like him arise new conquests to pursue,  
 Then end my toil and tell of all I knew.

So at the close of toilsome, hardy life,  
 The vet'ran soldier brags of glorious strife,  
 What dangers past, what cities he had seen,  
 What battles fought, when thousands strew'd the green,  
 'Till fancy-warm'd he seems to fight them o'er,  
 And tir'd at last, he braves and boasts no more.

Blest with the view of Stephens-green at last,  
 Amusive fancy paints its pleasures past ;  
 Where shady walks entice the noon-tide gale,  
 And whisp'ring lover's softly-fighting tale ;  
 The ogling belle, the pert and powder'd beau,  
 And dame delighted pretty miss to shew ;  
 The trader trim, that struts with vacant air  
 To catch the breeze, or captivate the fair—  
 But now no more Florillus glads the green,  
 Lucinda's gone, and desolates the scene,

The rising moon, with delegated sway,  
 Supplies the radiance of the distant day,

<sup>c</sup> ——— Malisq. audacibus orbem

Fatalis crusti, patulis nec parcere quadris ;

Heus? etiam Mensas consumimus inquit Iulus. VIR. ÆN. VII. 110.

Reveals

Reveals the various objects that we meet,  
 And all the busy tumults of the street—  
 With head-long pace the vagrant hawker scours,  
 And bloody news from lungs horrific pours,  
 The dull, discordant ballad-notes annoy,  
 That mock the croud, with love's fantastic joy ;  
 The cumb'rous coach, with blazon'd pomp that shews  
 Where pamper'd pride, and indolence repose ;  
 While close behind, the shiv'ring female strays,  
 Parted from virtue, innocence and ease—  
 She once the darling of her mother's arms,  
 Her father's pride, and blest with blooming charms,  
 Thro' all the village known for spotless fame,  
 Fair was her beauty, fairer still her name ;  
 'Till the sly tempter urg'd insidious suit,  
 And lur'd her weakness to forbidden fruit ;  
 There perish'd grace, her guardian honour fled,  
 And sad remembrance mourns each blessing—dead !  
 Expell'd the paradise of native sway  
 She wanders now to ev'ry vice a prey—  
 A prey to yonder terror of the night,  
 (Avert, ye Gods ! such monsters from my sight)  
 The bully dire : whose front the furies swell,  
 And scars dishonest mark the son of hell—  
 In vain ! she shrinks to shun his luckless pace,  
 Aw'd by the terrors of his vengeful face ;  
 To scenes Tartarean, see ! the wretches hie,  
 Where drench'd in vice, they rave—they rot—or die.

Heav'n !

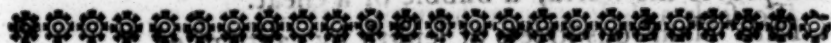
Heav'n ! how unlike the pure, the tranquil scene;  
 Where rural mirth, and rural manners reign;  
 Where simple cheer disclaims the cares of wealth,  
 And fresh'ning gales diffuse the glow of health;  
 Where undisturb'd, unenvy'd, unconfin'd,  
 Calm reason rules each moment of the mind;  
 Where mock'd ambition seeks her last retreat,  
 And proves the world, a bubble or a cheat.

Thro' clam'rous streets at length by caution led,  
 Lo! Alma Mater rears her rev'rend head,  
 Unfolds the portals of her awful courts,  
 Where nurs'd by science, future fame resorts—  
 Pleas'd we behold the bright'ning fuel blaze,  
 And hot repast that gives content and ease;  
 While keenest appetites a zest bestow,  
 Which listless luxury can never know;  
 The cloth remov'd, with blessing for our fare,  
 We next the jug of cordial punch prepare;  
 Or purple claret sparkling as we pour,  
 Nectareous juice! to cheer the social hour,  
 When toil declining claims refreshment's smiles,  
 And mirthful innocence the time beguiles.

With conscious joy our nets we then review,  
 And all the conquests of the day renew,  
 Boast of our skill, and palliate where it fails,  
 For ev'n in trifles human pride prevails—  
 Nor to ourselves the feather'd spoils confine,  
 But range them round for friendship's sacred shrine;



The rural bliss redoubles in our breast,  
 In pleasing others when ourselves are blest :  
 Nor you, my friends ! disdain what we adore,  
 We give with pleasure, and would give you more :  
 Our off'ring take, and as we wish survey  
 The grateful produce of a Winter's Day.



# T H E B E G G A R.

*inopemque paterni*

*Et Laris, et Fundi,*

*Hon.*

**P**ITY the sorrows of a poor old man !  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
 Oh ! give relief—and heav'n will bless your store.

These tatter'd cloaths my poverty bespeak,  
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years ;  
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,  
 Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road,  
 For plenty there a residence has found;  
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)—  
 Here craving for a morsel of their bread,  
 A pamper'd menial forc'd me from the door,  
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,  
 Keen blows the wind and piercing is the cold!  
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
 For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,  
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,  
 Your hands would not with-hold the kind relief.  
 And tears of pity could not be repress.

Heav'n sends misfortunes—why should we repine?  
 'Tis heaven has brought me to the state you see:  
 And your condition may be soon like mine,  
 The child of sorrow—and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,  
 Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;  
 But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,  
 My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!  
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,  
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,  
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care!  
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
 Fell—ling'ring, fell a victim to despair,  
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
 Oh! give relief—and heav'n will bless your store.



# I N D E X

## TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

	Page
<b>M</b> ARY Queen of Scots, an Elegy. By William Julius Mickle. ————	1
Hengist and Mey, a Ballad. By the same. ————	13
Knowledge, an Ode. By the same. ————	21
Pollio, an Elegiac Ode. By the same. ————	30
An Epistle to Curio. By Dr. Akenfide. ————	36
Love, an Elegy. By the same. ————	49
Ode to Sleep. By the same. ————	54
A British Philippic. By the same. ————	57
Hymn to Science. By the same. ————	64
Ode to the Muse. By James Scott, M. A. ————	69
Ode to Friendship. By the same. ————	73
Ode to Miss B——, with a set of Colours. By the same. ————	76
Ode on Sleep. By the same. ————	79
Ode on Pleasure. By the same. ————	83
Ode on Despair. By the same. ————	88
Ode to Wisdom. By the same. ————	93
A Spousal Hymn, addressed to his Majesty on his Marriage. By the same. ————	97
The Vanity of Human Life, a Monody. By the same. ————	105
Ode at the Installation of his Grace Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton. By the same. ————	111
A Long Story. By the same. ————	116
The Fatal Sisters, an Ode. By the same. ————	122
The	



# I N D E X.

	Page
<i>The Descent of Odin, an Ode, from the Norse Tongue.</i>	
By the same. —————	126
<i>The Triumphs of Owen, a Fragment, from the Welch.</i>	
By the same. —————	130
<i>An Epitaph in a Country Church-yard in Kent.</i> By the same.	
—————	132
<i>An Invitation to the Feather'd Race.</i> By the Rev. Mr. Graves.	
—————	133
<i>Under an Hour Glass in a Grotto near the water at Claverton.</i> By the same.	
—————	135
<i>On the ancient City of Bath.</i> By the same. ———	136
<i>The Great Shepherd, a sacred Pastoral.</i> By Mr. Barford.	138
<i>A Father's Advice to his Son.</i> By J. Gilbert Cooper, Esq;	156
<i>On the much-lamented Death of the Marquis of Tavistack.</i>	
By Christopher Ansty, Esq; —————	161
<i>The Pleasures of Contemplation.</i> By Mrs. Darval, formerly Miss Whately.	
—————	164
<i>Liberty, an Elegy, inscribed to Miss Loggin.</i> By the same.	168
<i>Hymn to Solitude.</i> By the same. —————	171
<i>Ode to May.</i> By the same. —————	174
<i>The Death of Arachne, an Heroi-comi-tragic Poem.</i>	
By John Hawkesworth, L. L. D. —————	176
<i>Life, an Ode.</i> By the same. —————	184
<i>A Moral Thought.</i> By the same. —————	187
<i>An Epistle from Lord William Russel to Lord William Cavendish.</i> By Geo. Canning, Esq; ———	188
<i>A Birth-day Offering to a young Lady, from her Lover.</i>	
By the same. —————	203
Labour	

# I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Labour and Genius; or the Mill-stream and the Cascade,</i>	
<i>a Fable. By Richard Jago, A. M.</i>	208
<i>Monody to the Memory of a young Lady. By Cuthbert</i>	
<i>Shaw.</i>	219
<i>An Evening Address to a Nightingale. By the same.</i>	229
<i>Prologue to the Masque of Comus. By Samuel Johnson,</i>	
<i>L. L. D.</i>	234
<i>The Summer's Wish. Supposed by the same,</i>	236
<i>Autumn, an Ode. By the same.</i>	237
<i>Winter, an Ode. By the same.</i>	240
<i>The Winter's Walk. By the same.</i>	242
<i>A Song. By the same.</i>	243
<i>An Evening Ode, to Stella. By the same.</i>	244
<i>The Vanity of Wealth, an Ode. By the same.</i>	245
<i>To Miss ———. By the same.</i>	247
<i>To Myrtilis, the New Year's Offering.</i>	249
<i>The Three Warnings, a Fable. By Mrs. Thrale.</i>	252
<i>Balaam; or the Antiquity of Scandal.</i>	256
<i>Verses, occasioned by the Right Hon. the Lady Viscountess</i>	
<i>Tyrconnel's Recovery at Bath. By Richard Savage.</i>	261
<i>The Bastard. By the same.</i>	265
<i>To a Lady going to bathe in the Sea. By G. Keate, Esq;</i>	269
<i>Prologue to the Play of King John. By the same.</i>	271
<i>Epilogue to the same Play. By the same.</i>	273
<i>Inscription in an Arbour. By the Rev. Mr. Parsons, of</i>	
<i>Wye in Kent.</i>	275
<i>Absence, a pastoral Ballad. By the same.</i>	276
<i>The Contented Philosopher. By the Rev. Mr. Cunningham.</i>	279
<i>The</i>	

# I N D E X

	Page
<i>The Tulip and Lily.</i> By Mr. Barclay. —————	283
<i>The Invitation.</i> By the same. —————	287
<i>The Metamorphose.</i> By the same. —————	289
<i>The Sine Quô Non.</i> By the same. —————	290
<i>The Partridges, an Elegy.</i> By the Rev. Mr. Pratt of Peterborough. —————	292
<i>A Morning Soliloquy on Deafness.</i> By the Rev. Mr. Powis. —————	294
<i>Sonnet.</i> By Dr. P. —————	296
<i>Sonnet to a Lady of Indiscreet Virtue.</i> By the same. —————	297
<i>The Shaft.</i> By Mr. Henly. —————	298
<i>An Elegy.</i> By Daniel Hayes, Esq; —————	299
<i>The Academic Sportsman.</i> By Gerald Fitzgerald. —————	306
<i>The Beggar.</i> —————	322



**END of the THIRD VOLUME.**

